THE MAN WHO SOLD THE HAMPTONS By Steven Gaines

WHO'S AFRAID OF EVANDER HOLYFIELD? By Zev Borow

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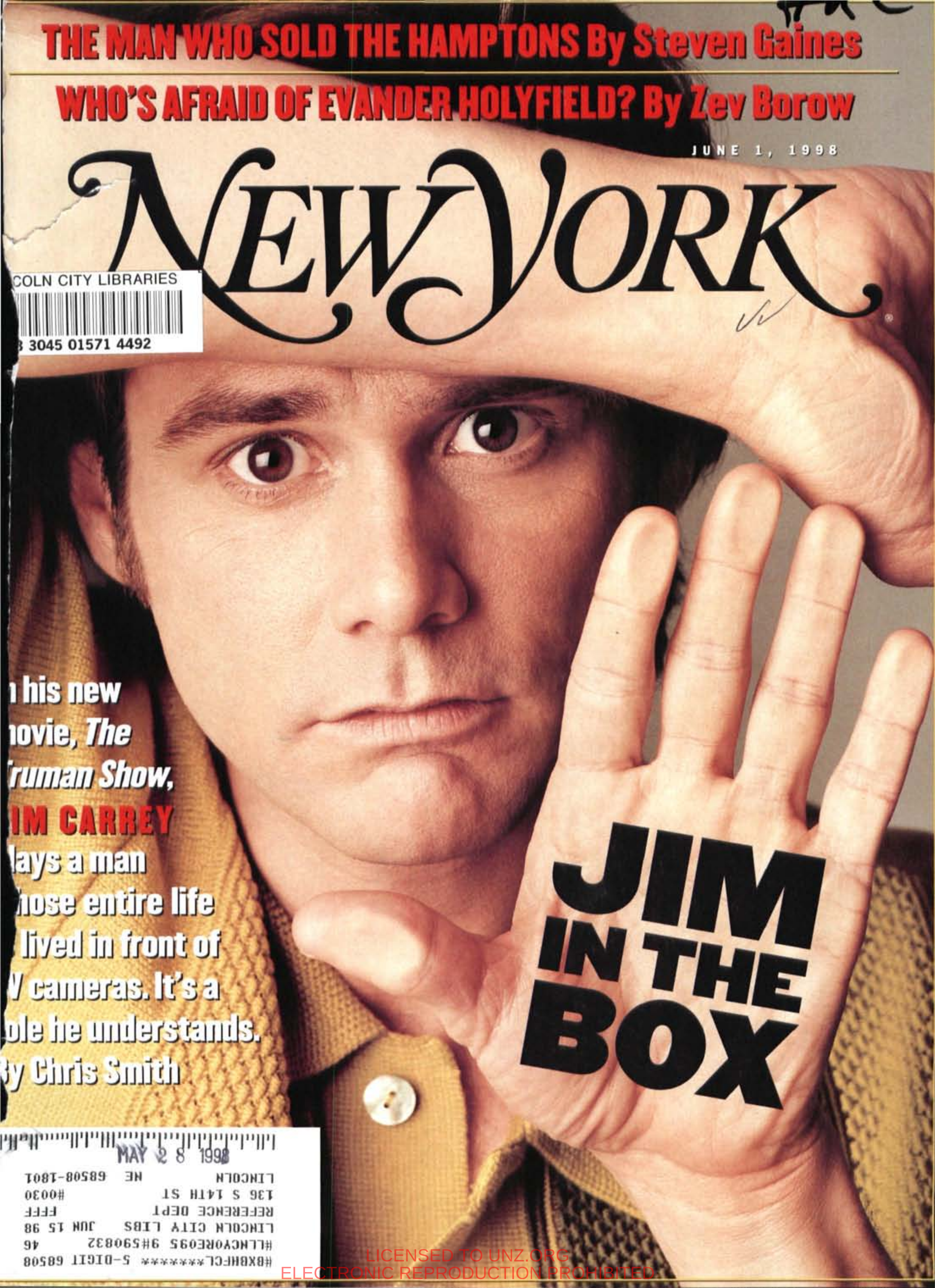

n his new
novie, *The
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IM CARREY
lays a man
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V cameras. It's a
ole he understands.
y Chris Smith

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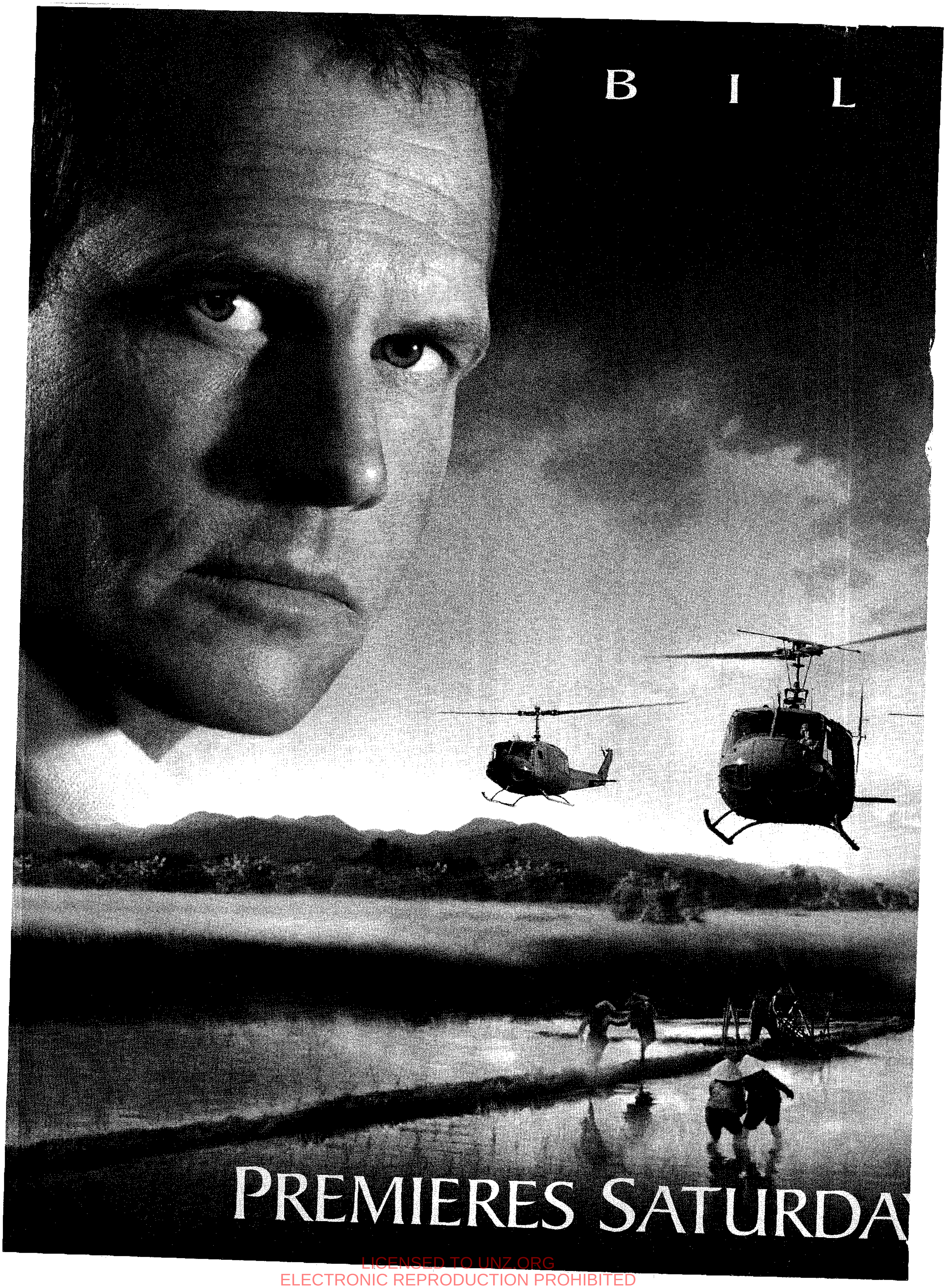
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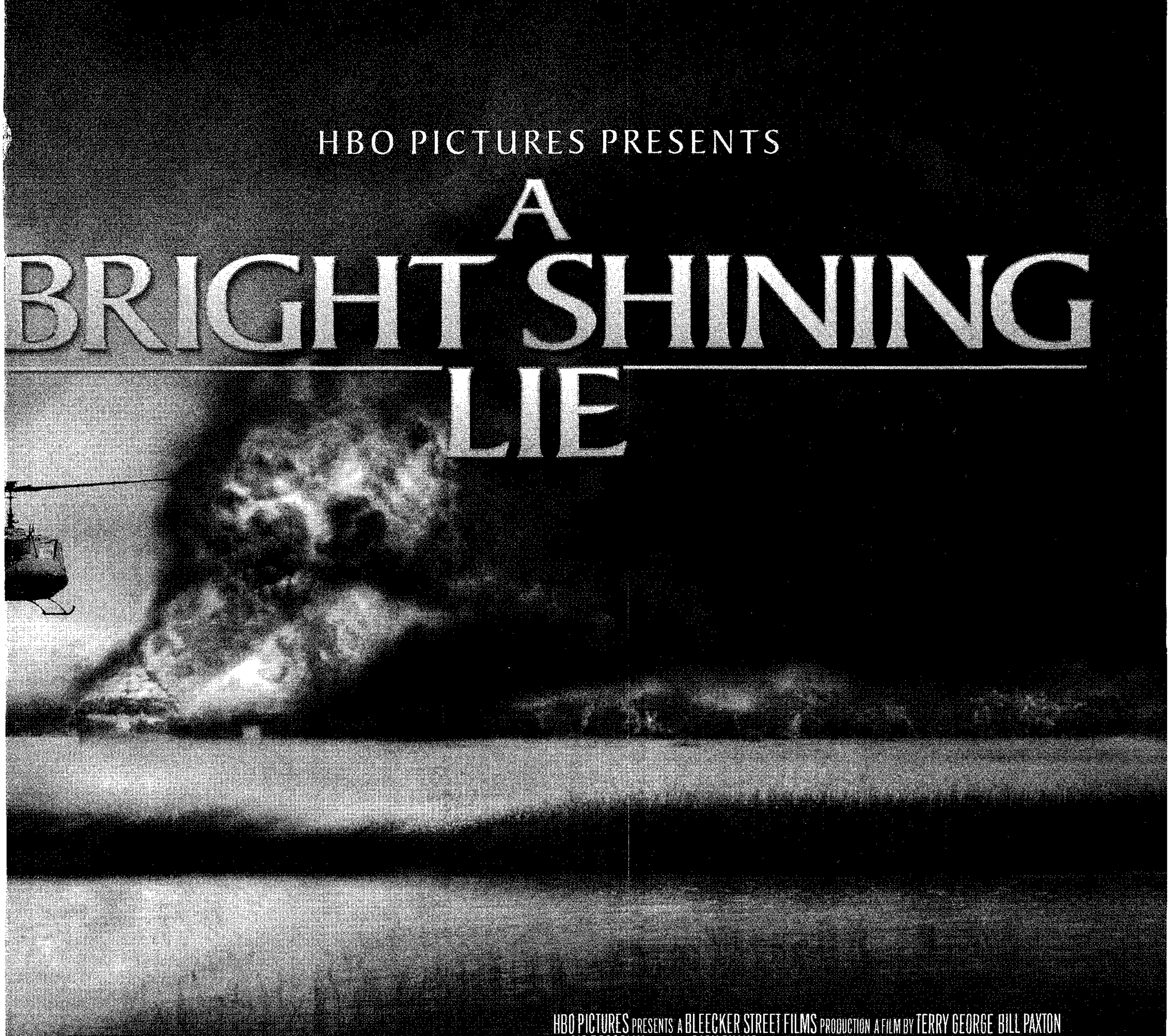

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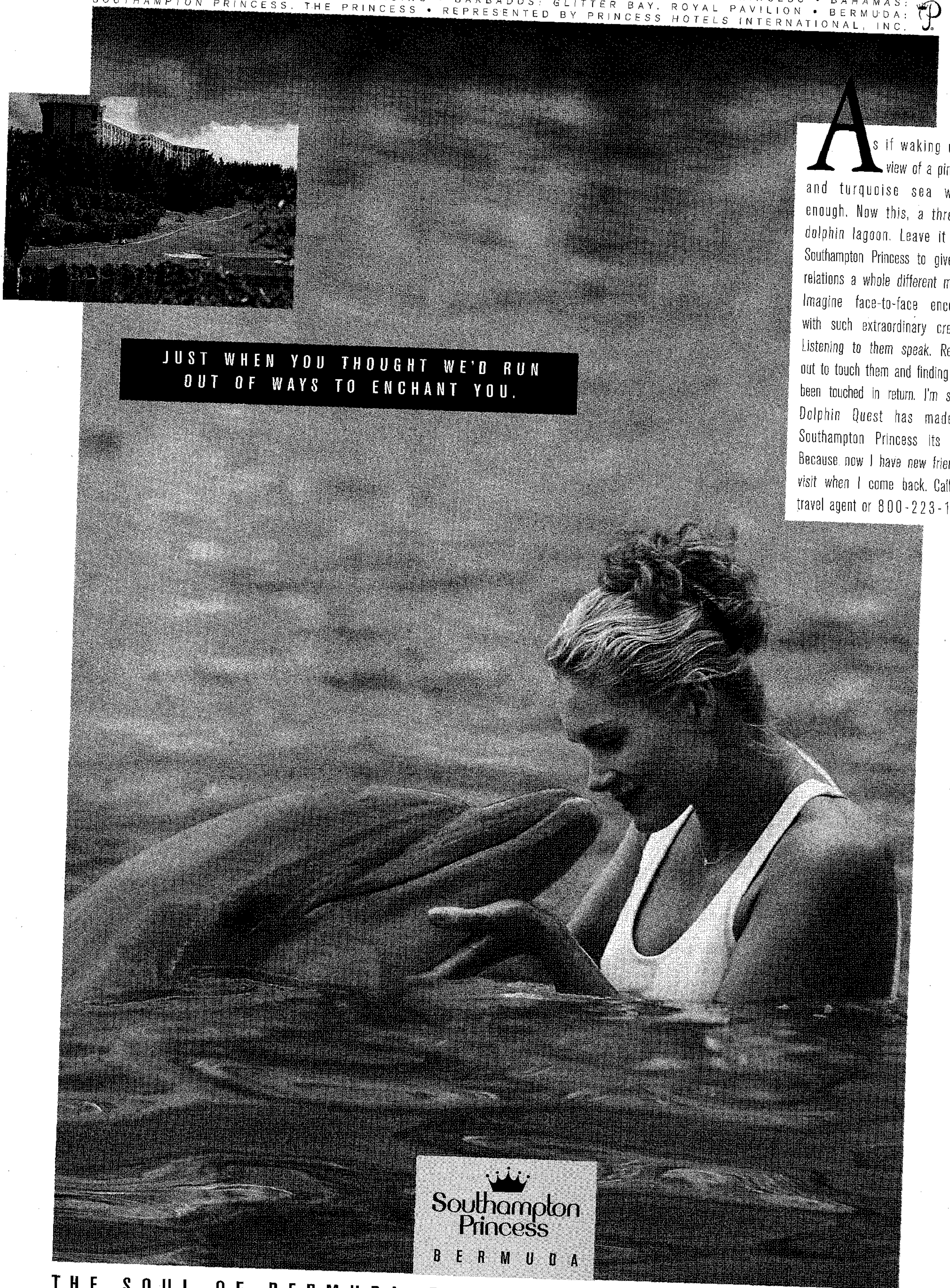

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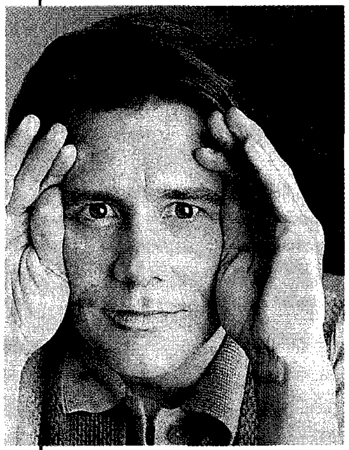
Contents June 1, 1998

> *"Even when I was a little kid, I would try to figure out the universe.*
> *There's always been more to me than just the wanting to make people laugh."*
>
> JIM CARREY, PAGE 24



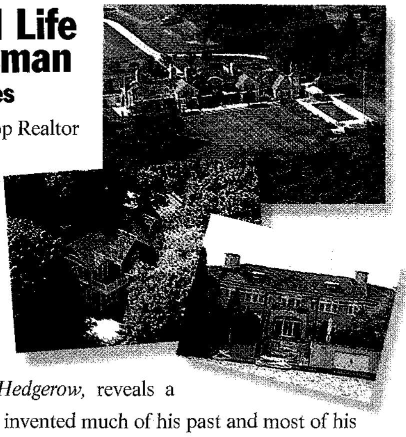
24 Jim Carrey Aces One

By Chris Smith

In his new movie, *The Truman Show,* Jim Carrey plays a man whose entire life is an elaborate construct for a TV show broadcast in real time to the world. A compulsive actor whose every offstage move has been tracked by the media, Carrey just may be the perfect man for the role.

30 Death and Life of a Salesman

By Steven Gaines



Allan Schneider was the top Realtor in the Hamptons, selling houses to the likes of Steven Spielberg and Calvin Klein, gleefully driving up East End prices. But an excerpt from Steven Gaines's new book, *Philistines at the Hedgerow,* reveals a Rabelaisian character who invented much of his past and most of his present.

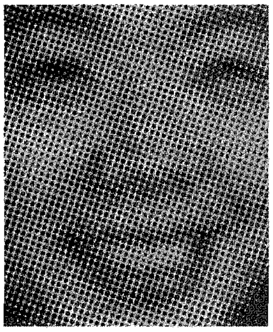
38 His Cross to Bear

By Zev Borow

They say Evander Holyfield is no Ali; they go on about Tyson and that chewed-up ear. But the champ carries on—in the name of God—and next week he defends his title in a revival of the sweet science at the Garden.

40 Lynda: A Loss

By Jennifer Senior



Lynda Hong was beautiful, charismatic, a star at Columbia Law with a job offer at a top firm. Her ex-boyfriend, heir to a Korean fortune, is a troubled young man already implicated in one gruesome attack and now charged with Lynda's murder—which stunned the city's insular Korean community.

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LETTERS JUNE 1, 1998

Heal Thyself

With meditation, explanation, or simple support, the best doctors handle patients with care; unmasking the online murderer was the moral choice.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I WENT TO COLUMbia-Presbyterian for outpatient surgery, armed with my Walkman and my Surgical Support Series audiotapes. I was expecting a hassle about using the tapes during surgery and had come prepared with my (by now) standard speech in defense of the mind-body healing connection ["Recite Your Mantra and Call Me in the Morning," by Henry Dreher, May 11]. Imagine my surprise and delight when I found that I had a totally supportive hospital O.R. team—including one anesthesiologist who tended the tape player for me and another with whom I had a lovely pre-op conversation about the merits of reflexology, meditation, and sound healing. Yes, I did come out of the anesthesia feeling blissful and serene, alert and focused, after a three-hour surgery.

Roni Kohen-Lemle
OLD WESTBURY, N.Y.

THE MOST PENETRATING INSIGHT IN YOUR alternative-medicine story is the statement of a patient who said, "Why wouldn't I go somewhere that's willing to treat me . . . as a person?" There's no magic in mind-body medicine. All the research indicates that the specific techniques employed are relatively unimportant. When a doctor pays attention to the person who is sick—caring about her subliminal thoughts and feelings, her skill at coping with pain or illness—then the relationship between doctor and patient is radically altered. When people learn and use meditation in the health-care setting, they experience the sense that through their own actions they can influence the health of their bodies. They become empowered. In my recent book *Power Healing,* I call the conscious enhancement of these influences "the science of caring." It's the single ingredient most needed in health care today.

Leo Gallard, M.D.
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@aol.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

THANK YOU FOR ACKNOWLEDGING GILDA'S Club as a mecca for people with cancer. Our Gilda's Club philosophy recognizes that everyone affected by cancer should be defined as more than a patient or a family member whose social and emotional support are delivered, incongruously, in a medical setting. The power of conventional medical treatment is such that people with cancer notoriously suffer anticipatory nausea driving by the hospital where they had chemotherapy.

I agree with Jimmie Holland, a member of our distinguished medical-advisory board. This is not "mind-body medicine" that we're dealing with. We do nothing medical, and we're not "treating" anyone. Instead, Gilda's Club offers a program far from the madding hospital world, absolutely free of charge, where men, women, and children can learn, as a community, how to live with cancer, whatever the outcome.

Joanna Bull
Founder and Executive Director
Gilda's Club
MANHATTAN

I AM A CANCER SURVIVOR WHO EVEN BEFORE surgery joined a support group. Then, after my procedure and through my subsequent treatment, I continued to meet with my fellow survivors and dear leader for many months. Now I give one-to-one assistance to those newly diagnosed or undergoing treatment and their families. All these meaningful experiences happened at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. Your article made it seem that CPMC was lacking in support groups. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Arlene Eisenman
MANHATTAN

Editor's note: CPMC has thirteen current adult, children, and family cancer support groups. *New York* regrets the error.

Moral Majority

I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE THAT THERE ARE 200-plus people so self-centered and pathetic that they don't feel anything for a murdered child. Through their own words, the members of Moderation Management quoted in Elisa DeCarlo's "Murder, She Read" [May 11] have done much to undermine the credibility of their efforts to control problem drinking without abstinence. I'm sure many of the witnesses who did not act during Kitty Genovese's brutal murder probably thought, *Why bother calling the police? She's probably dead already.* Elisa DeCarlo is a hero. I hope she understands that most of us admire people who do the right thing.

David S. Holden
WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.

IT IS NO SURPRISE THAT OUT OF MORE THAN 200 online participants in Moderation Management, only three went to the police. What more could one expect of a group founded on the principal of denial? The organization tells its members that limited drinking is acceptable, regardless of the detrimental effects that alcohol may have had on their lives. No wonder the group is so small that it has only one live meeting in New York City! DeCarlo lashes out at AA for its "unbending doctrine of total abstinence." In fact, AA exhorts its members to live without a drink "one day at a time."

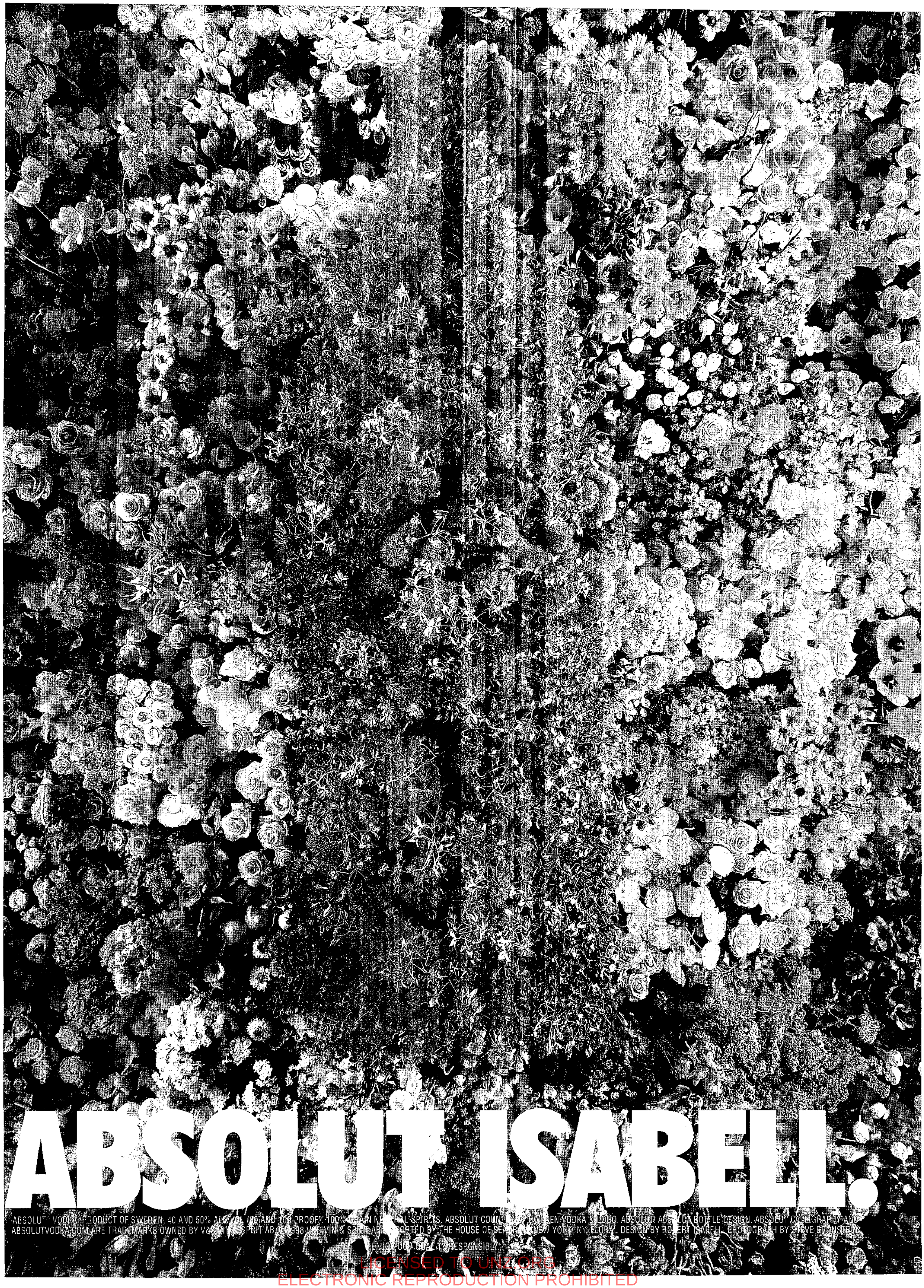
There is stunning irony in DeCarlo's line of thinking: She decries AA's "moralism" and in the end is heartbroken at being shunned by Moderation Management. Her course of action is what any moral person should have done.

Gene P. Bloch
MANHATTAN

All Mine

EVERY STORY HAS AT LEAST TWO SIDES. Here's mine: Jean Doumanian, who is producing my screenplay *Cherry Pink,* did not, as *New York* put it in the April 27 "Intelligencer," "take the story and run." She bought it, God bless her, from the guy who wrote it and owned it: me. Web and Rob Stone never owned or optioned the script. My attorney kept the Stones apprised of all Doumanian-related negotiations, but they had no right to participate. *Cherry Pink* will be shot in New York this summer. Jean Doumanian has just hired Jason Alexander to direct it. It's a shame that a private business matter had to be dragged across the public pages of your magazine in this manner.

Marshall Karp
MANHATTAN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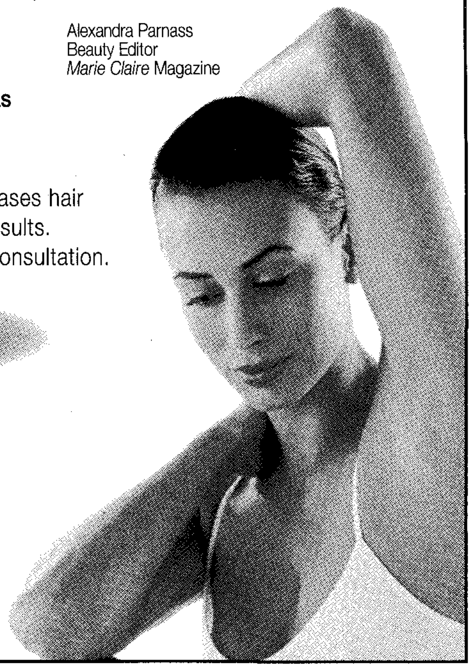

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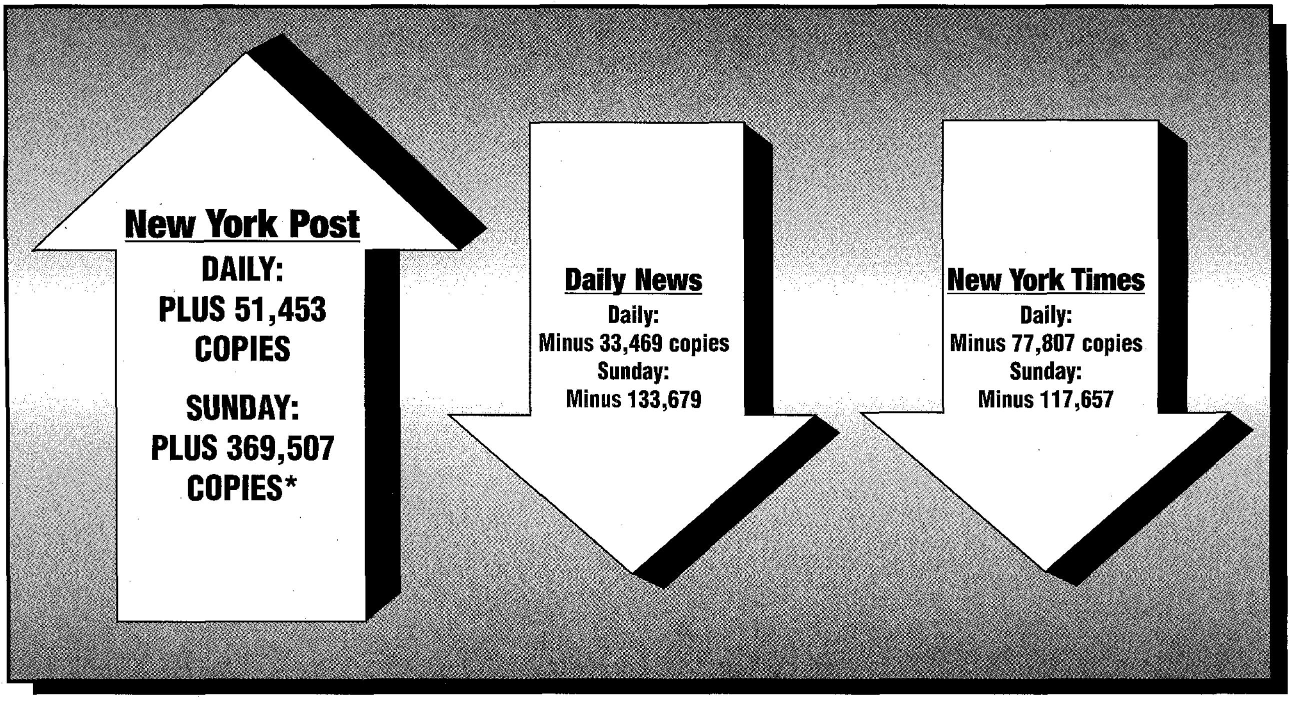

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NEW YORK POST

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

SEMINAR CENTER KICKED TO THE CURB

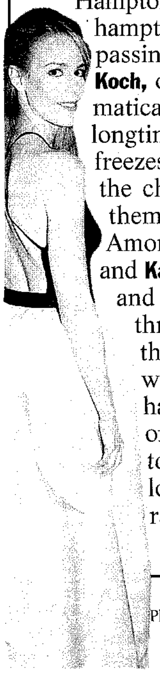
It seems the Seminar Center is getting a crash course in street fighting. The center, a New Age rival to the more established Learning Annex, opened its doors last January. But recently, the center's founders, **Eli** and **Elsie Marcus,** have been on the receiving end of some very bad vibes. Their sidewalk display boxes, which provide free course brochures, are being routinely vandalized, with eggs thrown inside, catalogues dumped in the trash, and large stickers placed over their logos, while neighboring boxes remain untouched. Now the couple has filed three police reports and hired a private investigator to look into the episodes. "We are investigating who is responsible for these incidents, including the Learning Annex. But we aren't ruling out anyone," says Marcus. "Based on our findings, there will be a lawsuit." The Annex has some concerns of its own: It has filed a copyright-infringement suit against the center, claiming that the center's brochures are nearly identical to its own. Adds the Annex's CEO, **Stephen Seligman,** "We have some suspicions of vandalism on the center's part. But hopefully, all of this will stop soon." The Marcuses say they haven't given in to negative karma. "We're all part of the same light," says Elsie, "and whoever's doing this to our displays, I wish them love and light."

STEWART'S LAWYER: IT'S A BAD THING

Forget about the right time to plant bulbs. The calendar in *Martha Stewart Living* would start to look like a court docket if it were really based on **Martha'**s life. Not only is the empress of entertaining facing court dates with her East Hampton neighbor **Harry Macklowe,** but now she's also got a brand-new lawsuit in Connecticut, where she's being sued by her longtime lawyer-agent, **Jeffrey Stephens,** who claims she's cheating him out of money. In court papers filed this spring, Stephens explains that he began working for her in the eighties, "before Ms. Stewart gained the degree of fame and fortune that she now enjoys." Now, he claims, she's not living up to a contract that grants him 5 percent of her take from the television, magazine, and media deals he negotiated, excluding her salary, her stock options, and her expense reimbursements. Stewart's attorney (and new son-in-law), **John Cuti,** says Stephens has "no basis" for a suit. "He was paid a significant amount of money for a number of years that more than adequately compensated him for the work he performed," says Cuti.

Martha Stewart: Indebted?

REJECTIONS OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS



Being rich and famous can hurt more than help when it comes to gaining entrée, as co-op applicants well know. So it shouldn't come as a surprise that several high-profile Hamptonites up for membership at the exclusive Southampton Bathing Corporation may have a tough time passing muster. The newly married status of **David Koch,** once famous for his wild parties, doesn't automatically qualify him, or his wife, **Julia** (left), says one longtime club member: "[He'll get in] when hell freezes over. But Julia's been lobbying hard, cutting the cheesy people from her parties and replacing them with more socially influential people." Among the other boldface applicants are **Richard** and **Karen LeFrak; Jody Donohue,** the fashion publicist; and **Carroll Petrie,** the stylish widow of philanthropist Milton Petrie. Members agree Petrie is the only one with a good shot. "Milton was too well known, and he was Jewish, which makes it harder. She shouldn't have that much trouble on her own," says a socially active Southampton man. But LeFrak "isn't the image they're looking for," and Donohue, as a publicist, has raised concerns that "she'll talk to journalists."

THERE SHE IS . . . MISS AMERICA?

Patrons at Silver Star Quality Meats in Sheepshead Bay got more than just pastrami during a recent shopping excursion. A frumpy woman with disheveled gray hair began ordering loudly in a thick Brooklyn accent, at one point shouting, "Hey, whatsa matta wit you? I didn't hear you call my number!" But what really turned heads was the matron's familiar appearance. "I thought, *Don't I recognize this lady from someplace?*" said one shopper. "I thought maybe we went to the same temple." Not likely. Eagle-eyed shoppers soon recognized the loudmouth as 1955 Miss America **Lee Meriwether.** The current *All My Children* star was merely getting into character for her upcoming stint as a Jewish dowager in *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral.* A publicist for the show explains, "Lee wanted a total-immersion course in the mores and manners of Brooklyn housewifery."

KIESELSTEIN-CORD'S NEW RING CYCLE

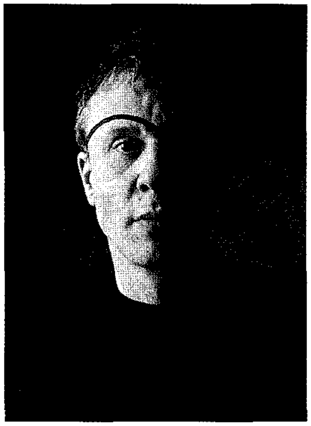
After spending 1997 embroiled in a messy divorce, **Barry Kieselstein-Cord** struck back this year, designing a wedding ring so cynical that the word *divorced* is woven right into the band. "It's black humor," says the jewelry-and-accessory designer-to-the-stars, adding that it's available in silver and gold. "When all seems dark, there is a silver lining in the cloud." Friends say his ex, **CeCe Kieselstein-Cord,** seems to have found her own silver lining: Her latest flame is **Christopher Heath,** the

Photographs: top, Gregory Pace/Sygma; bottom, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.

Madonna:
Won't you be my neighbor?

YELTSIN'S GOOD-NEIGHBOR POLICY?

Glasnost is suddenly getting glamorous. The French Riviera is the location for an unlikely meeting of pop and politics, as both Russian premier **Boris Yeltsin** and **Madonna** play house in Cap d'Antibes this summer—in neighboring estates. The newly spiritual girl has rented a lavish villa, complete with vineyard, to accommodate her extensive entourage, including her personal assistant, nanny, and trainer, according to a source close to the transaction. The singer herself will be setting up camp in the tony Hôtel du Cap nearby. Madonna's press agent, **Liz Rosenberg**, denies the rental. "If only," she says wistfully. "Then I could visit her there. Alas, she'll be in town for most of the summer." Yeltsin may also want to keep his latest hideaway choice under wraps. The Russian leader has reportedly bought the $9 million Château de la Garoupe, formerly rented by the likes of Aristotle Onassis and Cole Porter. The Russian government firmly denies the purchase, although real-estate sources and area locals insist that Yeltsin is now a resident. "But the political fallout in Russia would be catastrophic if word got out that Yeltsin had that kind of cash. They've got to stay quiet," observes one Kremlin-watcher.

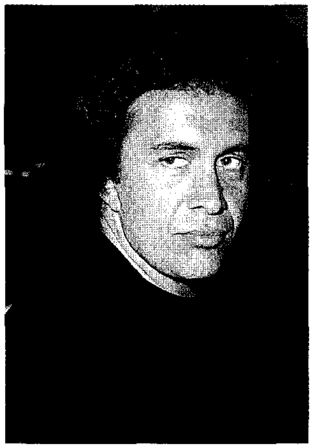


Peter Gatien:
Lighter load

British banker who used to head the former Barings Securities and is now in charge of Caspian Securities. Barry is now dating, too—his new girlfriend is **Karen Hersey,** a designer whose line of screens and room dividers should be in the stores this fall. Some Upper East Siders are whispering that Karen is a dead ringer for the CeCe of twenty years ago. "She's a very beautiful woman, as is my ex-wife," Kieselstein-Cord says diplomatically, before denying that Hersey is a CeCe clone.

GATIEN: OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT?

Be careful what you wish for. After finally beating the criminal case against him, **Peter Gatien** was free at last to return to operating the clubs—the Limelight and Tunnel—that made him famous. But now it seems his costly legal battle may make that difficult. A source close to Gatien says the cash-strapped nightclub king can no longer afford to run the Limelight and must sell it. As part of the deal, however, Gatien would continue to oversee the club's management and day-to-day operation. While Gatien admits that "there has been some restructuring" in the management of his clubs, he nevertheless insists, "I am not selling the Limelight."



Gene Simmons:
Upwardly mobile

KISS'S HELL ON WHEELS

And you thought **ZZ Top** had a cool car. When **Gene Simmons** was spotted mulling over a blueprint in the lobby of the Sunset Marquis hotel, onlookers guessed he was approving plans for a new grand home. But Gene and his fellow **Kiss** members, all masterful marketers, are now about to finance and launch their own automobile. The band will produce a black-and-silver two-seater that will appear with them during publicity stints for their upcoming album, world tour, and rockumentary. While the band plans to start with six of the souped-up sportsmobiles, which will be unveiled in September, music-industry sources say the group's members may eventually mass-produce the autos for an estimated retail price of $50,000 each. "Everyone is going to freak out when they see this thing," says Kiss's manager, **Doc McGhee.** "This isn't just some Corvette with a Kiss decal on it. This *is* Kiss: fast, flashy and over-the-top."

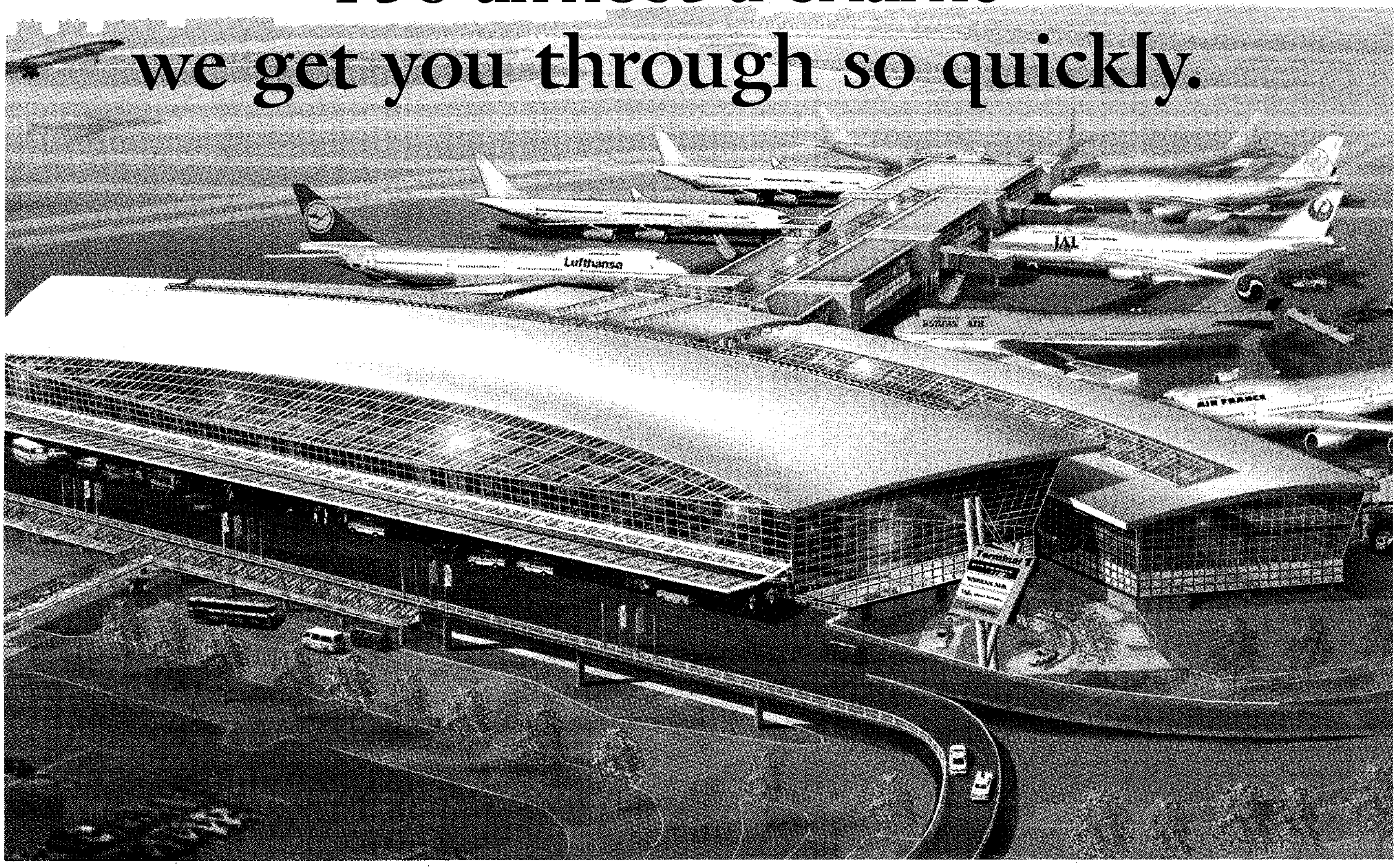
Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

NOT A *PEOPLE* PERSON, BUT LIKES *US*

The barbs were pointed at the going-away party for **Charles Leerhsen,** who left an assistant managing editorship at *People* to run the show at rival *Us.* As his guests drank cocktails on the thirty-first floor of the Time-Life Building, the toasts made for a particularly well-done roast. "Now, instead of a week, Charlie will have a month to rewrite everyone," cracked one of Leerhsen's former writers. "What can I say that my feet haven't said already?" rejoined Leerhsen. He implied he'd been forced "to fill a role" at *People* below his ability, likening himself "to that retarded guy they executed a few weeks ago." He added, "I wish I could take you all with me, but I'm limited to the first 175 résumés." And he snuck in a dig about his former boss, *People* managing editor **Carol Wallace:** "[Editorial director] **Henry Muller** said I could run another Time Inc. magazine, or I could go shopping on the weekends with Carol"—a not-so-subtle reference to a Woodbury Common limousine outing that Wallace organized recently with several underlings. "Well, it was a tough decision," Leerhsen continued to joke. "I was thinking: **Walter Isaacson**'s job [managing editor of *Time*] or Woodbury Common?" Wallace guffawed away with everyone else, according to several witnesses. "Hey, he was making fun of everybody else. Why should I be left out?" Wallace says.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Steve Azzara/Sygma; John Betham/Outline; Steve Granitz/Retna.

It's almost a shame we get you through so quickly.



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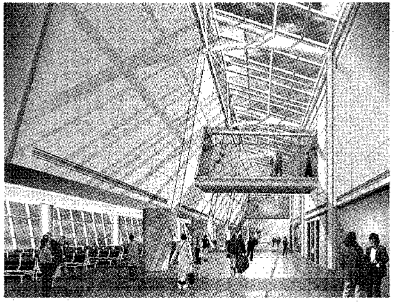

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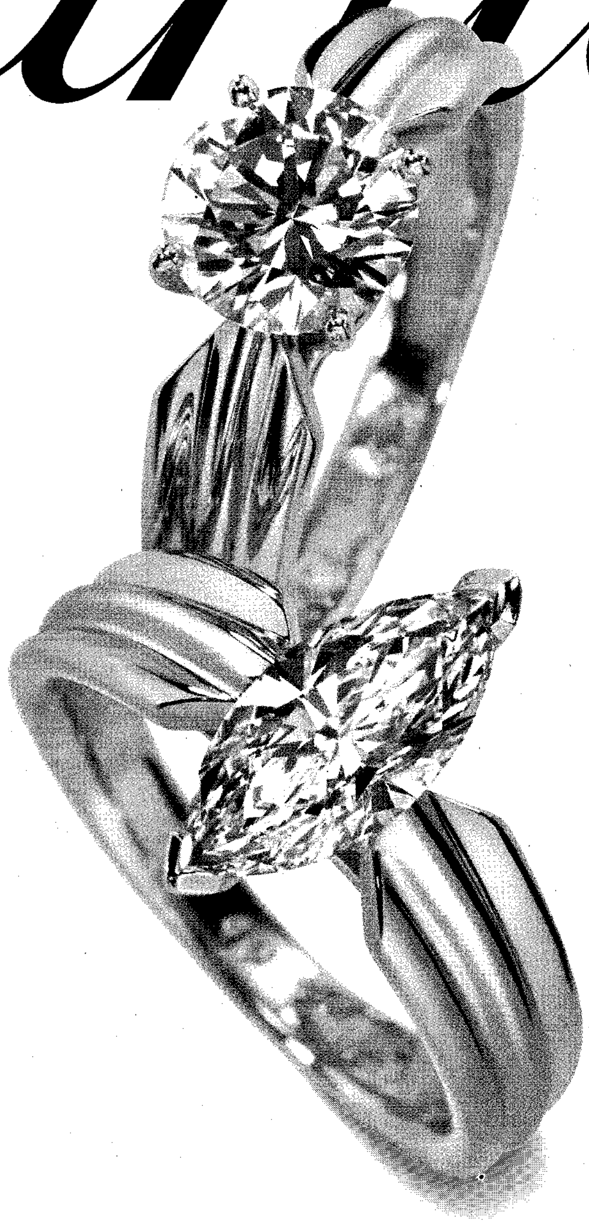

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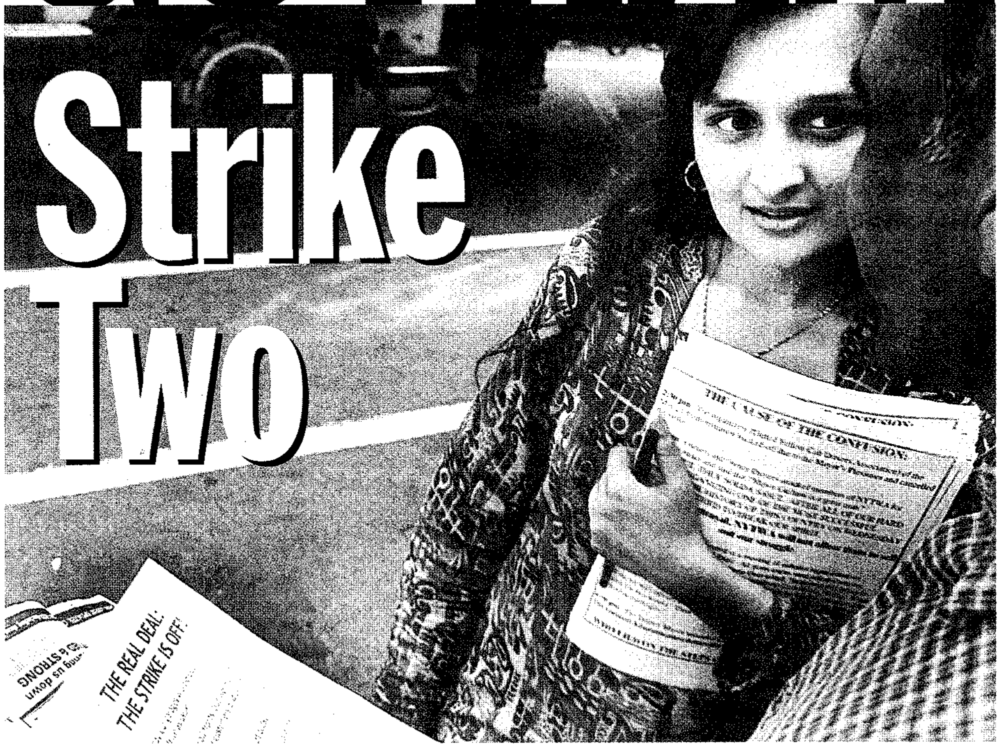
GOTHAM

Strike Two


THE CAUSE OF THE CONFUSION
THE REAL DEAL: THE STRIKE IS OFF

Bhairavi Desai, staff coordinator of New York Taxi Workers Alliance.

The historic cabbie coalition, and the woman who built it.

Bhairavi Desai may have organized the most successful taxi strike in New York history, but last Tuesday afternoon, she couldn't get a cab to save her life. Already late for a City Hall press conference where she and co-organizer Biju Mathew would announce their plans for a second strike on Thursday, she stood on West 27th Street and laughed. When they finally got a ride, they used the opportunity to recruit the driver to the cause. "Cabbies?" asked the driver. "That's right," said Desai. "The only people shaking up the city."

The cabbies' movement took most New Yorkers by surprise, but Desai and Mathew have been laying the groundwork for two years, carefully pulling together a coalition from a workforce never before organized, and negotiating alliances with other groups. In recent days, the two went into overdrive, visiting Indian restaurants, distributing literature in front of Penn Station, and holding midnight meetings at their makeshift office in Chelsea. "We had to take the time to find out how different organizations interlock," said Mathew.

But the most remarkable—and valuable—alliance of all came unexpectedly. Despite special permission from Mayor Giuliani to pick up "street hails" during the taxi strike, the city's livery drivers announced, without prompting, that they would not undercut the cabbies' cause. Things were going well.

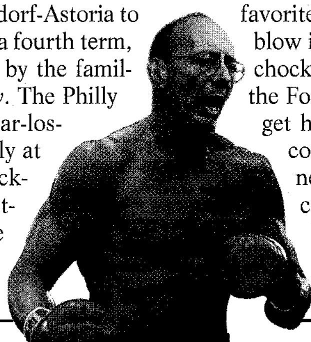
Then Tuesday, everything changed. And then changed back. And then did it a few more times. First, a dissenting group of medallion owners called a press conference half an hour before the NYTWA's, pretending to speak for all cabbies and declaring that the strike was canceled. Then Councilman Noach Dear announced he'd gotten the mayor to agree to negotiations; in response, the NYTWA really did call off the strike. While reporters rushed that news into print, however, the mayor said he had no intention of negotiating. "Nobody gets the opportunity to illegally close down the city," said the man who, just the day before, had closed several midtown streets for the premiere of *Godzilla*. By 1 A.M., when 400 drivers crowded into NYTWA's assembly space, no one seemed to know the real story. "The strike is definitely on," Desai proclaimed. "Because they broke their agreement, we will break ours." The crowd of drivers cheered, but one, Mohamed Najeeb, was stunned by the mayor's intransigence. "Nothing is negotiable? Excuse me, did we *murder* anybody?"

Desai held the same meeting a second time, for a different crowd, and then a third, downstairs, standing on the hood of a cab. Then, at 5 A.M., she headed to a restaurant at 27th and Lexington to meet with representatives of the Bengal Cabbie Society. After an hour, they pledged

(continued on page 16)

CAMEO

The Last Known Survivor Stalks His Prey in the Night



As Senator Alfonse D'Amato strode to the lectern at the Waldorf-Astoria to announce his run for a fourth term, he was accompanied by the familiar theme song from *Rocky*. The Philly brawler—an archetypal near-loser who achieves victory only at the very last, arena-rock-drenched moment—is a fitting role model for the Fonz. His political life has always followed that pattern. But this year, he has a problem: He's the favorite. And that means he's in a position to blow it. Meanwhile, the Democratic field is chock-full of career underdogs. Somehow, the Fonz has got to seize the lower ground, get his poll numbers plunging, so he can come swinging back. Most of all, he needs a lethal opponent, someone who can play the Ivan Drago role, the robotic, blond-spiked anti-hero of *Rocky IV*. Maybe there's still time for Rudy to get in the race.

Strike *continued from page 15*

to keep their cars home on Thursday.

"When I first started, [drivers] were skeptical of me," the slight 25-year-old recalled. "The only way I could prove my knowledge of the industry and my instincts in a male community was my ability to physically endure the workload." She'd been up for 36 hours—a schedule she'd kept for fourteen days. "I've been to every garage," she said with a smile, "and I've been kicked out of most."

Wednesday, Giuliani dug in his heels, threatening to arrest any strikers. Desai hoped his hostility would point up the need for resistance. But all the day's papers had erroneously announced the strike was off, and many garage owners who'd supported the first strike had since broken ranks.

As the sun rose Thursday, no one knew what was coming. Local newscasters, who'd been expecting "a sea of yellow" blocking traffic across the Queensboro Bridge—a smaller protest by owner-drivers—were left guessing why no cabs were visible anywhere.

Back in Chelsea, however, bolstered by a luxurious four hours' rest, Desai already knew the day was a success. Police had blocked the bridge protest (the owner-drivers marched instead to City Hall), but as many as 80 percent of all drivers had stayed off the roads. "This strike is better than the other one," Rashid Humayun declared. "This time, everybody is against us. Garage owners are threatening their drivers. And still we have 80 percent. Now, this is a real drivers' strike."

The day's casualties included three arrests and one revoked medallion. "We have nothing to lose," said Desai, "and if you have nothing to lose, you're very powerful." Taking a break from the phone bank, a volunteer added, "Today was so successful, drivers have been asking when are we striking again and how many days will it be."

"Next time," said cabbie Shakeel Cheema, "it will be one week. Seven days' pay out of our own pockets. Everyone is prepared for that." SARAH BERNARD

OUTREACH

Queen's Logic

Miss America visits the needle exchange.

Kate Shindle at the Lower East Side Harm Reduction Center.

ASIDE FROM THE ONE YOUNG woman dozing narcotically on a sticky sofa, her fingers still clamped around a burning cigarette, the clients and staff at the Lower East Side Harm Reduction Center last Monday radiated excitement. On this Day of Pampering, a monthly event to help raise clients' self-esteem, the needle exchange was welcoming a very special guest: none other than the reigning Miss America, Kate Shindle of Illinois.

After handing out Clairol gift bags, Shindle stood in front of a blackboard listing especially dangerous heroin brands and listened to a volunteer. "We do the condoms, the rubbers, the dental dams, the whole nine yards," the volunteer explained. "We do bleach and cotton balls and show the women how to avoid abscesses and how to avoid hepatitis B and all that."

"Grape-flavored condoms? I love that," Shindle squealed, with the unregal candor for which one of her predecessors has recently reproached her.

An awestruck client reached out to touch Miss America's rhinestone brooch, shaped like a tiara—like *the* tiara. "This pin," she asked, "does that make you official?"

"I guess so," Miss America responded brightly. "But look, it's losing its stones. Honey, if I lost a diamond this big I'd be at home crying my eyes out."

"She carries the real thing with her in a little wooden case," said Drew Kramer, the center's executive director. "I got to touch it—it was really thrilling."

Bonnie Sirgany, the official "traveling companion for Miss America," stood by uncomfortably. "She's my ninth Miss America," she confided. "I had the AIDS platform five years ago, but it was different then. That girl's platform was awareness, so we went into the schools a lot. Whereas Kate's thing is prevention. In Baltimore, we were at a needle-exchange table they had set up on the worst corner."

Miss America posed for snapshots at the manicure table, and soon half the room was waving Polaroids while the other half waved wet fingernails. "I love speaking, but speaking can't really compare to getting your hands dirty like you staff members and volunteers do," she said. "I really respect that."

Tiara box in hand, Sirgany cleared a path for her charge, who gave the crowd one last cheer: "Thumbs up! Gold stars for all of you. Now I'm taking my grape condoms and leaving."

"Thank God for this," a client said, clutching her Polaroid. "Nobody is going to believe this." The black Lincoln Town Car sped off. DAVID FRANCE

SITE LINES

Gimme Some of That New-Time Religion

THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND 61ST STREET is as good a place as any to catch a glimpse of how much the world has changed in 30 years. Back in 1966, the American Bible Society, an organization that strives to "provide the Holy Scriptures to every man, woman, and child," built itself a headquarters so utilitarian that it might be described as Puritan. Now the plain-as-dough concrete box by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill has sprouted a glittering two-story glass appendage, a high-tech entry pavilion designed by Fox & Fowle.

Beyond the layers of glass, which are supported by a dramatic steel armature, is a new shop specializing in the Good Book, plus a gallery. The main attraction, however, is a bank of 36 televisions aimed streetward: God gone multimedia. Soon the screens will be lit with a holy version of MTV: music videos of biblical parables. In "A Father and Two Sons," the video-ified Prodigal Son (Luke 15:11–32), images of sultry vocalist Rory Block singing "He was lost and now he's found" alternate with moody black-and-white footage of men on horseback. The New Testament never looked so much like an ad for aftershave.

The American Bible Society's new entrance.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCI

The glass itself, in true Information Age fashion, is decorated with words: IN THE BEGINNING translated into 67 languages, including ancient Armenian, Tagalog, and Icelandic. Want to know how Genesis kicks off in Esperanto? Go to Broadway and 61st and look it up: EN LA KOMENCO. KARRIE JACOBS

THE RIP-OFF ARTIST

Did director James Cameron steal famous photographs?

AT THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY Awards ceremony, *Titanic's* James Cameron was fêted as a filmmaker of many talents—director, producer, editor, king. One talent that went unrewarded that night, however, was his drawing ability, which was also highlighted in the film. Indeed, in one beloved scene, Leonardo DiCaprio's character shows Kate Winslet's character his sketchbook full of charcoals of nude women, drawings that Cameron himself has happily claimed credit for producing.

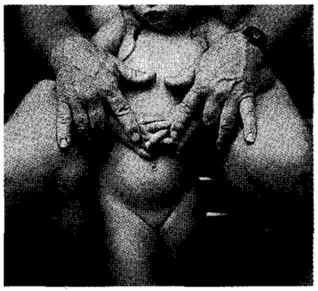
The director, however, has been somewhat less forthcoming about admitting that three of these sketches bear a striking resemblance to famous photographs: Sally Mann's *Rodney Plogger at 6:01,* Alfred Stieglitz's *Georgia O'Keeffe, Hands, 1920,* and Brassaï's *"Bijou" of Montmartre.* Before the film's release, however, none of these artists (or their estates) had granted permission for the works to be used, and their appearance in the film raised eyebrows throughout the art world.

"I was stunned at the alarming resemblance to photographs with which, naturally, I'm intimately familiar," says Susan Arthur Whitson, director of the Edwinn Houk Gallery, which represents Mann and Brassaï and sometimes Stieglitz.

"Anybody who's knowledgeable about the history of photography would recognize that these drawings were copies of famous photographs," adds Sarah Greenough, curator of photographs at the National Gallery of Art.

And that makes it a clear case of copyright infringement, according to Nancy E. Wolff, a partner at Cavallo Wolff & Wolf, attorneys for the Picture Agency Council of America. "Just because you change the medium [from photography to sketches], that does not permit you to copy," she says, citing the case successfully brought against Jeff Koons, who used another artist's photograph as the basis for a sculpture.

"It's not just tacky; it's illegal," agrees a prominent entertainment lawyer. "If it's not complying with copyright law, each and every time this film is shown, that constitutes a publication of copyright-infringing material."



Left, the scene from *Titanic* in which Jack shows Rose his sketchbook. Some viewers have alleged that the drawings, which were done by director James Cameron, were copied from famous photographs, including Sally Mann's *Rodney Plogger at 6:01* (above).

Normally, movies are fastidiously vetted by lawyers to avoid this type of problem. Cameron would not comment, but a spokesperson for Paramount, which released the film, dismisses the suggestion of any impropriety. "There were some sketches in the film that were inspired by other works," he says. "All necessary arrangements were made to everyone's satisfaction. But the artists did not really want publicity on this, so they've asked for their names not to be disclosed."

That's news to Madame Gilberte Brassaï, widow of the late photographer and executor of his estate. Speaking from Paris, she says that neither Cameron nor the studio has contacted her about securing rights to the photo. She is contemplating legal action, though "it's very hard to go after these people," she says. "It's so much trouble with the lawyers and the papers and everything you have to do to pursue something like this."

But Sally Mann apparently did make the effort to go after Cameron. "I think the issue is clear that Sally believes that her photograph inspired the sketch," says her husband, Larry, an attorney. "There is an agreement to allow the sketch to be used in the movie," he continues, choosing his words carefully, but "if the question is whether there was *prior* agreement, the answer is no. And that's all I can say." According to art-world sources, Mann settled with Cameron shortly before filing a lawsuit, and as part of the deal, she agreed not to discuss the terms.

The Stieglitz estate, meanwhile, was unaware of the matter. "I didn't see the movie," says Elizabeth Glassman, president of the Georgia O'Keeffe Foundation (which handles the rights to Stieglitz's work). "But I've talked to one of our attorneys, and we're figuring out what to do. Stieglitz has been dead for more than 50 years, so theoretically his work is in the public domain. In Europe, though, copyrights don't run out for 70 years, so we'll just have to see what happens."

Cameron may not be willing to discuss the copyright case publicly, but in the recent past, he has gladly accepted compliments for the drawings. "Mr. Cameron, you do beautiful artwork," one fan of the sketches wrote to him during a live, online chat at *Titanic's* official Website. "Do you have any other artwork that we can see from you?"

"Yes, I've been an illustrator for many years and I've tried to stay current with the drawing skills," Cameron replied. "In case the directing thing doesn't work out."

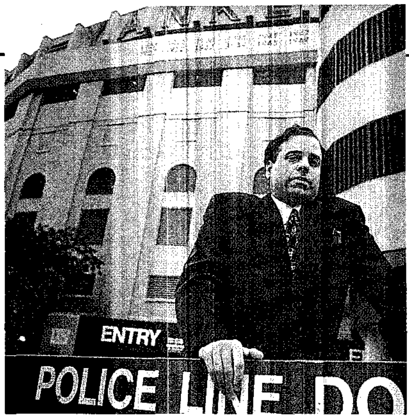
JOHN BOWE

otograph: center, Merie W. Wallace/Paramount Pictures and Twentieth Century Fox; bottom, Frank Trapper/Sygma.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

WHERE ARE THE TABLOID HEROES OF YESTERDAY?

The Anti-Boss



Howie Spira, Steinbrenner's nemesis.

HOWARD SPIRA HAS NOT lost his talent for drama. The onetime gambler, who became a central figure in the bitter feud between George Steinbrenner and former Yankees star Dave Winfield, was convicted in 1991 of trying to extort $110,000 from Steinbrenner. Today, Spira is back in the Bronx after serving 26 months in federal prison. He doesn't go to games, although he's got an opinion about the Boss's quest for a new ballpark. "It's just extortion," says Spira. "He's the ultimate master of it."

Steinbrenner was suspended from baseball for three years after it was revealed that he'd paid Spira $40,000—a payment Steinbrenner initially insisted he made "out of the goodness of my heart," but which Spira said was in exchange for dirt on Winfield. At the time, Steinbrenner said that Spira "ruined my life," which is exactly what Spira says about Steinbrenner today.

"I hate this man so much," says the 39-year-old Spira. "He is preventing me now from having the storybook relationship with this goddess that I've dreamed about my entire life." The woman, named Donaji, is a 26-year-old airline worker he met last year in Los Angeles. "I told her that I would do everything in my power to make life a fairy tale," says Spira. But it's been tough going, Spira maintains, because Steinbrenner has made it impossible for him to find a job and support himself.

Spira, a college dropout, was working as a sports-radio stringer when, he claims, he took a job as publicist for Winfield's charitable foundation (the slugger has denied ever employing Spira). By the late eighties, struggling to pay off gambling debts, Spira contacted Steinbrenner, who was contesting payments he was supposed to make to Winfield's foundation. When Spira was convicted of extortion, he shocked the court by congratulating the prosecutor. "My father really should have worn a condom," Spira said at his sentencing. "He did not deserve Howard Spira as a son."

Spira had networking opportunities in prison (where he served with Sol Wachtler) and in a halfway house (where Leona Helmsley also resided), but he hasn't held a job since a post-jail stint answering phones for his attorney. He wrote a book, *Storm in the Stadium: The Truth Never Told*, but has been unable to interest a publisher.

Not that he's been entirely forgotten. After the 500-pound beam fell at Yankee Stadium, a New York *Post* columnist joked that an "H. Spira" had been arrested for owning demolition equipment. "I was furious," says Spira, who had his attorney write the paper a letter. Spira is sure that if he could only get a break, maybe land a job as a publicist in L.A., he could turn his life around. "I got all the negatives that went with front-page publicity and not one dollar of the positive," he says. "I'm frustrated, I'm scared, I'm desperate." But he's also still a hero in his own mind. "People have told me that it was because I got rid of George for three years that the Yankees were able to develop, instead of him being Godzilla and trading everyone." DEBORAH MITCHELL

THE SCENE

Lizard Love

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Vera Wang and Princess Yasmin Aga Khan at the Henry Street Settlement's Chinois Benefit, in honor of Mrs. Rand Araskog and Stephen Robert.

Jack Wagner and Wesley Snipes celebrating the twentieth-anniversary issue of *Hamptons* magazine at Donald Trump's penthouse.

At the opening of Gant Gaither's show at the National Arts Club, a benefit for the Princess Grace Foundation: above, Basia Johnson, Lynn Wyatt, and Pia Lindstrom; below, Prince Albert of Monaco and Farah Diba.

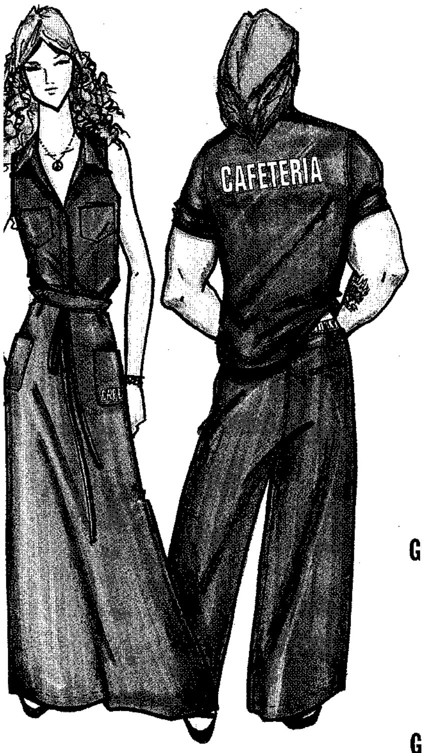
Casey Affleck, Lukas Haas, Stephen Dorff, and Joaquin Phoenix at lot 61 for Cary Woods's party following the premiere of *Godzilla*.

Pat Buckley and Nan Kempner, at the Plaza, receiving the 1998 Awards for Excellence from the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

Photograph by Jason Blar

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

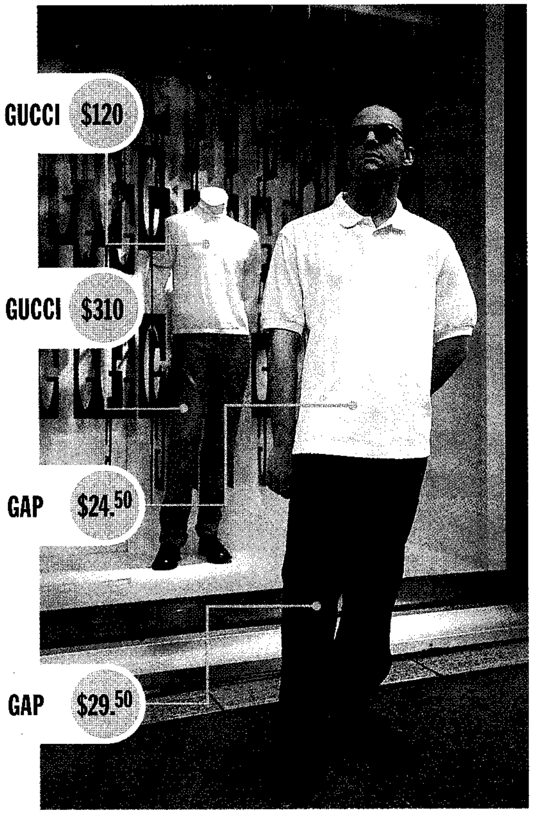


I'll Have What She's Wearing . . .

The June 1 opening of Cafeteria (119 Seventh Avenue), a 24-hour glorified coffee shop co-owned by clothing designer Victor Alfaro, is only the latest example of the increasing cross-pollination between restaurants and fashion. More and more, trendy joints are turning to big-name designers to outfit their staff (half of whom are struggling models, in any case). A guide to who's wearing what: **Mercer Hotel:** Isaac Mizrahi; **Astor:** Rebecca Taylor; **Clementine:** agnes b. (boys), Daryl K (girls); **Chez Es Saada:** Badgley Mischka; **Union Pacific:** Donna Karan; **Gramercy Tavern:** Armani; **Jean Georges:** New Republic.

How Much for That Gucci in the Window?

Last week, the windows at Gucci's Fifth Avenue shop were causing some serious rubbernecking. Instead of wearing the usual dark, smoldering outfits, the mannequins were in casual sporty clothes of a style more frequently associated with the Gap. Has Tom Ford, king of steely Euro styling, gone American? We couldn't resist a bit of comparison-shopping.

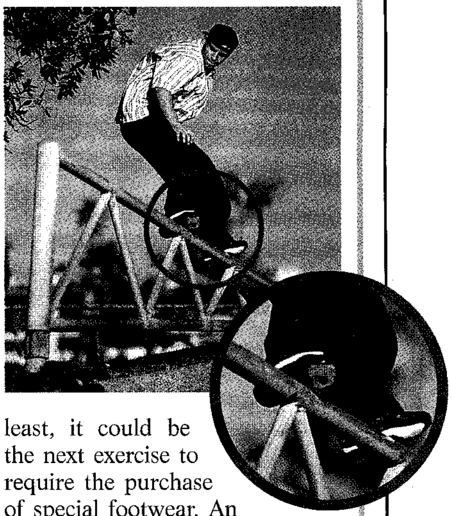


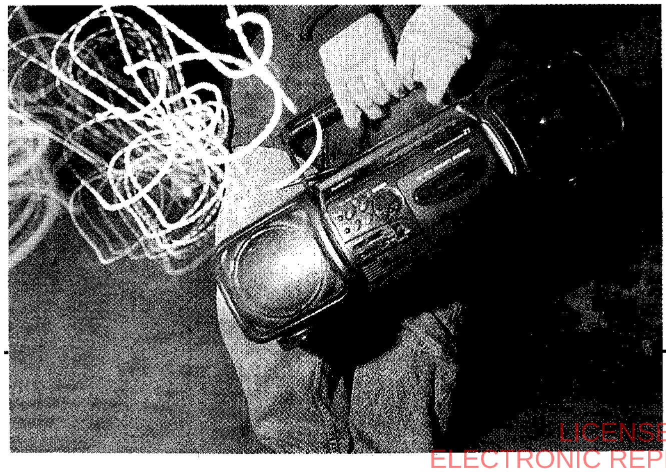
BODY TYPE

Grease Up Your Tennies and Go

● If the makers of Soap shoes have their way, the next wave in "freestyle" exercise just might be an update of those long running slides you used to take on the kitchen floor in your socks. At the very least, it could be the next exercise to require the purchase of special footwear. An old-school sneaker with a removable plastic square on the sole, Soap shoes allow the wearer to glide on pavement, along handrails, or on any of the other challenging surfaces previously colonized by skateboarders and in-line skaters. "People are going crazy over these things," says Khanh Ngo, the owner of Khanh's Sports and Boutique in East Hampton, which has been selling out the shoe's five styles. "The girls buy them for their looks; the guys want them so they can slide down railings and show off." But don't look for competitive freestyle walking to show up on ESPN2 just yet. "It's all goofy," says Khanh. "*Everyone* can do this."

Kate Coyne





Boom Town

On a downtown local, there are two seats for everyone. Sitting splay-legged, a kid in a hooded sweatshirt takes up three, his arms draped over a massive portable stereo. He glances one way, then the other. He presses PLAY and assumes a 1,000-yard stare, bobbing his head to the dance-hall rhythms. ● Forget about Giuliani's code of silence underground. The boom box is back. ● Across the aisle, a man carrying a briefcase clucks his disapproval and searches for allies. Just then, the conductor shambles over to the boom-box kid. The beats cease—until the conductor retreats. Mr. Briefcase shifts his weight, hoping for a miracle. Two stops later, he gets only the defeated voice of the public address: "Attention, passengers! There is no radio-playing allowed on this train." **Manny Howard**

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Ticket Masters?

The shade of the late Arthur Goldberg—great man, terrible candidate—hovers above Rye, where Democrats will gather to select candidates for statewide offices.

ASK AN AVERAGE CITIZEN ABOUT 1970, and he'll probably leap into a monologue about Kent State or lunar missions or the Beatles' splitting up.

Ask a battle-worn New York Democrat about 1970, though, and the harrowing image that will force itself upon him will be the visage of Arthur Goldberg. Who *was* Arthur—glad you asked. Goldberg was a man of profound intellectual fecundity and ethical fiber who had, thanks to Jack Kennedy, served on the U.S. Supreme Court. A labor lawyer and human-rights advocate who resigned his U.N. ambassadorship on principle (those were the days!) over Vietnam, he accomplished much in life, but he is remembered chiefly in these parts for being the worst Democratic gubernatorial candidate in the modern history of the state of New York, demolished by incumbent Republican Nelson Rockefeller.

In 1970, Goldberg was picked to run for governor against Nelson Rockefeller.

"Nineteen seventy," reflects one old-timer, "was the year Rockefeller learned how cheaply you could buy Democratic bosses. 'Whaddya need, boss? Just sit on your hands.' I mean cheap! He couldn't believe how cheap."

Goldberg's descendants may be smiling right about now, because 1998 could go down as the year the Democrats made Goldberg look good.

This week, as the party gathers in Rye for its quadrennial nominating convention, giving new meaning to the term *Rye Playland,* the disarray and confusion that have plagued the party will be put in sharp relief. The convention officially begins the process by which Democrats will nominate candidates for five statewide offices; the party will have done very well indeed if two people are swearing inaugural oaths next January.

Herewith, a quick rundown:

Governor. The conventional wisdom as I write is that only Peter Vallone, the speaker of the City Council, will receive at least 25 percent of the delegates' votes—the threshold needed to secure an automatic spot on the September primary ballot. In fact, say various sources, Vallone is likely to bound over 50 percent, or even more, since delegates who are backing losing candidates tend to scamper toward the favorite as ants run to cake crumbs. So Vallone is likely to emerge from the convention the party's anointed candidate (although the losers do have recourse—if you don't get your 25 percent, you can also make the ballot by circulating petitions and gathering 30,000 signatures).

Vallone is a nice man, cut of wholesome cloth, but he just doesn't have, you know, *it.* Besides, such an ascendance by Vallone would leave the party with a big problem called Betsy. Yes, that Betsy. She does have support, but it's obvious that the vast majority of Democrats—even, on the q.t., some of those backing her—don't want McCaughey Ross on the ballot. So you'd think keeping her below the magic number would count as a win. Until you realize, of course, that keeping her below 25 would be handing her a useful gift. You can hear her now, can't you: "This proves that the old boys' network is alive and well," "It looks like some old-line Democratic leaders are threatened by a woman," etc., etc. What Democratic leaders, old-line and new-, are threatened by is the possibility that voters will be duped by a candidate who as recently as three years ago was abubble with conservative rhetoric and who, it's entirely plausible, would ex- or implode in some ghastly but entertaining manner if she actually had to endure a grueling campaign.

There are only two reasons to support McCaughey Ross. The first is to bow to her comparative fame. I call this the Ledru-Rollin Option, as put into bold action by West Side assemblyman Scott Stringer. Ledru-Rollin was a French politician who is purported to have espied a throng of Third Estaters on the march through the streets of his home arrondissement and shouted: "There go my people! I must find out where they are going so I can lead them!" Stringer is not alone in believing McCaughey Ross may carry his district; all the same, this is not his finest hour.

The other reason, of course, is money: the Wilbur Option, if you will, named for McCaughey Ross's husband, who'd better be careful these next few months lest he find his capacious pockets picked clean by various party factota (they don't come quite as cheap these days). Nassau County leader Steve Sabbeth recently pursued the Wilbur Option, dropping fellow Long Islander James Larocca and going with Betsy.

Larocca describes the meeting at which Sabbeth broke the news to him thus: "His words to me were 'This is not personal. I know you're not gonna like it. I know you're the best candidate. You know you're the best candidate. Everybody knows you're the best candidate. But this is about one thing and one thing only: money.' "

Sabbeth says that he was never committed to Larocca through the conven-

Photograph from AP/Wide World.

tion and that his backing was contingent on Larocca's proving himself a capable fund-raiser. "His interpretation is a misinterpretation," he says. "We were trying to do something nice for him, which we shouldn't have tried to do."

Larocca, as I've said before, is clearly the best candidate the Democrats have. Smart, good résumé, good demographics, good ideas, decent principles, prodigious commitment, a pleasant man to pass time with, and rather a handsome devil to boot. Virtually everyone you talk to *does* know he'd be the best, and says so privately. If someone in a position of power back in January had been brave enough to say so publicly, the party, while it still would probably lose in November, at least would have done something interesting, alive, worth fighting for.

Joe Hynes, who's never really been able to achieve speed at a statewide level, stands a chance of getting 25 percent. Richard Kahan is the smartest of the five, but he never caught any fire.

Lieutenant Governor. An impressive young attorney named Charlie King wants to be the No. 2. Democrats are worried. About his address: It is possible that Democrats will nominate a ticket composed entirely of Manhattanites. The party elders plan to take care of this difficulty by sacrificing poor King, meaning that the party still might present a ticket of Manhattanites with a token suburbanite or upstater in the one post no one pays a lick of attention to. Some want Larocca to accept the job.

Comptroller. Incumbent Carl McCall will face no opposition—certainly not from Democrats, and probably not from Republicans either. That junket to Israel with the governor didn't hurt, evidently.

Senate. Chuck Schumer has the most support among pols, then Gerry Ferraro (ahead in meaningless polls but running a bumbling campaign), then Mark Green. But all three will probably reach 25 percent. Their problem awaits them in the form of the $20 million man from Hempstead.

Attorney General. Dennis Vacco is the most vulnerable Republican incumbent. Among Dems, attorney Eliot Spitzer leads the pack; State Senator Catherine Abate has run clumsily so far but will get 25; former AG Ollie Koppell will gain ballot status but is more popular with politicians than with voters; attorney Evan Davis seems a good sort who announced too late.

There you have it. No future Franklin Roosevelts in the bunch; Arthur Goldbergs, we don't know yet. ▬

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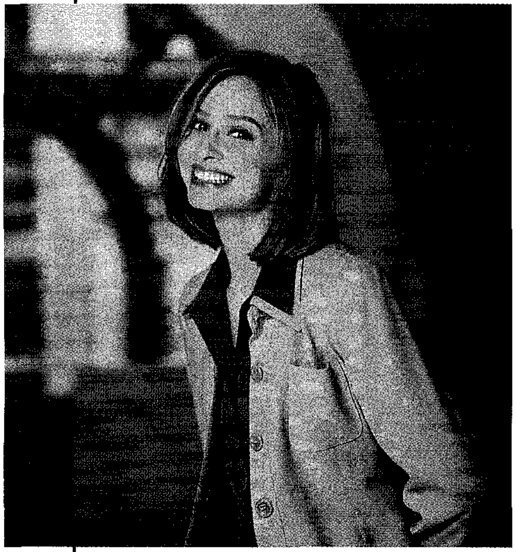
Seven Days in May

Every spring, Hollywood descends on Manhattan to tout the new fall TV shows, and every spring, we scratch our heads and wonder, "What were they thinking?"

BY THE END OF THE WEEK, everything had become a blur except the freak hailstorm and the even curiouser report from Kelsey Grammer's agent that the *Frasier* star doesn't have a new deal in place with NBC. There'd been too many fast-cut action dramas, annoyingly loud sitcom laugh tracks, insincere "we're all a family on the set" claims—and almost no shows you could hang a hope on, which was, after all, the reason everyone had come to New York in the first place. Even at that bastion of success the "21" Club—where the William Morris Agency held its annual group-therapy session for jilted producers, passed-over talent, and the lucky few who'd won prime time's equivalent of Powerball—the frenzy seemed born more of anguish and anger than of anticipation of the TV season to come. The party game of choice was guessing which new shows in the fall lineups presented to advertisers would be the first to go south. At least there was company in their misery: *Nobody* seemed very excited about the prospects for next season. Except maybe Morris vice-chairman Jerry Katzman.

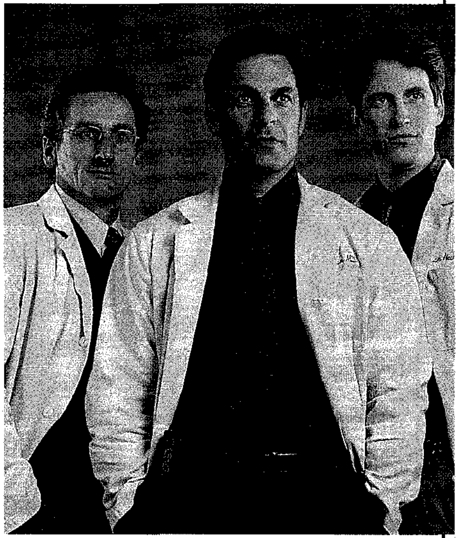
"No one from NBC has come to me yet about Kelsey Grammer's contract," Katzman confided to me. "Can you believe it?" That's how last-minute NBC's decision to replace *Seinfeld* with *Frasier* was: The network apparently never got around to locking in the star. ("That's just bizarre," said NBC spokeswoman Pat Schultz. "We have no comment.") True, NBC had trouble choosing the veteran *Frasier* over hit newcomer *Just Shoot Me!* for the most prized slot on TV. In the clutch, NBC president and CEO Bob Wright himself apparently picked the shrink. Now it's certain that in a small-box world already gone salary-mad (Tim Allen? $1.2 million per episode of *Home Improvement*), a new record is waiting to be set. After all, NBC has everything riding on *Frasier* in its *Seinfeld*-free Thursday-night lineup; it'll have to ante up, or it might as well rename the show *Niles*.



Fox's breakout hit this season was *Ally McBeal*.

That wasn't the only misstep in a week filled with shows so across-the-board lackluster that all six schedules looked like wrecks-in-waiting. "Too much of the same," decried one BBD&O executive after the WB's breakfast screening at the Sheraton Towers. "Very disappointing—and ass-numbing," muttered a Grey Advertising research analyst at NBC's marathon session at Radio City Music Hall. After ABC's presentation in the New Amsterdam Theater—where a tantalizing appetizer of Disney's *Lion King* theatrics was followed by the broccoli of ABC's prime-time slate—Robert Bishop, who directs advertising for Sharp Electronics, complained, "They showed us the Mercedes, and then you get inside and it's a Saturn."

Don't get me wrong. I shocked myself by laughing at *The Benben Show*, CBS's new TV-anchor-gets-fired-and-fights-back sitcom showcasing Brian Benben, the star of HBO's *Dream On* (although I hardly recognized him with his clothes on). And Chris Rock is executive-producing the single funniest show on ABC besides *Drew: The Hughleys*. Think *The Jeffersons* moved to the suburbs, only George is young, hip-hop, and "I don't care if O.J. did it or not." I could kiss CBS for bringing back Michael from *thirtysomething*, except that this time around, on *L.A. Docs*, Ken Olin is Arnie Becker with a stethoscope. I don't want to sound like a suit, but the show had so much heart I actually got teary-eyed.



Matt Craven, Ken Olin, and Rick Roberts of *L.A. Docs*.

But as for the rest of it: *What were these people thinking?* The problem is, they weren't, and as the week wore on, the word about the utter awfulness of it all got out. The single worst show—and who would have believed it?—was NBC's *Encore! Encore!*, Nathan Lane's star vehicle. Here is one of the funniest guys in any medium, and he's saddled with the tortured premise that he's a famous opera singer trying to start a new career in his hometown in California wine country. Nearly as shaky was *Costello*, the new companion to Fox's savagely sane *King of the Hill*, which looked more like an evil twin. That this series about a barmaid was created by *Home Improvement* and *Roseanne* wunderkind Matt Williams made it all the more bewildering.

From the look of things, CBS is certain to improve its demographics and audience share now that it's unabashedly going after testosterone. ABC won't necessarily help itself but won't sink much lower (how could it?). Fox will build on the *Ally McBeal* juggernaut and

Photographs: top, Tony Esparza/CBS; bottom, Greg Gorman/Fox.

continue onward and upward. But trust me on this: The real comer next season will be the WB, with its pretty good, pretty-peopled melodramas for the Clearasil crowd. And the shocker is that NBC looks to have no new stand-alone hits in the offing, not even *All My Life*, the latest sitcom from Bright/Kauffman/Crane, starring Christina Applegate: Not smart, not sexy, not anything, the show from the creators of *Friends* and *Veronica's Closet* is quickly earning its producers the moniker Stretched-Too-Thin Productions.

Unnerved by the anemic reaction to the new slate, some stars actually turned on the audience they were supposed to amuse. "I hear this crowd *sucks*," barked Conan O'Brien. "I'm going to win you over if it kills me," Nathan Lane promised lamely.

The networks even turned on themselves. "To all who said ABC wouldn't be No. 1," Drew Carey told the New Amsterdam audience, "*good call!*" After announcing that he'd signed a "fantastic deal" to continue *Mad About You* for another season on NBC, Paul Reiser handed his valet-parking ticket to Bob Wright and asked him to gas up the black Mercedes. "We not only want to take a lot of NBC's money," Reiser said, "but we want to make sure they have no chance to recoup it."

By the end of the week, everyone had also taken shots at the competition, and it did get personal. ABC Entertainment president Jamie Tarses, considerably chastened during a year that began with the installment of chairman Stu Bloomberg above her and ended with the network's dropping at times to a humiliating fourth-place finish behind Fox, presented the new schedule. But it was Bloomberg who made the point about "A-county, 18-to-49, over-$75,000, college-educated" demographics and couldn't help but snicker, "At CBS, they're referred to as 'them rich, smart city folk,' " a swipe at CBS's hicks-in-the-sticks image.

The best of the worst was reserved for front-running NBC and that unmentionable, cable. CBS opened its presentation with two opera divas warbling "La donna è mobile" while a screen offered new lyrics: "With *Seinfeld* gone, NBC's woes are many / They can always bring back Jenny." Or "Cable's a really good deal / If you think pro wrestling is real." To drive home the point that the NFL was back on his network on Sunday afternoons, CBS Television president Les Moonves starred in a Letterman-style film as Vince Lombardi's unheralded assistant. Walking off the field tired and dirty, Moonves was approached by a red-haired boy asking for an autograph—"Because you're my hero, Mr. Moonves," the youngster gushed. "What's your name, kid?" Moonves growled. "Warren," the pipsqueak replied. "Warren Littlefield!" Later in the film, Fox was berated as "a fourth-rate fledgling network run by Australians."

Predicting what the 1999 NBC schedule would look like after January, he displayed a graphic in which every slot was filled by *Dateline.* Moonves—not coincidentally a former thespian—put the other presenters to shame. Fox Network president Peter Roth oozed so much warmth he practically glistened.

Littlefield, the NBC Entertainment president, who will forever be judged (unfairly) against the conspiratorial charm and subversive wit of his predecessor, the late Brandon Tartikoff, did try to strut his stuff. He, too, starred in a short film, which reenacted the events of last December 23, when Seinfeld called it quits. "Jerry on line 1," a minion said, interrupting an office Christmas party to tell Littlefield, who picked up the phone and promptly fainted to the floor. Suddenly, he was on a gurney, being wheeled onto the *E.R.* set. "He's lost his *Seinfeld,*" said nurse Carol Hathaway. Reviving, Littlefield pleaded with the cast, "Promise me you won't ever leave." Everyone agreed except George Clooney, who's nearing the end of his contract; he mumbled, "I have to make a phone call." The last scene showed Littlefield in a hospital robe, repeating the mantra "There's no show like *E.R.*" while a camera panned down to his ruby-slipper-clad feet.

But all joking aside, this is a critical week for all six networks—ABC, CBS, NBC, Fox, UPN, and the WB—and not just because there's $13 billion–plus in ad sales riding on the buzz generated by the fall lineup. At stake are bragging rights, pecking orders, and the specter of being the butt of that annual TV riddle ("What's the difference between the *Titanic* and [fill-in-the-blank]? At least the *Titanic* had entertainment."). Behind the humor onstage, a very serious game is being played here. NBC wants to talk only about demographics and specifically the coveted 18-to-49 group that is its franchise. CBS wants to talk only about total viewership, which is where it has been doing well. Fox, the WB, and UPN want to talk only about skewing young and niche marketing. And ABC wants to talk only about *The Lion King.* ▬

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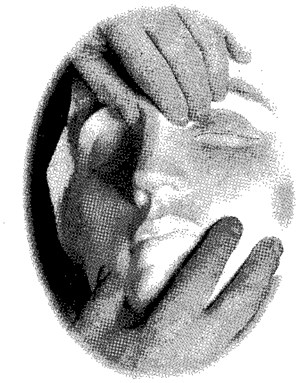

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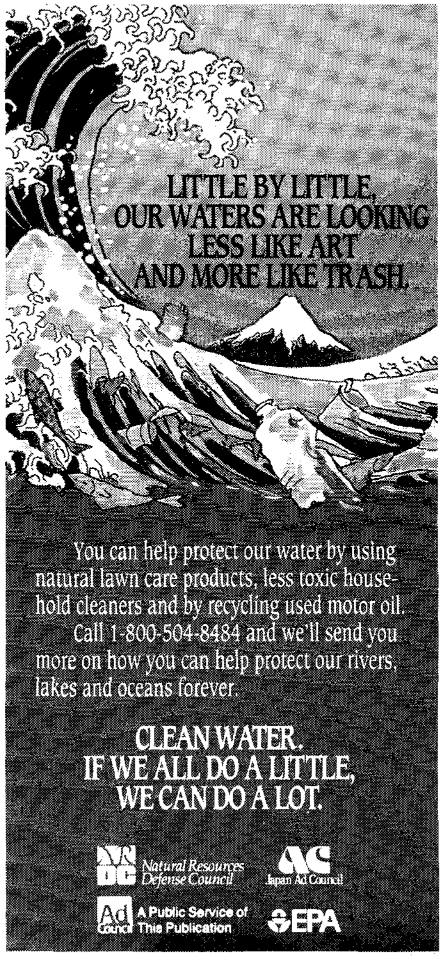
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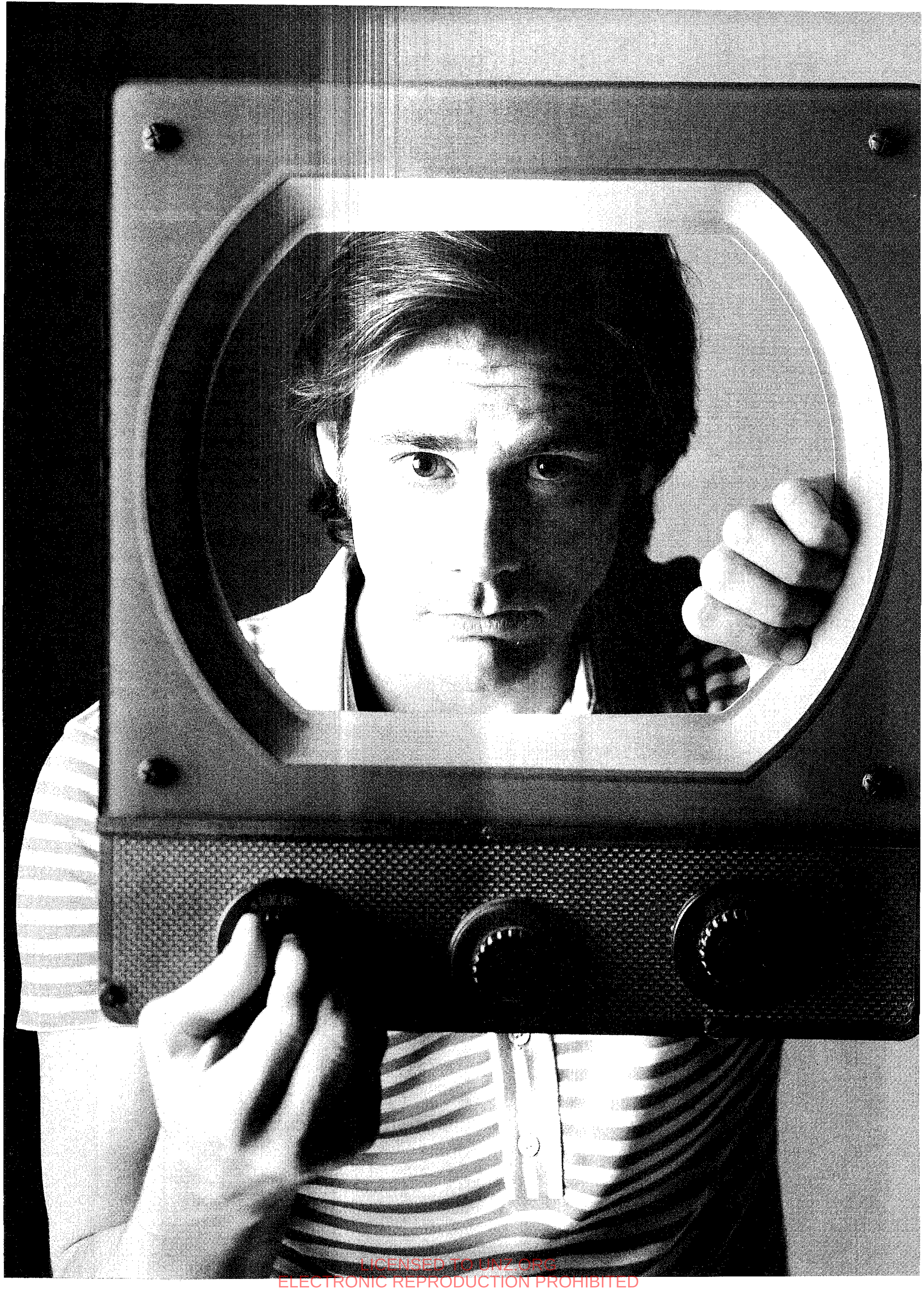
YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ ABOUT A MAN WHO IS HOUNDED BY CAMERAS, HIS EVERY FOIBLE DISSECTED BY A WORLD OF VOYEURS. BUT WAIT: IS THAT THE STORY OF **JIM CARREY**'S NEW MOVIE *THE TRUMAN SHOW*? OR THE STORY OF HIS LIFE?

BY CHRIS SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW ROLSTON



JONATHAN ELSNER, 11 YEARS old, has seen both *Ace Venturas; The Mask; Dumb & Dumber; Batman Forever;* and *Liar Liar.* Loved them, in fact. Now Jonathan is flying from New York to Los Angeles for a bar mitzvah. The in-flight coming attractions show a trailer for Jim Carrey's new movie, *The Truman Show.* Jonathan glances up from his Game Boy to watch. I tell Jonathan I will be interviewing Carrey tomorrow, and he says there's one thing he's curious about.

"What's Jim Carrey *really* like?"

That question is why I'm on this airplane. In *The Truman Show,* Carrey plays Truman Burbank, the only "real" person in a 30-year live television soap opera (Tru-man—get it?). One-point-seven billion viewers "know" Truman—they've watched his every move, from birth to puberty to marriage to bathroom routine, courtesy of 5,000 hidden cameras. Truman is unaware that he's being fed live to a satellite, and that everything in his life is a fake—his parents are actors, his hometown is a stage set. Famous around the world, Truman doesn't know himself. Hey—kind of like Jim Carrey, prey of the paparazzi, seeker of spiritual connection.

The Truman Show is that rare mainstream movie, like *Easy Rider, Network,* or *Thelma & Louise,* that is perfectly timed with the Zeitgeist. O.J. and Princess Diana have elevated the all-consuming, invasive celebrity spectacle to a new and queasy level. Jerry Springer has stoked the debate about voyeurism and the packaging of human emotion. Technology is obliterating privacy: Today you were videotaped at the ATM, your e-mails were permanently stored in the corporate mainframe, and Amazon.com is sifting your reading tendencies and recommending more books for you to buy.

Scarier still is the rabid globalization of the media-industrial complex. We are becoming one world under Rupert Murdoch, with a single subject of pop-culture conversation beamed into homes from Beijing to Baton Rouge. *Titanic*—based on a true story!—washes into Monica, who exits for Seinfeld, who shuts down just in time for Sinatra. "Cool hunters" ferret out any hint of an underground for their retail sponsors, so that today's rebellion is sold as next season's smart-priced fashion trend. Every emotion is commodified.

The Truman Show, besides being fun to watch, deftly comments on this late-nineties blurring of life and entertainment. And Carrey—a wild exhibitionist onscreen, a star instantly recognizable to millions, a man with no privacy—seems seductively positioned to bring his *real* life to bear on the role.

"Truman Burbank is a kind of hothouse flower," says the film's producer, Scott Rudin. "He's been raised under glass. And Jim has the quality of having been created. He doesn't seem like a regular person who grows up in a regular house."

Jonathan Elsner has another important question: "Did any of those animals in *Ace* ever take a bite out of him?"

THE DEAD MAN IS LIVE ON EVERY CHANNEL. After landing in Los Angeles on a hazy-gray Thursday afternoon, I drive to my hotel on Sunset Boulevard and, out of habit, flip on the TV. There's a view from a hovering news helicopter—actually, slightly different views of the same scene from multiple helicopters. Offscreen anchorpeople bring us up to date: A man stopped his pickup truck in a freeway car-pool lane. For more than an hour, this man has raged, by cell phone, to the police about his treatment by an HMO. He's mentioned Molotov cocktails, his dog, and a shotgun.

Videotaped flashbacks show us the man emerging to unfurl a banner and lay it flat along the highway, the better to be read by the overhead cameras. Another replay shows the man leaping out of the pickup truck as it bursts into flames, peeling off his burning clothes, then reaching into the back of the truck for a shotgun. He carries the gun over to a low dividing wall, braces it against the concrete, and puts the barrel in his mouth.

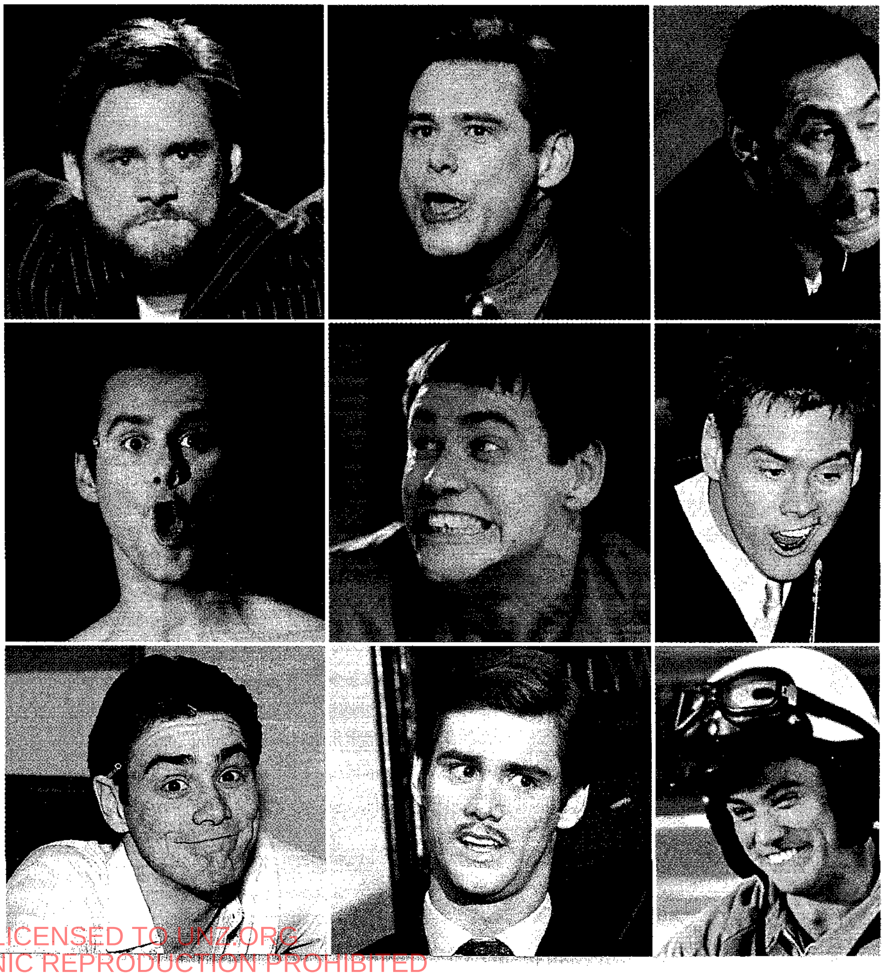
"Is that the best angle you have?" says the guy on Channel 7. "He's down, but we can't see much at this distance."

At this moment, Jim Carrey is riding in the back of a limousine. He had returned by private plane to Los Angeles after several days in Montana, where he'd been working on the screenplay for a remake of a Don Knotts movie and hiding from the paparazzi. Now Carrey is coming home to generate some carefully controlled hype for *The Truman Show.*

Carrey is listening to the limousine radio as callers chatter about L.A.'s first live televised suicide. "I was just amazed," he says the next day, "at how many people were calling in and saying, 'Man, I can't wait to see it again!' It's very strange. I don't understand it."

The suicide couldn't be better timed for *Truman,* however; Carrey and the movie's other principals mention it so often you begin to wonder if the shooting was staged for their marketing campaign.

CARREY ARRIVES AT SMASHBOX, A GLEAMINGLY hip photo studio hidden among the scrubby warehouses of Culver City, look-



RUBBER FACE: **Carrey has always aspired to make a name for himself as a serious actor. So in *The Truman Show,* you won't find any of the expressions depicted below. "There's one idea we're selling with this movie," he says, "and it isn't 'funny.' "**

ASK HIM WHAT TIME HE WOKE UP THIS MORNING, AND CARREY LAUNCHES INTO AN ANGUISHED SPEECH. "SOMETHING HAS TO BE LEFT TO ME," HE SAYS. "IF I GIVE YOU EVERYTHING, THERE'S NO ME LEFT."

ing like a mild-mannered guitarist for a rockabilly band. His brown hair, grown to nearly shoulder length, is slicked back, and long sideburns snake down his cheeks. A dark-green shirt flaps untucked over Carrey's basic blue Levi's. Carrey is more handsome than he's ever appeared in a movie. The nasal honk of his Canadian accent is more pronounced, as well. There is an immediate naïveté and vulnerability about him.

Carrey is trying hard not to be funny. His eyes light up when he hears a big fat straight line, but instead of flapping his long arms or contorting his rubbery face or spewing out a twisted punch line from his random-access brain, he stuffs the joke genie, forcibly, back into the bottle.

Blame it on *The Cable Guy.* Carrey is obsessed with the idea that the 1996 movie, for which he was paid a record-setting $20 million, was perceived as a failure not because it was leaden and mean-spirited but because the marketing was all wrong. "The studio played up the sillier stuff, to get people in the first weekend," he says. "And I'm not gonna make the same mistake twice." Years ago, Carrey's agent and co-managers mapped out a strategy to build Tom Hanks–like respect and longevity for their client, by alternating dramas and comedies. *Truman* is a key test of that agenda.

A cushy green couch is available, but Carrey coils atop a spindly straight-backed chair that's too meager for his elongated frame. He looks like a giraffe trying to get comfortable on a barstool. Even as Carrey holds himself in, determinedly restrained and normal, he comes across as somewhat freakish, otherworldly.

"With Truman, there were infinite parallels to my life," Carrey says. "He's a guy who, for some reason, deep down, has this melancholy. He's a wonderful human being. He wants everybody to be happy, and no one to be burdened by his sadness. Truman is the guy who puts on the face that he leaves in the jar by the door. Because he doesn't want anybody to feel bad, or to think that he's broken. When Truman goes out the door in the morning, saying hello to the neighbors isn't good enough for a person like that. That's why I came up with the line where he says, 'Oh, and by the way, good afternoon, good evening, and good night, in case I don't see ya!' *That's* my family—the Carrey family. It's not good enough just to do something for somebody; you're still thinking about their life down the line, and the pain they might go through. It's like, I couldn't get through Ayn Rand's *The Virtue of Selfishness,* you know? That book completely messed with me."

HERE ARE TWO OBSERVATIONS ABOUT THE real Jim Carrey: First, he is tall. Unlike most actors, he appears far taller in person than he does in movies. "Six feet two," Carrey says proudly.

The second becomes clear when he peels off his shirt, changing outfits for the photographer. Clearly, the real Jim Carrey is secure enough to resist the Hollywood mania for physical perfection. Or maybe he just has a serious gut.

CARREY SPEAKS IN RAMBLING, free-associative gusts, as if he's afraid of silence. When I make a reference that stumps him, Carrey's eyes go wide with panic. Even the most insecure major stars have perfected a veneer of coolness; Carrey, for all the success, money, and babes he has accumulated, remains an undiluted, endearing geek.

He's always felt a bit alien. "Even when I was a little kid, I would try to figure out the universe," Carrey says. "At one point, I'd cleaned out a closet in my house that was four by four inside. It had a bare lightbulb, and I'd sit in there with my books and my pads of paper, and I would write songs and poetry and things like that. There's always been more to me than just the wanting to make people laugh."

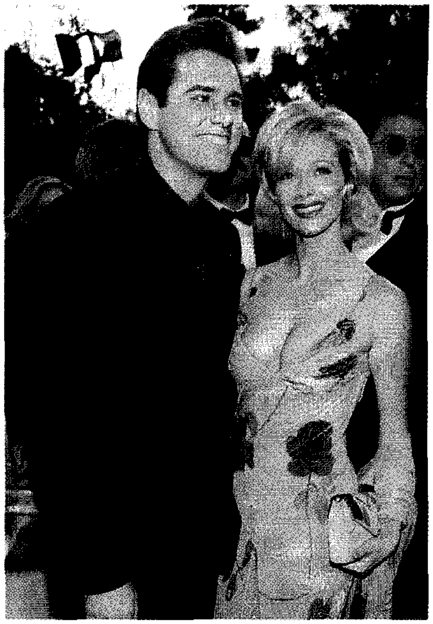
Family circumstances only amplified his weirdness. His father, a musician, sold his saxophone to pay the hospital bills when Carrey's sister was born, then settled into a life of quiet bitterness as an accountant. His mother spent most of her time in bed, popping prescription pills and staring at the TV. No one was ever quite sure if her illnesses were real or imagined. But Jim, the youngest of four children, invented a comedy act to try to jolly his mother.

When Carrey was 14, life went from strange to grim. His father was laid off, and for a time the Carreys lived in a van. At 16, Jim quit school and quickly became the family's hope, for both a decent income and the salvation of his father's showbiz fantasies. Dad pushed Jim into playing comedy clubs, where he honed a repertoire of 150 impressions.

Next stop, Los Angeles. Carrey did well in the clubs but felt increasingly hollow. He threw away his entire act, including the impression of a fasting Gandhi sneaking potato salad. "People would come up to me and say, 'What are you doing? You're the king of impressions!' " Carrey recalls. "And I would say, 'Yeah, but I think there's something more that people like about me. It's not the impressions. I think there's something they like about *me.* And I want to find out who the hell I am, so that I can express that.' "

In 1981, Carrey landed a starring role in a sitcom called *The Duck Factory* and moved his parents to California. The show bombed, and home life rapidly deteriorated. Carrey says his parents did nothing but sit around his living room, chain-smoking and watching TV. He shipped them back to Toronto. "It was the hardest thing I've ever had to do," Carrey says. His mother died in 1991, before Carrey scored with *In Living Color;* his father died in 1994, as Carrey's movie career was exploding.

AMATEUR PSYCHIATRIC INSIGHT INTO THE real Jim Carrey: What did he dream about last night? "Man, you are probing right into the thing here," Carrey says. "I have beautiful dreams all the time, but the one I remember last night was that I got a threatening phone call. I'm sure there's a meaning for it. The threatening phone call is



LAUREN'S LAMENT: Holly, here with Carrey at the 1997 Oscars, says his superstardom sabotaged their marriage.

Photographs: this page, Frank Trapper/Sygma; opposite page, left to right, from top, David McNew/Sipa; Fred Prouser/Sipa; Michael O. Baker/Los Angeles *Daily News*/Sygma; Christensen/Sipa; Weber/Sipa; John Paschal/Celebrity Photo; Robert Landau/Globe Photos; NBC/Globe Photos; Rangefinder/Globe Photos.

"THREE HOURS AND NOT ONE GOOFY FACE," JIM CARREY'S PUBLICIST TELLS HIM. "I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT. I'M SO PROUD OF YOU."

probably my psychiatrist saying, 'A lot of these problems are yours. There's things that go way back you're gonna have to deal with. You're not perfect. By a long shot.'"

PETER WEIR, THE 53-YEAR-old director of *Truman,* lives in Australia and used to feel removed from the instantaneous news-gossip hum. "But we're now plugged into the global event that seems to occur every couple of months," Weir says. "The Gulf War was one of the first live shows we all watched. It was pretty obvious how that came to be, with the very controlled coverage, a sanitized video game."

The TV war also stimulated his thinking about *Truman*. "The real interest for me is the blurring of the line between reality and unreality," Weir says. "The 'audience' in the film watches the Truman television show having forgotten that it is a gross exploitation of a child. The show becomes neither real nor unreal, but just on. We're not far from that in reality, are we?"

The subtleties of Carrey's performance will be much discussed, as will the movie's visual lyricism. Yet perhaps the most audacious thing about the film is that it's a piece of pop-culture entertainment that dares to say that pop-culture entertainment is bad for us. Weir was in Los Angeles immediately after the televised suicide. "It was interesting in the reaction," he says. "People rang up or wrote in saying, 'They shouldn't put that on—*I watched it in horror.'* You couldn't help but think, why do 'they' control you? 'They' are not controlling the TV switch." So what message is *Truman* sending? Weir laughs. "What I think the movie says to people watching it is, *Get out!*"

Screenwriter Andrew Niccol, 34, originally set *The Truman Show* in a post-apocalyptic Manhattan, but Weir shifted the action to a more sinister backdrop, a squeaky-clean planned community on the Florida panhandle called Seaside. For the film, Seaside is rechristened Seahaven, and the gorgeous cinematography of Peter Biziou buffs the town to a creepy sheen. Seahaven looks like a museum of an idealized Middle American town, where everyone is on a first-name basis, apple-cheeked children play in the front yard, and the skies are not cloudy all day. The town is Truman Burbank's pretty prison.

The frightening niceness of Seahaven is related to Weir's distaste for the lifestyle engineering of the Disney company—which recently manufactured its own perfect small town, Celebration, just down the road. "Disney is moving into an area of far greater influence in the lives of people than just Disneyland," Weir says, then pauses for a long beat. "It is called Disney*land*—well, there you are. And now they're in Times Square. They've changed the image and feel of the place to one of childhood, essentially, before there were serious questions to be dealt with in life."

The stagey emoting of Truman's wife (an outstanding Laura Linney) and everyone else around him doesn't seem odd to him; the godlike creator and director of the TV show, Christof (Ed Harris), makes sure Truman never strays beyond his idyllic little community. Until, at age 30, Truman acts on his years of yearning for Lauren Garland, the high-school crush who abruptly left Seahaven for Fiji.

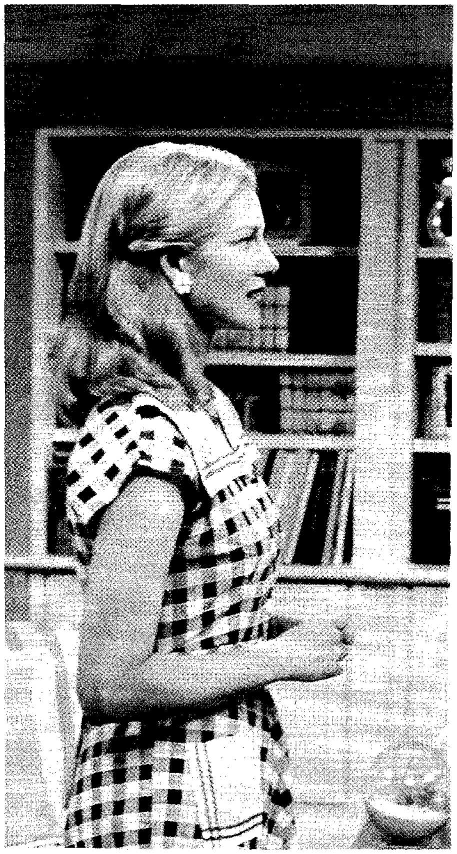
Occasionally, Weir turns his camera on the audience for *Truman,* the TV show. The fans are a doltish, slack-jawed bunch. To underline the complicity of the audience, Weir toyed with the idea of installing cameras in the theaters where *Truman* will play. "We would cut to the audience," Weir says. "You'd see yourself the way you see people on *The Tonight Show,* with people nudging one another—'It's us!' "

ONE REASON CARREY IS SO GOOD AS TRUman Burbank is that, at 36, and in considerable pain, he's still trying to figure out just who Jim Carrey is.

Carrey could fill a public-library wing with all the self-help tracts he's read, from Chopra to Peck to the mysticism of his current reading, *The Infinite Way Letters,* by Joel Goldsmith. But after years of detailing his neuroses in interviews—how he'd spend hours on his living-room floor howling at the ceiling in rage, how he's tried every mood stabilizer from Prozac to colonic irrigation—Carrey is attempting to build a zone of privacy. Ask him what time he woke up this morning, and he launches into an anguished little speech. "Something has to be left to me," Carrey says. "If I give you everything, there's no me left. And there are private moments of pain that I don't want to deal with. There's people, other people involved in my life, that I don't want to talk about. I don't know how to describe my day without basically telling you things that go on in my house; I'd be giving you pictures of things in my house, which is my last sanctuary. That's my sanctuary. Immediately outside those walls, I become a person who is watched."

In fact, Carrey has good reason to be paranoid. His stormy courtship of, ten-month marriage to, and divorce from *Dumb & Dumber* co-star Lauren Holly was a veritable tabloid-journalist employment program. When the couple honeymooned on a Caribbean island, reporters posing as tourists rented an adjoining bungalow and videotaped Holly as she took an open-air shower. Holly blames Carrey's disorienting fame and lack of privacy for their breakup.

"Jim is forced into a weird isolation, even if it's only in his head, with shutting down barriers to people that he may meet," Holly says. "I don't know how to explain it, and it all sounds sort of strange. If Jim were to walk into Starbucks and get a coffee, he'd have to have a whole conversation. If he just ordered the coffee—'I want a grande latte'—they would interpret



that in all sorts of ways. And you become very aware of it, very self-conscious."

Holly and Carrey are currently attempting a reconciliation. Truman Burbank's forbidden love, the one woman who makes him feel real, is named Lauren Garland. Garland . . . Holly. When I ask Carrey whether this is coincidental, he blushes. "Every once in a while, I stick people's names in and use—that are in my life," he stammers. "When you're doing a scene, sometimes a real name will elicit something that you can't get from a fake name."

Carrey's attempts to provoke and enjoy feelings not colored by his celebrity are poignant. "The most enjoyable things I've ever given to anybody in my life," he says, "were when I used to go around writing 'Have a good day' on $20 bills or $5 bills and leaving them in places that people would find them, on park benches, or where I know there's a lot of foot traffic. I'd stick it in the sidewalk, then I would go away. I didn't want to see them find them. That person may be having a crappy day, and they'll pick it up and go, 'Oh, that was lucky!' Put a little weirdness in their day. The key is not watching. Because I know somebody's going to get a kick out of it. At that moment, money becomes okay. For a second."

IN HIS 30TH YEAR, TRUMAN BEGINS TO SUSpect that all is not right with Seahaven. After a few technological breakdowns, the sham begins to crumble, and Truman has to choose between his Edenic island and the great unknown—himself. For Carrey, acting a role without the camouflage of wacky hair and spastic gestures was nearly as frightening. "Truman is a lot more naked than most of the things I've done," he says. "When you do a character that's kind of close to yourself, and you strip away the defense mechanisms and the little tricks, the sleight of hand that makes people just automatically go *ohhh-ooooow!*, that's the scary part. Because then you're giving them a glimpse at yourself. If they reject that, it becomes, 'We don't like your essence—you, at the core, we don't like.' "

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE: **Left, Carrey with *Truman* director Peter Weir; below, on the set with co-star Laura Linney.**

When Carrey finishes posing for the magazine photographer, his P.R. woman rushes up, thrilled, and throws a motherly arm around the star.

"Three hours and not one goofy face!" she says. "I knew you could do it! I'm so proud of you."

AFTER YEARS OF BEING VILIfied for churning out puerile junk, Hollywood is eager to be proud of *Truman*. The industry buzz is that *Truman* is an important film—"profound," in the estimation of producer Brian (*The Nutty Professor*) Grazer.

"There's been so much talk out here about the Peter Biskind book [*Easy Riders, Raging Bulls*], about the golden age of the seventies directors, when big movies could still be art," says *Variety* editor Peter Bart. "*The Truman Show* is being referred to in that context, as something that could have been made in those days." There's also an undercurrent of resentment. "We used to be able to treat Carrey as a dumb-comedy guy," says one producer. "If this thing is a hit with him as an 'actor,' he'll be impossible to deal with."

The common marketing wisdom in late-nineties Hollywood is that it's deadly to sell a movie as artistic or complex. So despite Carrey's worries, TV ads for *The Truman Show* string together the upbeat, zany moments. Even Scott Rudin, the iconoclastic New York producer who nurtured *The Truman Show* from spec script to $60 million feature, emphasizes the plot's simplicity. "At heart, it is a genre movie—a prison-break movie," Rudin says. "One of the reasons I thought Peter Weir would be great for it was, you look at his movies like *Witness* and *The Year of Living Dangerously*, and they were, at heart, genre movies, but they were told with such lyricism and style that they didn't feel like genre movies." With *Truman*, Rudin says, "you get the satisfaction of a genre story, but you don't feel like you're getting something you've already seen."

Actually, Carrey, Rudin, and Weir have created a work of bold singularity and—more amazing—done it for the kind of studio goliath, Paramount, that often produces cautious rehashes. But when it comes to selling *Truman*, a movie about media manipulation, Weir recognizes the ironies. The film's release date was originally August 1997; then November; it will finally come out June 5—thanks to *Titanic* and focus groups. "Our audience test results were showing good, but not through the roof," Weir says. "However, there was one section of the audience where it was through the roof, one statistic. And that was young people between 18 and 25. They just *got* it—they're a group that's been sold to from their cradle. So that was part of the thinking—let's go for the college kids on summer break."

All of this subtext is interesting. But what's Jim Carrey really like? "I wouldn't presume to know," Weir says.

Well, would you call him a happy person? "No," Weir says, then mutes his reflexive reaction with a joke. "But I don't know whether *I* am. So I could hardly comment on Jim. He's complex, to be able to do what he does. He's certainly fulfilled by the work, so I see him, no doubt, at his happiest. He lives in a fishbowl, and has to be careful of concealed cameras. But Jim can hardly complain. I mean, fame is what he wanted, you know? It's the old fairy tale—be careful of what you wish for."

LATELY, CARREY HAS TAKEN UP MOTORCYCLE riding. "Yeah, I've got my helmet on, so no one knows who I am. It's great," he says. "I can look right at somebody in a car. I'm just normal. Just another carbon-based life-form that nobody needs anything from." Suggest the Internet as a place to chat anonymously, and Carrey blanches. "For all I know, Bill Gates has got us all recorded," he says. "There's a chip in everybody's computer that basically tells them everything we've done on it, every call you've made."

Carrey thinks again about Truman, and how he has to choose between the safety of his TV-created town and the world outside the dome. "Where would Truman go if he gets out?" Carrey asks. "He's the most famous person in the world. So he could very well end up going back into the TV show, just to get some peace."

Then Carrey disappears behind tinted windows, into the inky-dark backseat of a black stretch limousine, alone, for the ride to his house, in Brentwood, a couple of blocks from where Monica grew up and where O.J. used to live. Back to Jim Carrey's very own 11,000-square-foot bubble.

As the car pulls away, this is what I think: The real Jim Carrey is much like Truman Burbank. And then I think: That's exactly the spin he wants me to buy. ■

Photographs by Melilnda Sue Gordon/Paramount Pictures.

GEORGICA POND.

The Man Who Sold The Hamptons

A charming schmoozer in high places and low, Realtor Allan Schneider rode the East End's exclusive-property boom to prosperity. But his gift for romanticizing extended beyond the mansions he loved, even to his own life. By Steven Gaines

One Friday night in December 1991, while dining at the home of Bruce Cotter, a retired East Hampton police lieutenant, real-estate magnate Allan M. Schneider began to choke on a piece of rare sirloin steak lodged in his windpipe. ■ Schneider, 54, was the most powerful broker in all the Hamptons—"the Pasha," as he was affectionately called by his staff—with offices in Southampton, Bridgehampton, Sag Harbor, and East Hampton and revenues approaching $100 million. His empire had grown even larger that morning when he closed a deal to acquire a fifth office, in Amagansett. The new office, plus the imposing Allan M. Schneider & Associates headquarters he was erecting along the highway in Bridgehampton, would seal his domination of the Hamptons real-estate market. ■ Shortly after signing the papers at the lawyer's office, Schneider had started to drink—first with celebratory champagne, then a three-martini lunch at Gordons restaurant in Amagansett—and he hadn't really quit since. Earlier in the day, he had called his secretary, Rochelle Rosenberg, who gave him his messages and said, "I'll see you on Monday, Allan." ■ Schneider answered playfully,

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SCHNEIDER'S TYLER HOUSE, EAST HAMPTON.

"Maybe you will, maybe you won't." The Cotters, one of the many local families with whom Schneider was close, had invited him over for a steak dinner to mark the occasion and, they hoped, sober him up. It was Schneider's hallmark that he was friendly not only with the wealthy summer colony but with the hoi polloi, the farmers and tradesmen who were the "real people" of the town. He had met Cotter soon after arriving in the Hamptons in 1969, when the lieutenant had pulled him over on Montauk Highway for a traffic infraction. Schneider stunned him by inviting him home for a drink. Cotter indignantly declined, but over the years, Schneider became a good friend to Cotter and his wife, Carol Lynn. When Cotter retired from the force, Schneider invited him to sell real estate for the firm, where he became a valued employee.

That December night at Cotter's house, Schneider was cutting pieces of steak and shoving them into his mouth, several at a time, chewing and talking, very drunk and red in the face, when a chunk of meat got caught in his throat and he couldn't swallow or speak. Cotter, who was trained in the Heimlich maneuver, calmly walked around behind Schneider's chair and pulled the short, corpulent broker to his feet. Then he clasped his hands around Schneider's girth and with a mighty tug pulled upward. The steak dislodged with dramatic force, shooting ten feet across the room. Schneider gasped for air and sank into his chair, his blue blazer and starched white shirt askew. He loosened the striped rep Princeton tie at his neck and looked ashamed.

"I'm so embarrassed," he said, uncharacteristically meek. He managed a wan smile to his dinner companions, showing small, ivory-colored teeth. "I'm so sorry," he repeated, looking blankly at the table in front of him. For a moment, there wasn't a sound in the room. Then Schneider pitched over to the side and hit the floor with such a thud, the walls shook.

ALLAN SCHNEIDER WAS A BALDING MAN WITH A CHERUBIC face and the aristocratic bearing of an Edwardian lord. Princeton-educated, of good Protestant and German stock, a member of the Vanderbilt Club, he had his name and social credentials listed every year in the Blue Book, a privately published social register sold under the counter at Book Hampton to "our crowd." He owned a historic mansion in East Hampton, a cooperative apartment at 40 Central Park South in Manhattan, and an eight-bedroom retreat at Dark Harbor, Maine, one of New England's most exclusive resorts. He was also a trustee of the East Hampton Historical Society and a member of the board of directors of Guild Hall. He wore, proudly, his family crest on his pinkie ring, on the breast pocket of his dinner jacket, and on the vamp of his black velvet evening pumps.

Like all brilliant salesmen, he was charismatic, an engaging conversationalist who enjoyed meeting people. Nevertheless, there was something in his small, deep-set eyes that was coolly assessing. He was a keen judge, of value and of character. "I understand people," he was fond of saying. "I know what people want. I know about people." About rich people especially. He was fascinated by the wealthy. He loved elegance and possessions; most of all, he loved houses. Late at night, over an Armagnac, he talked wistfully about parcels of land and great beach cottages like an aging Lothario recalling lost passions.

His love of business, mixed with a quick mind and a charming but superior attitude, gave him the golden touch in Hamptons real estate. For more than twenty years, he ruled the market, becoming famous for listing the choicest homes with the most exclusive clientele. Schneider's firm made some of the flashiest sales in the history of Hamptons real estate. It was the driving force behind the sale of the $6 million acreage for the new Atlantic Golf Club and was the agency that sold Calvin Klein his house for $6 million. Schneider liked to boast that his firm twice handled the sale of Toad Hall, the soaring glass-and-steel Charles Gwathmey–designed structure with a three-story greenhouse on Further Lane in East Hampton: once when Texas art collector Francois de Menil sold the house to Seagram scion Edgar Bronfman Jr. for $7.5 million, and a second time when Bronfman sold the house to art dealer Larry Gagosian for $8.5 million.

Schneider had the authority to pull off some breathtaking deals. "When I started asking people who was the best," said Mickey Shulhoff, then vice-chairman of Sony in America, who was shopping for a house, "his name was at the top of everyone's list." One day, Shulhoff and his wife, Paola, were being driven by Schneider to see a house for sale on Further Lane when on the way they passed an old French mansard house of white brick on Egypt Lane, near the ocean. Shulhoff pointed out the house and said, "That's exactly the kind of house I want." Schneider remembered that the house had only recently been sold, and he picked up his car phone and called the new owners on the spot. "Look," he said, "I know you just moved in, but if you sell my client the house, I'll sell you something else you'll like better, and you'll make several hundred thousand dollars' profit." Twenty minutes later, Shulhoff had his house and Schneider had a six-figure commission.

Perhaps Schneider's pride and joy was West End Road, his "street of dreams" in East Hampton. He took great pleasure in driving important clients there in his gray Mercedes sedan and boasting, "I sold every house on this road at least one time." Less than a mile in length, it is possibly the most exclusive strip of property in the Hamptons. It is unusual not only because it is a dead end but because it funnels into a narrow promontory that separates the ocean from Georgica Pond. The houses on the south side of the street stand high above the dunes in fields of saw grass. Those across the road have an unparalleled view of the shimmering, halcyon Georgica Cove to the north, its far shore dotted with sprawling mansions and timbered boathouses.

"They used to call this the 'Trippe Strip,' " Schneider explained, a hint of a British accent sometimes seeping into his voice, "because the 'anchor' of the twenty or so houses on this road used to be the one owned by Juan Trippe, the founder of Pan American Airlines and a president of the Maidstone Club. Calvin Klein is in there now, and it's no longer the anchor. I guess you could say the first one on the right that I sold to the director Steven Spielberg is the anchor." Schneider was gestur-

Photographs: previous page, Michael Ferguson/Ron Galella; inset, *Newsday*; this page, Lee Minetree.

ing to an unprepossessing white gate wide enough for only one car to squeeze by. A small placard stuck in the ground said QUELLE BARN. Tall bushes hid from view anything other than a dark gravel drive. "It doesn't look like much from the outside," Schneider said, "but it's the only house in the Hamptons that was ever guarded by a crack team of retired Mossad, the Israeli secret service."

The Spielbergs live in pristine white buildings of classic geometric shapes—one a massive square barn attached to a huge circular silo; another a long, low rectangle—all sheathed in rows of cedar shingles stained milky gray. At the highest point of the main building is a weather vane in the silhouette of a *Tyrannosaurus rex.*

"Look," said Schneider into his car phone, "I know you just moved in, but if you sell my client the house, I'll sell you something else you'll like better." Twenty minutes later, he had his commission.

Just across from Quelle Barn, through a time warp 100 years into the past, stands a primly painted white-and-blue-gray Gothic mansion with a small portico and an exquisite English garden. This is the mist-shrouded Grey Gardens, now the home of former Washington *Post* editor Ben Bradlee and his wife, writer Sally Quinn. (The house gained infamy years before when it was the home of Edith Bouvier Beale, the maternal aunt of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and her daughter, Edie.)

Farther along, hidden up a curving drive, is the old Trippe estate, which Calvin and Kelly Klein bought in 1987. They leveled the main building and, with the design talent of Thierry Despont, had it rebuilt into an airy palace, a paean to one of Klein's own commercials. Other than the dark-stained floors, made of antique wooden planks brought from a Vermont barn, everything in the house is white or muted shades of sand and gray, including sheer white drapes on every window that billow like spinnakers in the ocean breeze. As a final touch, the dunes were hand-planted with 7,000 blades of saw grass and 4,000 square feet of pine trees, to make them look as perfect as a fragrance ad. Total cost, purchase and renovation: $10 million.

Finally, Schneider came to the last on the road, perhaps the most privileged tract of land in all the Hamptons. "It is the only house in the Hamptons from which you can see both the Atlantic and Georgica Pond in one sweeping gaze," he said. The huge barnlike structure was a wedding gift from Anne Cox Chambers, the daughter of the 1920 Democratic presidential candidate, James Cox, to her daughter Katherine on the occasion of her marriage to former Condé Nast publishing executive William Rayner. Mrs. Cox paid approximately $4 million for the house, buying the adjacent wetlands for an additional $3 million. The Rayners live there still.

Schneider always ended his tour not on West End Road but on Main Street in the village of East Hampton, pulling his Mercedes beyond the white picket fence of his own home, one of the most charming and distinguished houses in all the Hamptons. "This is the Summer White House," he explained, his head tilting back. "Tyler House, we call it, the former summer residence of John Tyler, the tenth president of the United States. Eighteen-thirty-six Greek Revival." Situated on a rise across the road from the manicured town green and pond, the immaculately kept six-bedroom house had deep green shutters; a low, overhung porch; and an American flag fluttering outside the side door.

The house was furnished with a museum-quality collection of antiques—Chippendale cupboards and lowboys, a $45,000 Empire dining-room table, a $40,000 George III linen press and bar, and hundreds of nineteenth- and twentieth-century hunting prints. Hunting scenes were everywhere in the house, from the embroidered place settings on the dining-room table to the rim of the teacups. The scent of lilies, overflowing from tall Chinese vases, mixed with the clean smell of furniture polish filled the air. In the plush master bedroom on the second floor, Schneider slept in a Federal four-poster bed worth $20,000.

Even in the highly social world of the Hamptons, an invitation to one of Schneider's elegant parties was a coveted ticket. At one time or another, the gamut of the inner Hamptons hierarchy, what Schneider called the "local noblesse," was invited to a party at Tyler House, to mingle with visiting notables such as Donald Trump or Governor Mario Cuomo. Schneider gave parties nearly every week in the summer, strawberries and champagne for as many as 100 people. Other times he would give *intime* dinner parties for eight, after which he would play piano in the living room and challenge his guests to Name That Tune.

Christmas was Schneider's favorite time to entertain, and under his direction the house took on a storybook quality. The florist literally decked the halls and mantels of Tyler House with holly; there were wreaths and candles in every window; and the pine trees on the front lawn were roped with blue lights. On Christmas Eve, a little teary-eyed and sentimental, Allan Schneider took Communion at midnight Mass.

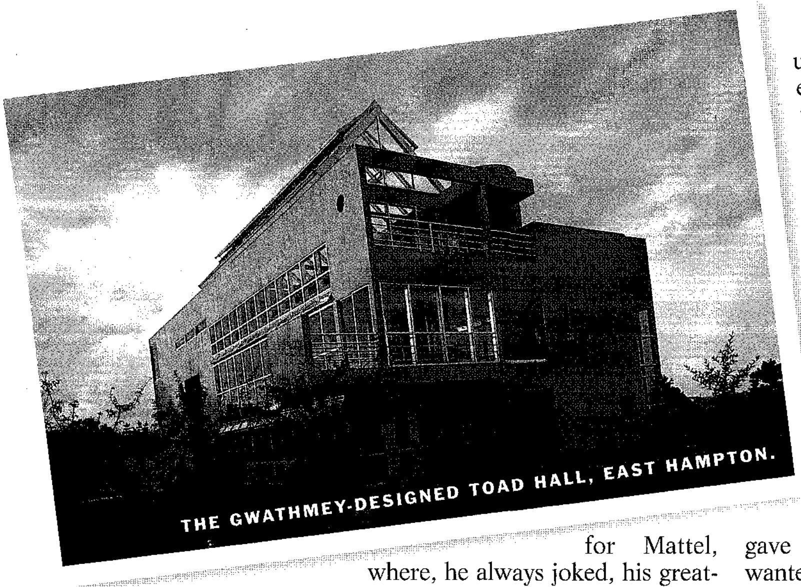
One night, after one of the many parties, when the staff was in the kitchen cleaning up and Schneider was seeing a last guest to the door, the man turned to him and said, "Allan, your house is beautiful. Picture-perfect! The only problem is, there's nobody sharing it with you."

Schneider looked flustered. "Yes, there is," he said, and shut the door.

IN 1969, WHEN ALLAN SCHNEIDER ARRIVED ON THE EAST END OF Long Island, the Hamptons were on the brink of enormous change. Schneider didn't need a crystal ball to see what was happening. He'd spent most of his life in New York City, visiting the Hamptons on summer weekends. He did the debutante circuit and dated his fair share; he had conquests from Dallas to Philadelphia's Main Line. After a brief stint writing advertising copy on Madison Avenue, he went on to public relations

GREY GARDENS, HOME TO BEN BRADLEE AND SALLY QUINN.

Photograph courtesy of Little, Brown.



THE GWATHMEY-DESIGNED TOAD HALL, EAST HAMPTON.

for Mattel, where, he always joked, his greatest success was the promotion of a little red truck.

After he moved, his first job was selling real estate for a small firm, the Carolyn Rose agency in Water Mill. Schneider was a natural, so proud of the first house he sold, on the corner of Maple and Lumber Lanes, that he framed a black-and-white photo of it and hung it on a wall in his office for the rest of his life. As he began to assess what was happening in the real-estate market, he was surprised to find the local real-estate business so frozen in time.

Schneider's house was furnished with museum-quality antiques: Chippendale cupboards and lowboys, hundreds of hunting prints. He slept in a Federal four-poster worth $20,000.

The only money to be made was through sales to the rich summer-colony crowd, but the rich bought from only two brokers, Lyda Barclay, in Southampton, a charming southern lady who had the touch, and Mrs. Condie "Boots" Lamb in East Hampton, who bought artist Thomas Moran's historic house and was a member of the Maidstone Club, which meant that she was on the inside. Being on the inside in the Hamptons was what it was all about, Schneider decided. He joked that he was "our man in Havana" in the insular world of Hamptons real estate, a New York–style broker with an inside track in the East End. But Schneider also held that the real secret was not knowing just the blue bloods but the workmen who fixed the houses, the farmers who were selling off their land, and the local builders who had their ear to the ground. So while he memorized the names of the *Fortune* 500 presidents and ingratiated himself over cocktails on Gin Lane, he was just as chummy with the local police and schoolteachers. He gave cocktail parties in his modest house in Mecox; he lunched; he networked; he frequented local bars—and he loved every minute of it. He kept himself so busy that few people ever stopped to question why he was alone.

It wasn't so lonely at Bobby Van's, where Schneider went to drink every night. The Bridgehampton saloon and restaurant served as his "real-estate central" for much of the seventies and eighties. He began to spend several nights a week there, drinking at the bar till the early hours of the morning and chatting up strangers; soon he felt he knew half the town.

It was at Bobby Van's one night in the winter of 1971 that he met Paul Koncelik, 23, an unemployed carpenter who looked like little more than a fresh-scrubbed kid—tall and handsome, with wavy brown hair and a roguish grin. He certainly didn't look old enough to have a wife and a small son and to be struggling to kick-start his own construction company. Koncelik grew up in the Northwest Woods, one of the last undeveloped areas of East Hampton, unfashionably far north of the Montauk Highway. He was the oldest of ten kids, a gentle man whom his brothers and sisters admired, a gifted carpenter who could build an entire house practically by himself. He just somehow had a hard time holding down a job. Although he was married, he prowled the local bars, priding himself on his charm and good looks. He had known lots of unusual types from the summer crowd, but he had never met anyone as fascinating, and certainly nobody who had ever taken as keen an interest in him, as Allan Schneider. "You are a diamond in the rough," Schneider would reassure Koncelik. "A diamond in the rough!"

Schneider insinuated himself into the life of Paul Koncelik and his wife, Carol. He took up the young couple like a hobby, dining with them a couple of times a week at his house in Mecox or taking them to dinner at expensive restaurants. When Paul needed money, Schneider gave him work painting and renovating his house; when Paul wanted to build a spec house, Schneider lent him $40,000. Even when the sale fell through and the bank foreclosed, Schneider forgave him the loan.

In return, all Schneider seemed to want from Koncelik was companionship. Schneider sometimes discussed his "lady friends," saying things like "Linda forgot her shoes at my place the other night." But clearly he doted on Paul, who was constantly cheered by the attention and support. As the years passed, the two drinking buddies and confidants fell into a deep and abiding friendship.

Schneider had outgrown being an employee at Carolyn Rose, where he had become the top earner, and wanted to strike out on his own. He thought the time was ripe in the Hamptons for a sleek, modern real-estate office to open, one that would cater to the nascent upscale market, something that looked and felt chic, not dowdy, something called Allan M. Schneider & Associates. "I don't think it's necessary for someone to all of a sudden have a lobotomy when they start dealing in country properties," Schneider said, "to suddenly put on Oshkosh B'Gosh shoes and sit around a cracker barrel in a sweater with holes."

RAY WESNOFSKE, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF Bridgehampton National Bank and a scion of the South Fork's premier farming family, had met Schneider when he called Carolyn Rose Real Estate about selling his home. "My wife, Lynn, and I enjoyed him very much," he says. "The guy was brilliant. He had a photographic memory and he could remember everything people said." When Schneider went into business for himself, Wesnofske rented him a small farm house on the Montauk Highway in Bridgehampton. Schneider had it painted pristine white, the shutters deep hunter green, the same dark color he chose for the walls of his office, and decorated it with tasteful rows of equally spaced, framed Audubon and hunting prints. Out front he hung a shingle on a signpost and parked his Mercedes by the front door. "From the day he opened the door of that first office," says Wesnofske, "it looked like he already made a million dollars' profit." As time went by, Wesnofske noticed with amusement that Schneider gave the impression that he owned the building. Over the years, Wesnofske became Schneider's closest business ally.

Schneider built his business by creating a brilliant sales force of local people "discovered" from other walks of life. Perhaps

Photograph by Norman McGrath.

his cleverest innovation was to open up multiple offices, one for each village, and cover the Hamptons octopuslike—first in Bridgehampton, then Sag Harbor, Southampton, East Hampton, and Amagansett, each office identically outfitted with hunter-green shutters, green walls, and rows of beautifully framed hunting prints. He opened shop every morning by nine o'clock sharp, always dressed in a starched Oxford shirt and suit and tie, with fox-hunt-motif cuff links and tie pin. Salespeople were expected to dress appropriately as well, and he could not tolerate clutter on desks. "Get rid of those cardboard coffee cups," he would scream, aghast. He never complained if an employee used the company charge account to order fresh flowers for the office.

Although a spate of other brokers sprang up out of nowhere, from 1975 on, Allan Schneider "owned the Hamptons," said Robert Keene, Southampton's official historian. "His name was the magic word." He reached another milestone in 1981 when he signed an exclusive agreement with Sotheby's International Realty to represent its interests in the Hamptons, and now a second picture went up on his office wall, alongside the one of the first little farmhouse that he sold. This one was of Amanda Burden, the daughter of Babe Paley and wife of Carter Burden, alighting from a private helicopter in the field next to the Allan M. Schneider office in Bridgehampton. Clients were now literally dropping out of the sky for him.

IT WAS ALSO IN 1981 THAT SCHNEIDER SOLVED HIS "EMPTY house" problem. That spring, Paul Koncelik arrived at Schneider's Mecox house, teary-eyed with the news that his wife had asked for a divorce. In the ten years Schneider had been his close friend and supporter, things had not gone well for Koncelik. His drinking had worsened, and for some years he and his wife had lived separate lives—Paul on one side of the house, Carol on the other.

"Well, it's her loss," Schneider said, consoling Koncelik and fixing him a drink.

"I was very upset about the divorce," Koncelik remembered of that night, "and Allan knew I was in a low slump. I was very down. I had nowhere to live, and Allan said, 'Okay, Paul. I'll rent a little house for you to live in.' So he rented a little house for me, and I wound up staying there only one night." The other nights, Paul and Allan got very drunk together—and Paul would pass out in the guest room. Eventually, "Allan asked me to move in with him because he was fond of me."

Koncelik knew what he was doing, even as he got entangled in the sterling-silver web of Schneider's life. He began to feel a

Nice Place

The Creeks is "the most important house in East Hampton," Allan Schneider once declared, and this time he wasn't exaggerating.

Ronald O. Perelman's 57-acre estate—the area's largest in private hands—is perhaps the most important house in *all* the Hamptons. The copper-topped, two-story Mediterranean villa, with its half-dozen guest houses and outbuildings and 2,000 feet of Georgica Pond front, has arguably the most superb views on the South Fork. Most of the Georgica Pond houses have pedigrees, but none has the provenance of The Creeks. Isadora Duncan danced in its theater. Jackson Pollock attacked a piano with an ice pick in the music room. Enrico Caruso dozed one summer away on its deck chairs. The parklike grounds, with $5 million worth of rare-specimen trees, have been called "the eighth wonder of the horticultural world" by the American Horticultural Society.

The Creeks is the most heavily guarded compound in the East End. Burly security men in white polo shirts with Adirondack-green THE CREEKS logos sit in twin Jeeps on private roads just off Montauk Highway. Guards patrol the pond side on foot. Perelman hates that his security and privacy are compromised by transient boaters who rent canoes from a nearby surf shop, gain public access to the pond on the highway, and paddle around to gawk at his house.

The Creeks was remodeled by Peter Marino in a simple, unpretentious style: white, cream, and hunter green, with sisal rugs on the floors and overstuffed, slipcovered furniture. On every table is a telephone, cigar, cigar clipper, lighter with the logo of MacAndrews & Forbes (Perelman's umbrella company), and pen and cream notepad with the Creeks logo. The theater has a candy counter and popcorn and soda machines, but no seats—instead, there are 50 chaises longues with forest-green cushions and red wool blankets bearing the Revlon logo. Perelman's bedroom suite includes his-and-her bathrooms covered in pale-green marble that Perelman first saw in a hotel in Italy. When he learned that the quarry it came from had closed, he bought the hotel bathrooms and had the marble shipped.

In 1993 Ted Dragon, the longtime companion of the late painter Alfonso Ossorio, sold The Creeks to Perelman for $12.5 million. He says that when Perelman came to see the estate, "he had four security people with him—north, south, east, and west. It was like a compass. He walked through the front door and said, 'I'm buying it. The whole thing. I don't know anything about what's going on here. I can't understand the sculpture, I don't know one damn tree from another. But I was halfway down the road and I said, 'This has the look.' "

The day before the deed changed hands, Dragon's attorney called to remind him to bring the front-door key. "The key?" Dragon said. "There is no key. The front door has never been locked." Well, said the lawyer, a key would have to be produced at the closing to satisfy the terms of the contract. Dragon hurriedly had a lock installed. The next morning, he pulled onto the highway on his way to the closing. "As far as you could see, on the right and on the left, it was lined up with one truck after another," Dragon remembers. "The moment I signed the papers, one of Perelman's men spoke a single word into his walkie-talkie. 'Shoot,' I think it was. That was the signal that the property had changed hands and that it was okay to open the gates and move the trucks in. By the time I drove back to the gatehouse, every sink, every john, every tub, every lighting fixture, every doorknob, had been removed and thrown into the parking lot. They even tore out the circular pool." In a hurry to be able to entertain Hamptons society by the July 4 weekend, Perelman had the mansion stripped, renovated, and put back together again in about six weeks. S.G.

RON PERELMAN'S ESTATE, "THE CREEKS."

Photograph by Mario Ruiz/Zuma.

little embarrassed by the implication of the situation, as Schneider tried to polish his "diamond in the rough." He bought Koncelik a Dunhill suit and sent him to real-estate school. He gave him a car to use—leased to the company—and a gas credit card. He had Koncelik put on the company health plan and made him a signatory on all his local charge accounts, including ones at the grocery, drug store, and liquor store.

When the Mecox house got too small for the two of them, Schneider moved them to a series of rented houses on Further Lane in East Hampton, each one grander than the former, until in 1985 he bought Easterly, a gracious colonial at Hither Lane and Cross Highway, for $300,000. He spent more than a year and nearly $1 million in improvements before they moved in; while Easterly was being renovated, they traveled to Nantucket and Key West.

They drank more than their share; and inevitably, the drunker Koncelik got, the more he hated himself. Some nights he would stalk off, leaving Schneider shattered, sitting alone in the house. On other occasions, the real-estate broker would wait for Koncelik to come home for dinner, only to wind up eating alone from a tray in front of the TV set. Schneider could swear off the booze for a month or two and get the toxins out of his system, but Koncelik found it impossible to stop, even for a day—and Schneider made it easy for him to continue. He also made it easy for him to come back. After one spat, Schneider took him out to the garage, where a green 1953 MG was waiting. "Oh, look what we have here!" Schneider cried in mock surprise, handing Koncelik the keys—but not the title.

> **Schneider and Koncelik drank more than their share, and increasingly their disagreements would dissolve into fisticuffs, ending with Schneider shouting for the police.**

AS THE MONEY POURED IN, SCHNEIDER BEGAN TO LIVE IN a grand manner. He spent every August in Dark Harbor, to get away from the crowds in the Hamptons, and he would flatbed his Mercedes and white MG Roadster up to Maine and ferry his weekend guests, including Koncelik, back and forth on a privately chartered plane. At the office, he insisted that coffee be served to him and his clients on a Paul Revere silver tray. He bought Noël Coward's cigarette lighter and a Lakeland terrier named Duff that bit people. But he was also boundlessly generous. No employer was more understanding when asked for an advance against next month's pay, and many of Schneider's close friends even say that they felt a sense of security in knowing him, that they could turn to him in an emergency and borrow $5,000 or $10,000 or $20,000 without his ever bringing it up until they were ready to pay it back.

CALVIN KLEIN'S ESTATE, EAST HAMPTON.

In May 1987, he and Koncelik moved into the historic Tyler House at 127 Main Street, which he bought from Ted Conklin, the owner of the American Hotel, for $700,000, over a few martinis. It was an old-fashioned country home, with a formal central dining room, den, spacious living room, and six bedrooms on the second floor. Schneider spiffed up the entrance by adding Greek columns and in the back built an elegant pool house with sphinx like statuary. A Manhattan decorator created the dominion of a Wasp dreadnought. Schneider also acquired a doting housekeeper, Eula Ellsworth, who polished and cleaned and looked after him like a jealous mother. To complete the picture of a country squire, he hired a full-time French chef, Jean-Claude Lacosse, who was only slightly less grand than his employer.

Even with his tremendous success, Schneider was outspending his income, leveraging considerable debt for his major purchases. A man of less pride might have cut back on his high living when the stock market crashed in 1987 and the Hamptons real-estate market also came crashing to a halt, only five months after he moved into Tyler House. But Schneider thought it unseemly—and bad for business—to fuss too much about the recession. He figured things would turn around before long, and he was right. In the long run, the crashes of 1987 and 1989 were but blips on the real-estate radar screen. But in the interim, Schneider started to fall behind in his bills. There were telltale signs, like his American Express card being declined one night at the Laundry restaurant. The caterer had to wait for his check, and he told the plumber, who gossiped to the oil-delivery company; eventually half the town knew Schneider was overextended. He began to borrow large sums—often from Ray Wesnofske, sometimes as much as $15,000 at a clip—but as soon as a real-estate deal closed, he'd pay it right back. Schneider became adept at juggling creditors, but toward the end of the eighties, money was so tight that he even borrowed $6,500 from Paul Koncelik, wiping out the unemployed carpenter's savings account.

Increasingly, the disagreements between Schneider and Koncelik would dissolve into fisticuffs, ending with Schneider shouting to Lacosse, "Call the police! Call the police!" After these rows, Koncelik would pack his one suitcase, throwing the rest of his belongings in a garbage bag, and drive into the woods, where he would sleep it off. Then a few days later, in need of clean clothes and a bath, he'd sheepishly turn up at Tyler House.

The ultimate blowout was set off when Koncelik had the temerity to ask about Schneider's last will and testament—or lack of one. Schneider never wrote a will or assigned power of attorney, afraid it would bring him bad luck. Koncelik had spent nearly twenty years at Schneider's side, as his companion as well as his bane, and wanted to make sure he would get some of the riches Schneider had promised him over the years. "You know, you're not that much older than me, Allan," Koncelik said to him one night in November 1991, "so maybe we should get it in writing. You know, I'm only eleven years younger than you, and longevity runs in your family."

Schneider tossed him out that night, vowing that this time he would not let Koncelik back in. He rented a small house for him in Sag Harbor and had his company pay the bills. "Maybe this will be the best thing for him," Schneider said wistfully as Koncelik came to pick

Photograph from Globe Photos.

up his belongings. “He’ll never get better living here.” It broke Schneider’s heart to see him leave, and he made sure to send over brand-new Ralph Lauren sheets and towels so that Paul would be comfortable. But Paul never actually lived in that house. Sometimes he slept in the guest room at Tyler House, and sometimes he just disappeared. Schneider really didn’t care anymore. He just wanted him gone. He hadn’t seen Koncelik for several days that December day in 1991 when he was celebrating the contract-signing for his new Amagansett office.

When Bruce Cotter saw him in the street in East Hampton at about 5:30, he realized that Schneider was too drunk to drive, so he suggested that he come home—his wife, Carol Lynn, would cook them up some steaks for dinner.

ALLAN SCHNEIDER WAS DECLARED DEAD AT SOUTHAMPton Hospital at 8:30 P.M. on December 6, 1991, although most likely he was already dead on the floor of the Cotters’ dining room. The autopsy revealed that a second piece of steak, almost four inches long, was caught, half-chewed, farther down his throat. The Heimlich maneuver had managed only to revive him with enough air left in his lungs to apologize before he died of a massive heart attack.

By daybreak, Paul Koncelik was cut off from any access to Allan Schneider’s estate by the more prudent senior members of Schneider’s business. He was asked to return the 1991 Pontiac Grand Am the company leased for him and to turn in the gas credit card too. He had to hitchhike to East Hampton for Schneider’s funeral, where he showed up, his clothes rumpled, reeking of alcohol. The alarm codes were changed at Tyler House, and Koncelik was once again without his own home. A month later he brought suit against the estate, claiming he and Schneider had lived together as physical companions for ten years; the court ruled against him. In June 1996, he passed out at the wheel and ran his Honda Civic into a tree, killing himself instantly.

The news of Schneider’s death was a bombshell in the Hamptons, greeted with a combination of morbid fascination and ill-disguised Schadenfreude. It was not without irony that Schneider, well known for his gluttonous love of food and drink and money, had ended this way. Even more ironic was that Schneider’s death would quickly unravel a carefully embroidered life. Not having a will turned out to be a foolish challenge to fate for Schneider. Because he was intestate, by law everything would go to his next of kin: his parents.

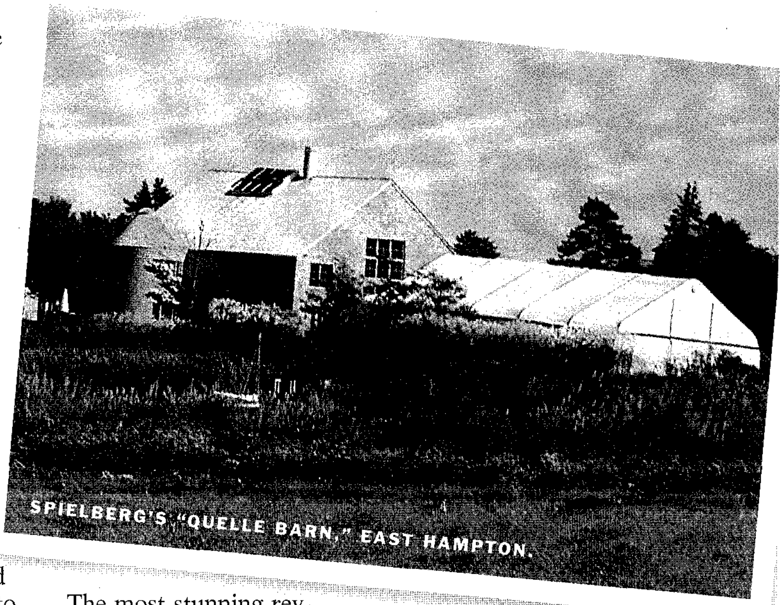
Parents? Schneider had always given the impression that they had died somewhere in Salzburg, Austria, in the family castle. But they turned out to be very much alive, albeit nearly 80 years old and living in an apartment in Tamarac, Florida. “Allan’s purgatory,” says Rob Barnes, the architect who had lunch with him that final day, “would be that his image was almost instantaneously destroyed the moment his parents showed up.”

Sol and Celia Schneider arrived in East Hampton two days after Allan’s death, about as bereaved and baffled as any two people in their late seventies could be. They had lost a son with whom they had rarely exchanged a word in the past twenty years and had no idea what to expect. Allan’s father had had polio as a child and walked with braces and two canes. Broker Peggy Griffin remembers that when they first saw Allan’s mansion on Main Street, Celia Schneider asked in a whispered voice, “Whose mansion is this?”

“This is your son’s mansion,” Griffin told her.

The couple went from room to room very slowly, shaking their heads in disbelief at the silver and china, the hunting prints, the antiques, and the Chippendale sofas upholstered in Scalamandre silks. They asked again and again in amazement, “Who does all this belong to?”

“It belonged to your son,” Griffin told them. “Now it belongs to you.”



SPIELBERG’S “QUELLE BARN,” EAST HAMPTON.

The most stunning revelation of all was that their son’s funeral service was being held the next day at Saint Luke’s Church.

“But Allan is Jewish,” Celia said.

Not only was he Jewish, but he wasn’t an only son. Allan had a half-brother, Harvey, who was part Hispanic and had married a woman with six children. Allan despised Harvey, who worked in the restaurant business, and refused to acknowledge him at all. It also became evident that Allan didn’t grow up in a brownstone in Brooklyn Heights overlooking the lower-Manhattan skyline but in an apartment building in Flatbush, where he attended P.S. 193 and then Midwood High School, where under his graduation photo his predicted profession was “thespian.”

Even more astonishing was the fact that Allan Schneider was running a $125 million operation without any cash reserves. The court-appointed co-executors of Schneider’s estate, Ray Wesnofske and Sol Schneider, discovered that Allan had been doing this high-wire act for years. Tyler House had a $1.5 million mortgage on it. One quick remedy would have been to sell off some of his real-estate holdings, but an inventory of his other property proved to be surprising. The eight-bedroom house in Dark Harbor turned out to be rented. So was the apartment at 40 Central Park South. The elegant office complex that Schneider was building on Montauk Highway in Bridgehampton—well, that actually belonged to Ray Wesnofske, who had bankrolled it for Schneider. What saved the estate was two life-insurance policies, one for $1 million and another for $500,000, which kept it from immediate bankruptcy.

Schneider, it became clear, had lied about almost everything, from attending Princeton (it’s possible he took some courses there) to who sold which property on West End Road. As it turned out, although his office had indeed sold Calvin Klein his house, almost every broker in the Hamptons had had a hand in the sales of the other houses on West End Road. As people put bits and pieces together, it became clear that Schneider was a master of juggling truths. The day after his death, three local caterers were comparing notes and discovered that Schneider not only left them with unpaid balances but, in a typical move, had hired all three for his Christmas party in a few weeks. That way, he could play them against one another for the best price and at the last minute cancel two. The caterers, of course, would have been apoplectic. “Schneider choked,” says caterer Brent Newsom, “so he wouldn’t have to tell us.”

Allan Schneider remains a legend in the Hamptons. He not only substantially changed the face of the landscape, but his own life was in some ways a metaphor for the new Hamptons: a stage upon which nouvelle society could invent itself. ■

Photograph by John Cordes/Globe Photos.

LORD OF THE RING

He's the anti-Tyson, a squeaky-clean three-time heavyweight champ with a righteous rap and a killer instinct. But on the eve of his bout at Madison Squar Garden, Evander Holyfiel is still fighting for respect.

By Zev Borow

YES, THERE IS A PIECE OF his ear missing. Still. Not much, just a tiny sliver in the shape of a half-moon on the upper curve of his right earlobe. The remaining cartilage has been surgically smoothed out, so that the portion Mike Tyson gnawed off isn't what one might call glaring. But if you really look, you can tell. And, ill-advised as doing so may seem, it's hard not to look.

The first thing you notice about Evander Holyfield, in the flesh, is that he seems disarmingly undersized: His fingers are long and delicate, his wrists and ankles surprisingly small; the only giveaways on his smooth, manicured hands are permanent scars etched above slightly swollen knuckles. In a T-shirt and workout shorts, his body looks as fantastically chiseled as it does on TV, but his size (six feet two inches, 210 pounds) doesn't overwhelm. His movements are slow, achingly efficient; even his breath is measured. What is intensely, viscerally magnified in his presence, however, is Holyfield's lethalness. The difference between watching him onscreen and being around him in person is like the difference between looking at a gun and firing one. That is, when he isn't smiling and talking about God.

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 6, EVANDER "THE REAL Deal" Holyfield will defend his heavyweight-championship title in a fight against Henry Akinwande at Madison Square Garden. It will be the third time he has fought as world champion since shocking the boxing world by knocking out Mike Tyson as a 22-to-1 underdog on November 9, 1996, in Las Vegas, and nearly nine months since their infamous rematch, in which Tyson was disqualified in the third round for dining on Holyfield's aforementioned ear. It will also be the first heavyweight-championship bout held in the Garden since 1993, marking the efforts of MSG chief Dave Checketts to spark a renaissance at the erstwhile "Mecca of Boxing."

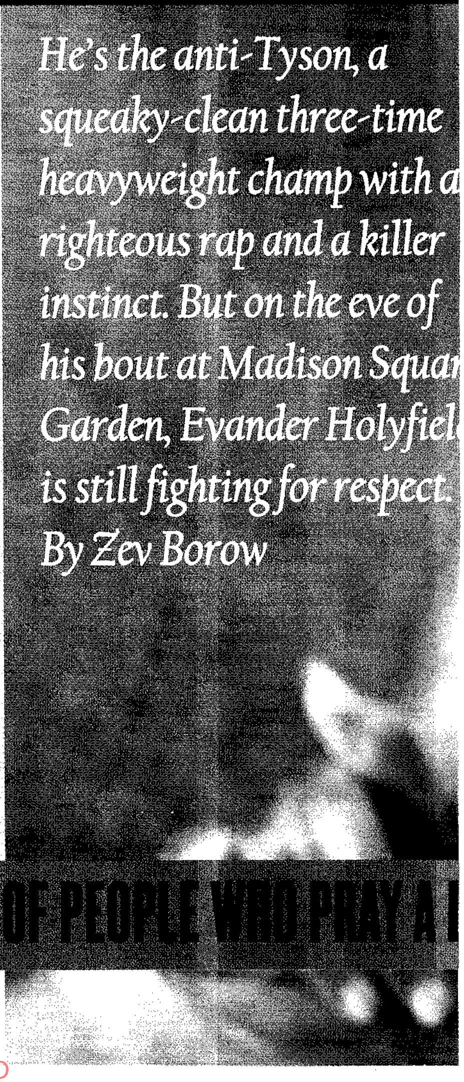
But Holyfield is a 22-to-1 favorite over Akinwande, and the consensus among boxing analysts is that while the six-foot-seven Akinwande possesses a considerable size advantage and a "devastating" right hand, he won't be much of an opponent.

Still, the bout does pose an interesting, if more oblique, question: In an age of Jerry Springer, politics as blood sport, and gettin' jiggy with it, is Evander Holyfield, at 35, too consistently well mannered, religious, humble, and generally, yes, boring, to make people want to pay to watch him beat the hell out of another guy?

"It all comes down to one word," says Don Turner, Holyfield's trainer: "*Ali.* People think of Ali, and then they think of Evander, and it's like: 'He's no Ali.' " Turner is leaning against the ropes of a sparring ring in the dilapidated gym in downtown Houston where Holyfield has trained for the past twelve years. Holyfield moves around the ring slightly hunched, but with a fluid ease. "Evander is better than Ali was at this age," insists Turner. "He's probably one of the top three heavyweights that ever lived. But people seem to want something else."

It's a paradox best summed up by boxing historian Bert Sugar, editor of *Fight Game* magazine: "The heavyweight champion has tended to mirror

"WHAT DOES EVANDER *REPRESENT?* A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WHO PRAY A



Photograph by Don Glentzer.

society," Sugar says. "You had John L. Sullivan, the son of Irish immigrants; Joe Louis, an African-American; Cassius Clay/Muhammad Ali, who represented the tension and activism of the late sixties, early seventies; Mike Tyson, who represented the Generation X, the rap music, the in-your-face portion of society. Evander doesn't represent anybody except a bunch of people who like to pray a lot, and I haven't seen a lot of Jehovah's Witnesses at ringside lately."

PACING AND STILL DRIPPING WITH SWEAT, Holyfield has cut short his morning workout to address the Dibol Boys and Girls Club Boxing Team, eleven star-struck junior-high-school kids who woke up at 3 A.M. to make the 100-mile trip from rural Dibol, Texas, to Houston. From his pulpit inside the ring, he delivers a twenty-minute sermon on discipline, self-reliance, hard work, and, first and foremost, the Word of God. "Never quit, and God will never quit on you," he bellows. The kids are nodding, enraptured."He ain't even going to have time to stretch," sighs Turner. "But this is what's really important to him. He's not like other fighters like that."

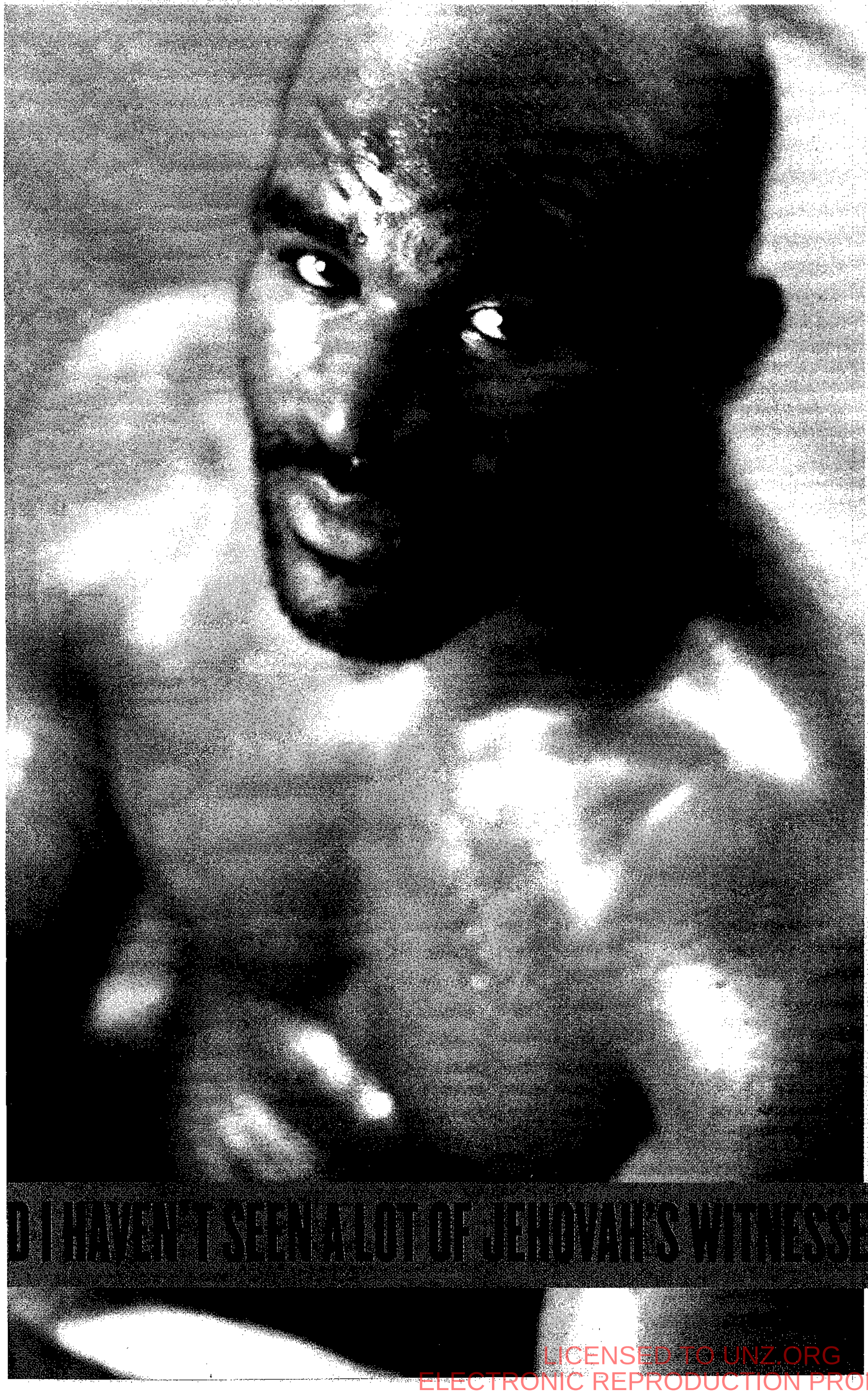
Indeed, Holyfield is a breed apart. No Ali, to be sure, he's practically the antithesis of "Iron" Mike. Happily married (for the second time) since 1996 to a 34-year-old internist from Chicago he met at a Christian revival meeting, Holyfield devotes himself to his seven kids (ages 1 through 13, by four different women) and his faith. He begins every workout with a group prayer and stays energized by listening to a nonstop soundtrack of Christian music—gospel, rock, even rap.

Holyfield trains five days a week, getting up at 5 A.M. and going to bed before 10 P.M. Maybe once during his twelve weeks of prefight working-out, he'll go see a movie, or go bowling. But every weekend, he flies back to Atlanta, where he and his family live in a mansion that nearly defies adjectives. Holyfield has made $160 million over his career, but you wouldn't know it until you've been to his house—a $10 million, 140-room estate on 199 acres that includes an Olympic-size pool, three lakes, horse stables, and a bowling alley.

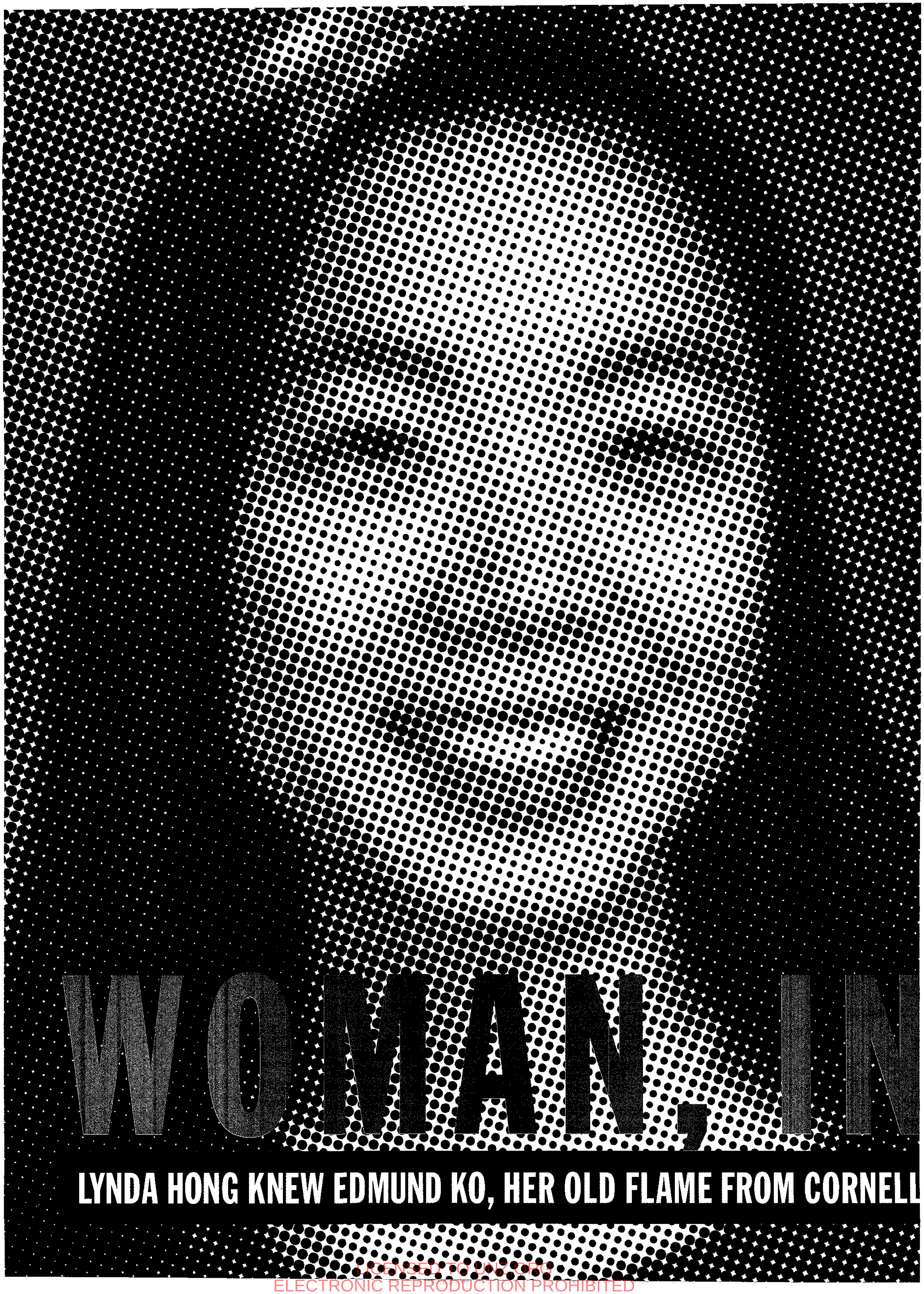
"I have seven kids, and they might have four or five kids each," he explains over breakfast one morning. "I need to have room for family reunions where there are 50 or 60 kids. When I was a kid, I lived in a house with twelve people in three bedrooms. They laughed at me then, saying it was too small; they laugh at me now, saying it's too big. You can only please yourself."

Endeavoring to please only oneself is something of a mantra for Holyfield. His mother, who single-handedly raised all of the Holyfield clan in an Atlanta ghetto, preached it as gospel. Now Holyfield reads the Bible every day, sometimes for hours at a time, but his Christianity leans more toward the southern-black, soulful variety than the Bible-thumping sinners-be-saved sort. He has few friends, preferring to spend his free time in church or with his family. "What motivates Evander in boxing, and in everything, is Jesus," says his longtime conditioning coach, Tim Hallmark. "That's what he always goes back to; that's what he filters the world through."

In practice, some have found his unstinting devotion a bit disconcerting. In 1994, Holyfield was diagnosed with a heart defect. It was later discovered to be a misdiagnosis, though he attributes the cure to a laying-on-of-hands by the Christian televangelist Benny Hinn. And when asked once about whether he worries about ending up permanently *(continued on page 110)*



D I HAVEN'T SEEN A LOT OF JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES AT RINGSIDE LATELY."



WOMAN, IN

LYNDA HONG KNEW EDMUND KO, HER OLD FLAME FROM CORNELL

BY JENNIFER SENIOR

HERE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS PEOPLE are saying at the memorial service for Hyeseung Lynda Hong: That she was intelligent. That she had verve. That she could be blunt. That she tried jogging once, declared "never again," and waited on a park bench for her friends to return. That she force-fed her roommates kimchi. That she forgot to register for spring classes. That she took despairing phone calls at two in the morning.

Above, Edmund Ko, who has been charged with the murder of Lynda Hong.

As her closest friends speak, Lynda's classmates and acquaintances are still streaming into the chapel at Columbia University. It's a chilly, windy-wet day, and as they shudder and sniffle and awkwardly stuff their wet umbrellas under their pews, they look sick and confused: Lynda, a 26-year-old third-year law student, was murdered.

The remembrances continue: That she could ballroom-dance. That she wowed her future associates at Cravath, Swaine & Moore. That she was beautiful.

This last observation is perhaps the only one a stranger can confirm. Just a few feet from the lectern, a giant picture of Lynda rests on an easel in mute tribute. Her face is so radiant it's as if she had swallowed the flash.

EXACTLY TWO WEEKS EARLIER, ON MARCH 18, LYNDA had been dining at Kang Suh, a two-tiered, 24-hour restaurant on the border of Koreatown. Her dinner companion on this particular evening—she was a devoted regular—was Christopher Lee, a short, courtly first-year associate at Simpson Thacher & Bartlett and her sometime boyfriend. The two decided to end the evening early, but before Lynda left, Chris made her promise, as always, to call when she got home.

She never called. Chris tried phoning her a couple of times later that night and gave up, according to someone familiar with the case. He tried her several more times the next day, because they'd had tentative plans. By the following evening, after more fruitless attempts to

TERRUPTED

TROUBLED, DRIFTING OFF TRACK. WAS HE CAPABLE OF MURDER?

reach her, Chris decided to head up to her apartment on West 113th Street. He planted himself outside her building, waited, and slipped in when a neighbor stepped out. He climbed the half-flight of stairs to apartment 1R. The light glowed beneath her door. He rang, he knocked, he shouted. Nothing.

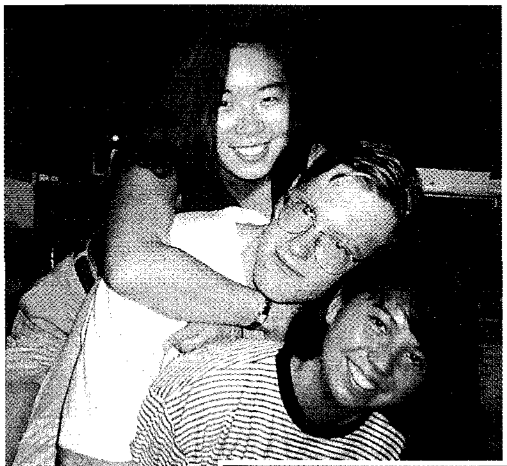
Chris sensed something was wrong, possibly very wrong, but he had no idea what to do. Wait? Call the superintendent? Finally, he made a decision: He pulled a Blockbuster card from his wallet, wedged it between the door and its frame, and popped open the lock. Lynda was in black jeans and a red knit top, lying face down with her arms askew. Her throat had been cut, and there was blood everywhere—on the bookcase, on the telephone, in a dark silhouette around her slender frame.

The next day, Edmund Ko, a 23-year-old Cornell graduate, Exeter alumnus, and heir to a $330 million apparel-and-leather-goods company in Korea, was picked up for questioning at his girlfriend's house in Cliffside Park, New Jersey. When the police told him that Lynda, the first woman he'd ever kissed, had been viciously slain, his face remained as still and unreadable as a rock. He was arrested by evening. He would later plead not guilty in court.

The story of Lynda's murder unfolded in the papers for about four consecutive days, flared up once on the front page of the *Daily News,* then faded. The people closest to the case—Lynda's parents, her sister Amy, Edmund's parents, his sister Jennifer—wouldn't respond to reporters' calls, at least not those from the American press, including *New York.*

GIAN NEFFINGER, AN EX-boyfriend from law school, approaches the lectern and tells a story: It was the first day of class, and the professor dared his hundred-plus students to define civil procedure. A few zealous ones flipped through their textbooks, called out responses, and were shot down. Then Lynda spoke. "There is no such thing as civil procedure?" Laughter; the tension cleared. Even the professor cracked a smile.

WHEN TRAGEDY STRIKES WITHIN ANY SUBculture, there is never one organized, unified response. But most local Koreans—particularly those of the older, pioneering generation—regard with some wariness the class of young, wealthy international students swelling in their midst. And Edmund, who seemed to be a part of that class, didn't gain much sympathy when the story broke. "At first," says Jonghun Kim, a New York–based reporter for the *Korea Central Daily News,* "people had no trouble believing Edmund had done the killing, because there's a lot of bad sentiment against rich foreign students in the Korean community here."



Bright college years: Above, Lynda with a friend and her former roommate Kathleen Szegda; right, Lynda vacationing with friends.

These fortunates, whose parents made their money in Seoul during the booming eighties, often live in lushly furnished, family-subsidized apartments. They never had to struggle to get into Korea's competitive universities because their parents could afford to send them to colleges here instead. Koreatown, the electric stretch of restaurants, karaoke bars, and tony nightclubs on 32nd Street west of Madison, is their playground.

The irony is that Edmund, technically, is not an international student, or *yoohaksaeng,* but a *gyopo,* born and raised in America. He was born in Evanston, Illinois, while his father was studying at Kellogg business school. He grew up in Wyckoff, New Jersey, wearing Polo shirts and playing tennis. "Yet because of this whole scandal," sighs Jay Im, a childhood and college friend of Edmund's, "he's viewed as this rich international brat."

He is, however, an international student in the following sense: His parents moved back to Korea while Edmund was in high school. Because he spent his adolescence on a 12,000-mile-long string, Edmund looks, to many Koreans here, like the worst example of what can happen when a parent deposits a child abroad. Says Yongil Shin, a reporter for the *Korea Times:* "People see Edmund as a child who lost his way."

Lynda Hong was what her peers would call a 1.5-generation Korean. It's an apt, catchy term for those born abroad and raised in the States, though it can also refer to people who grew up here with strong ties overseas, like Edmund. Although everyone in this half-step generation learns how to negotiate the space between the two cultures, Lynda made it seem effortless. She spoke both English and Korean without accent and wrote beautifully in both languages. She dated Koreans and non-Koreans alike. At Cornell, she lived with a Syrian, an Italian, and a Canadian, yet she was also a minor celebrity among the campus's Asian-Americans. Her first-year law-school suite at Columbia could have passed as a model U.N. (its inhabitants included an Indian, an Ethiopian, a Turk, and a Scot), yet she often spent her evenings dining in Koreatown and singing with friends in karaoke bars.

"Lynda could be as American as anybody and as Korean as anybody," muses Professor Jeong-Ho Roh, Lynda's adviser and the associate director of Columbia Law School's Center for Korean Legal Studies. "And that's a very, very difficult cultural barrier to cross."

Indeed. Most of Lynda's independent work was on feminist law. Yet when she went to Roh's house for a barbecue, she raced into the kitchen to help his wife prepare the food—while the other Korean women milled around outside. "On the one hand, Lynda could play the part of the traditional Korean wife," says Neffinger. "On the other hand, she could be the most

"LYNDA MADE YOU COMFORTABLE—SHE COULD BOLSTER YOU LI

Photographs: previous pages, left, AP/Wide World; right, New York *Post*/Corbis.

strong-willed, powerful, energetic woman you'd ever want to meet—or not want to meet, depending on your point of view."

PROFESSOR ROH APPROACHES THE LECTERN. One afternoon, he says, he was holding a seminar and the discussion somehow drifted away from the law and onto the subject of his tattered black overcoat. The students were teasing him about it; Lynda, instead of joining in, leaned over, reached right inside her professor's jacket, and examined the label. "You people," she declared, "have no idea what style is."

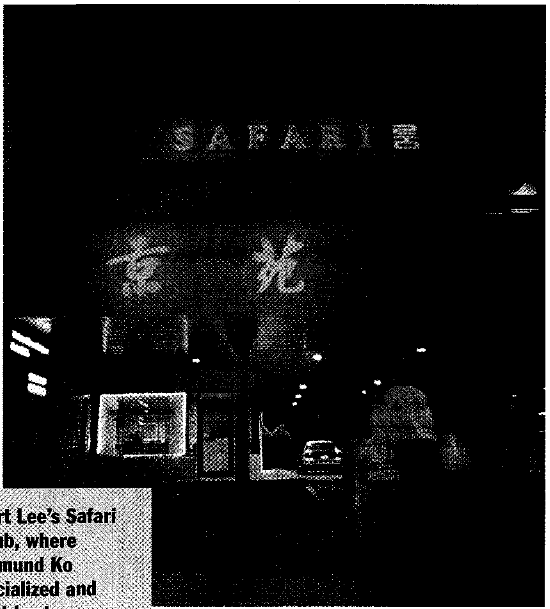
WHILE LYNDA WAS GEARing up for finals, having marathon dinners with friends, and combing the racks for work-appropriate suits, Edmund was struggling to adjust to life after college and disengaging from those who could have helped him do it. He probably appeared to be thriving: living in the Atrium Palace Condominiums, a luxury high-rise in Fort Lee with views of the Manhattan skyline; tooling around in a new BMW (a graduation present—he'd worn out his Lexus); sailing through the Macy's executive-training program.

But Edmund was also dating women who would have mortified his parents, had they known, and he was spending his free time in ways destined to estrange him from his peers. He had become a regular at area "room salons," the rose-hued, Mylar-ceilinged establishments that serve fancy fruit platters, galactically priced drinks, and the company of doting young women. He and a new friend, a Cornell graduate named Jaeyoung Shin, would often go to Jang Mi in Koreatown or the Safari Club in Fort Lee, where an evening for two seldom comes to less than $400 and the customers are seldom younger than 40. His other friends—the more sedate ones, the ones he'd known longer, the ones on smaller budgets—would refuse to go.

And to the alarm of those same friends, Edmund had begun to fall for the "hostesses" of these establishments, whose professional duties included pouring drinks, cooing, and making themselves available for the occasional wandering hand. A petite, fine-boned Rutgers student named Diane Kim particularly captured Edmund's fancy, and the two dated for several months, in spite of the yawning class differences between them. As the relationship was coming to an end, Diane, according to Edmund's friends, threatened to commit suicide by jumping off the seventh-floor balcony of Edmund's apartment—a balcony located on the inside of the building, Marriott-style—so that all the world could see as she tumbled into the fountain and potted palms below. She did it in high theatrical fashion, too, hurling her purse, her shoes, and her cell phone over the rail before the police arrived.

Not long after, Edmund began to date Claudia Seong, a 31-year-old single mother and close friend of Jaeyoung Shin's. The choice may have been as dubious as getting involved with a hostess from a room salon. "No parent would approve of their son dating a woman who was eight years older with a 6-year-old daughter," Edmund's father, Eun Bong Ko, told the *Korea Times*. Yongil Shin, the reporter who interviewed him, elaborates. "You must understand," he says, "that in the minds of many Koreans, this relationship is abnormal."

This wasn't a casual relationship, either. Edmund moved into Claudia's apartment, where the living room was a bright colored shipwreck of children's toys and contained no furniture, save for a jumbo-screen television. Yet Edmund's friends still say they have no sense of his girlfriend's history. "It was too awkward to ask her about it," says Jay Im, Edmund's friend. "It would have been disrespectful." The police don't know much about her past either. And neither does the Korean press.


Fort Lee's Safari Club, where Edmund Ko socialized and met hostess Diane Kim.

What is known about Claudia is this: She grew up in Korea in a wealthy family. She is small, prefers pageboy haircuts, and has wide, protuberant eyes. Last year, she completed a two-year program at Parsons School of Design, where she specialized in children's wear and puzzled her peers by rarely speaking. (A teacher there described the child, who often accompanied Claudia to class, as silent, polite, and "glum.")

One aspect of Claudia's character has emerged in searing detail: She is passionately, perhaps even pathologically, jealous. While dating Edmund, Claudia never allowed any other woman into her home except her sister and Edmund's, says Irving Anolik, Edmund's lawyer. Jaeyoung told the authorities she once made an ex-boyfriend ceremonially dispose of all gifts his previous girlfriends had given him—a cell phone, a beeper, some jewelry—while she watched. A female friend of Edmund's remembers seeing him nervously eyeing the elevator as they chatted at a third-floor café; he was waiting for Claudia to arrive. "I guess he was paranoid," she recalls. "He was so scared of her."

On November 21, 1997, Edmund, Claudia, and Claudia's sister, Young Joo, were arrested for the attempted murder of Diane Kim. Edmund's friends couldn't believe it. "We all knew he'd changed—that he'd become more reclusive," says Thomas Lee, a childhood friend who kept up with Edmund briefly after college. "But no one actually believed he was capable of doing that. We were all looking for other explanations."

Edgewater authorities aren't. They allege the trio carried out a gruesome, carefully orchestrated scheme: Edmund tried calling Diane every fifteen minutes or so from a pay phone. He reached her around two in the morning and insisted they meet. Within minutes, Edmund, Claudia, and Young Joo pulled up in a car outside Diane's home. They drove her to a barricaded street in Edgewater. Then Edmund and Young Joo pinned her down while Claudia, knife in hand, slashed her repeatedly, slicing open her left cheek, her nose, her legs, her chest, her scalp. Then she stumbled the half-mile back to her apartment, where the doorman called an ambulance. Her skull was exposed.

Edmund and the Seong sisters were shortly let out on bail, at $25,000 each.

ONE ELSE," SAYS A FRIEND. "EDMUND WAS ATTRACTED TO THAT."

Photograph by Philip Greenberg.

Their families put up the money. Edmund, speaking through his lawyer, says the charges—later reduced to second-degree assault—are false, and he will plead not guilty at his arraignment May 26. "Ms. Kim had a meeting with Mr. Ko to end their relationship," Anolik says. "Ms. Seong and her sister drove him to that meeting because his car was being serviced. There was a bit of an argument, Ms. Kim got out of the car, and she was on a public road. Whatever injuries were inflicted were not inflicted by them."

Yet when asked about Lynda's murder, Anolik says simply, and a touch mysteriously, *"Cherchez la femme."* Then he adds: "From what we've observed, she's quite capable of having done it. A leopard is much smaller than a lion, and yet a leopard can inflict plenty of damage."

She can also roar. Just after after Lynda's murder, Claudia, according to the police, told the authorities that Edmund confessed to the murder. On March 27, a grand jury indicted Edmund for second-degree murder; Claudia has not been charged. On June 2, Anolik and two New York prosecutors will meet with the judge appointed to this case for the first time.

Anolik will have a lot of physical evidence to explain. On March 20, the night the police found Lynda's body, they found a white plastic bag sitting in the center of Lynda's room. Inside was a bloody sweatshirt and a pair of sweatpants. Inside the sweatpants were two strands of hair—one long and fine, the other short and coarse. The blood and head hair came from Lynda. The pubic hair came from Edmund. Some gifts that Edmund had given Lynda, including a teddy bear and some Beanie Babies, were missing.

KENJI IIDA IS STANDING AT the mike, recalling the early, chaotic days when he and Lynda took the reins of the Asian Pacific American Law Students Association. Lynda, he says, was determined to get as many students involved in the campus organization as possible. "You recruit all the women," she told him, "and I'll recruit all of the men." Kenji smiles. "Lynda upheld her end of the bargain."

LYNDA WAS BORN IN SEOUL ON February 6, 1972. She spent her early childhood hopscotching among various schools in Korea and California before her father finally settled the family in Short Hills, New Jersey. Even in high school, Lynda was confident and attractive; she wore bright-red lipstick, and her yearbook appointed her class flirt.

In college, she was known for her charisma; she defrosted even the coldest people with her charm. She lent her roommates clothes as if they were ballpoint pens and let them snack on whatever food she had in her fridge, which was usually Korean dumplings she'd brought from home. Rana Shanawani, then only an acquaintance from Millburn High School, remembers running into Lynda her sophomore year and mentioning that she was having trouble with housing for the fall. Lynda responded by insisting she come live with her.

Lynda also had her detractors—as extroverts, particularly women, often do. She struck some people as manipulative or fickle, say friends, perhaps because she had such a hypnotic effect on men. "There were always a lot of guys around," says Kathleen Szegda, another Cornell roommate. "Those who fell for her fell for her hard."

Occasionally, her confidence made the shy and more traditional ones nervous. An old law-school friend remembers how Lynda once phoned to laughingly relay how she'd spent an evening with some Korean friends, drinking at a bar and flirting with a boy across the table. By the end of the night, she had plopped herself in his lap and demanded, in front of everyone, to know when he was going to ask her out. He balked. So she called him the next day and offered an apology. He accepted—six months later. They ran into each other on the street, and he asked her out.

Nearly everyone describes Lynda as an intensely loyal friend, and she kept up with people—former boyfriends, roommates, friends from high school. Her loyalty ran so deep one could almost say it reached the point of foolhardiness: She once let a close friend into her Columbia apartment after he spent hours outside her door, drunkenly begging her to let him in. (Campus security, in fact, had at first chased him away.) He claimed he loved her so much he was going to commit suicide.

Lynda started dating Edmund her last semester at Cornell. He was handsome and reserved; he showered her with expensive gifts. When Lynda first started law school, Edmund, still an undergraduate, would drive down from Cornell to see her almost every weekend. When they began splitting up, toward the end of her first year at Columbia, he would sometimes show up at her apartment midweek, unannounced, hoping to give it another go. Their friends agree that when it was all over, Lynda probably occupied a more privileged place in Edmund's memory than he did in hers. Lynda was his first girlfriend. Her college roommates say they can barely recall his face.

Above, police arrive at Lynda Hong's apartment on 113th Street, where a friend discovered her body. Inside, they'd find a bag with a bloody sweatshirt. Left, Lynda as a Columbia law student.

YUNG LEE, LYNDA'S BEST friend and a lawyer at Debevoise & Plimpton, is standing at the lectern now. Lynda had astonishing confidence, she says. The kind of confidence a reserved, less assertive best friend could learn from. "When you were little," she remembers Lynda once asking her, "did you ever

CLAUDIA MADE AN EX-BOYFRIEND CEREMONIALLY DISPOSE OF ALL

Photographs: Rob Schoenbaum/New York *Times*; inset, New York *Post*/Corbis.

think you'd grow up to be great?" Young Lee says she shrugged. "I did," said Lynda. "I thought I was going to be great."

CHILDHOOD FRIENDS REMEMBER EDMUND AS a funny, occasionally fresh, and occasionally loud kid, but one who was almost never poorly behaved. On the contrary: "He was clean-cut and smart," recalls Tom Lee. "And his parents were very strict. He couldn't listen to rock music. He wasn't allowed to go to R-rated movies. He wasn't allowed to watch cable."

Edmund grew up in a well-appointed home, spacious by Wyckoff standards, that was stocked with mountains of video games. If he had a simmering temper back then, no one remembers it. "He could be pretty sarcastic," recalls Jay Im, "but he never hit anybody or anything like that."

Like a lot of other overprotected kids, Edmund changed while he was at college. He started smoking, and he was drinking, sometimes recklessly. Twice, according to several classmates, he got into car accidents with his Lexus, and at least one of those times, he had been drinking. Jay Im would know; he had no other way home that night, and he was in the car. "But you could tell that his heart was pure, and that people could walk all over him," says Jay, an observation echoed often by Edmund's friends. "He was still the most generous, giving guy."

Edmund also still seemed mindful of his filial obligations. He shuttled back and forth to Seoul during school vacations; he majored in economics to better understand the Esquire Company, his family's business. After growing up in an all-American suburb, Edmund had also finally discovered a substantial community of Koreans at Cornell. His senior year, he and his friends joined "the Zu," a kind of Asian-American alternative to a frat house.

Edmund started to date Lynda the spring of his sophomore year. She was three years older than he, a fact his friends say displeased his parents, but he persisted, exulting in the raw force of her personality; he was much more reserved in public than she was, and he lived a much more insular life. "Speaking to Lynda made you feel really comfortable," says Jay. "She could bolster you like no one else could. I think Edmund was attracted to that."

After Edmund graduated, he moved to Fort Lee, which has a large Korean population. At first, he spent his free time kicking around in billiard halls and Koreatown. But gradually, he lost touch with many of his old friends, choosing instead the company of women he met in room salons, and later, Claudia Seong. Before he disappeared entirely, many of them noticed he became surly and belligerent when drunk, prone to cursing fits; one even remembers him provoking Jaeyoung outside a club, and that the altercation ended in a fistfight, with Edmund on the ground.

Then came the November slashing of Diane Kim. When Lynda first heard that Edmund had been arrested, she asked a friend of his—coincidentally, a paralegal at Cravath—to ask around and see whether it was true. The woman couldn't confirm it, but eventually, Lynda did. She was stunned. She knew Edmund was foundering, because she had heard from him periodically over the summer, according to friends. Sometimes, he would ask her to take him back. But she didn't think he'd drifted so far off course he'd be implicated in a crime. "When she found out," says a friend, "she was really worried about him. But she took the attitude of a parole officer. She said he'd really screwed up this time."

Meanwhile, Edmund's family bailed him out of jail and flew back to the United States to try to quash his relationship with Claudia. "I felt she wasn't a good influence on him," his father told the *Korea Times*. "But I wasn't successful in splitting them up. Edmund said he trusted her more than anyone in this world besides his parents and family."

Yet something was eating away at Edmund—literally. He lost a lot of weight after that first arrest—by some estimates as much as 40 pounds—and disappeared from public view. He was also fired from his job at Macy's. Then, about a month before Lynda was murdered, some of Edmund's female friends got strange phone calls from Jaeyoung. He delivered peculiar instructions: They were to ignore Edmund if they saw him walking down the street. "It was bizarre," says Ashley Kim, a 26-year-old Cornell graduate who received one such call. "When I asked why," says another, "Jaeyoung just said, 'Oh, it's too long of a story to get into.' "

Another young woman Jaeyoung contacted was struck by the urgency of his request. "He made it sound like a really big favor," she says. "He told me he felt like he really owed this to Edmund, because he had made him do so many things he didn't want to do." She didn't understand why she'd be doing a service to Edmund by ignoring him, or what it was Jaeyoung regretted—though she speculated it may have been insisting Edmund join him on excursions to the room salons. Jaeyoung later told the police he had phoned these women at Claudia's request.

Lynda received one of Jaeyoung's phone calls, too. About a week later, say the police, on the evening of March 18, her call waiting beeped while she was on the phone. "That's Edmund," Lynda told her friend. "He's coming over. He's had a fight with his girlfriend and he has nowhere to stay."

Spring break: Above, Lynda, center, with Kathleen Szegda, left, and another friend, in Florida their senior year; right, Lynda with friends on their second annual road trip down South.

HER FRIENDS ARE STILL TALKING, THOUGH the chapel is chilly and everyone's clothes are damp: That she wore high-heel boots. That she preferred Armani. That she liked to watercolor. That she liked to water-ski. That she could make almost anyone laugh. That she would link arms with her companions as they strolled, side by side, down the street. ▬

HIS PREVIOUS GIRLFRIENDS HAD GIVEN HIM WHILE SHE WATCHED.

BEST BETS

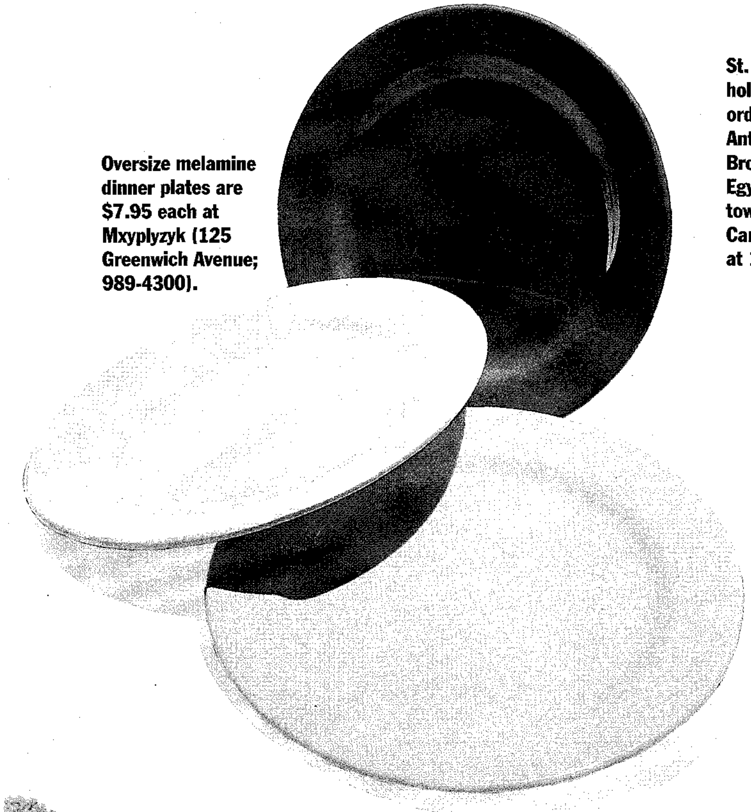
Stylish stuff for sprucing up a bare-bones summer rental.

BY CORKY POLLAN

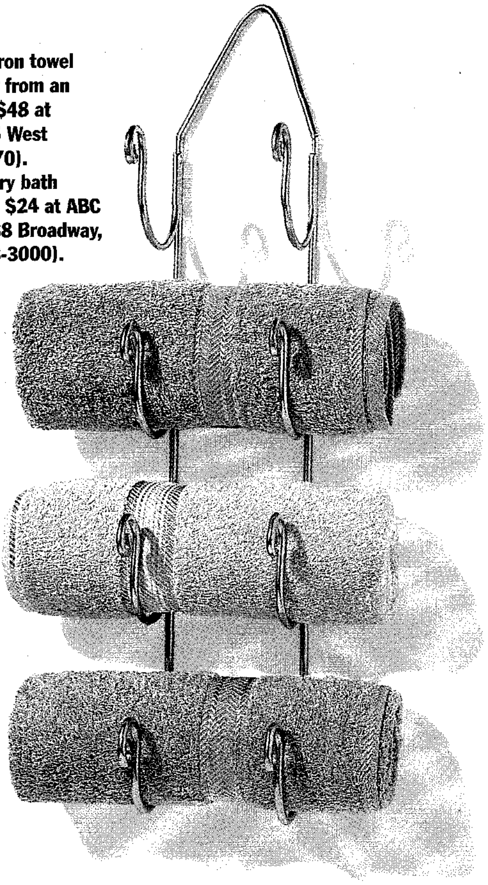
Retro battery-powered plastic kitchen clock is $20 at Wolfman-Gold & Good Company (117 Mercer Street; 431-1888).

Cast-aluminum folding chair is $395 at H (335 East 9th Street; 477-2631).

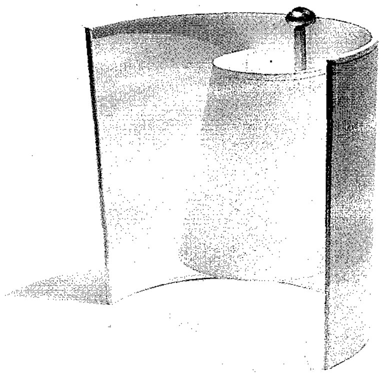
Photographed by Michael Grimm



Oversize melamine dinner plates are $7.95 each at Mxyplyzyk (125 Greenwich Avenue; 989-4300).

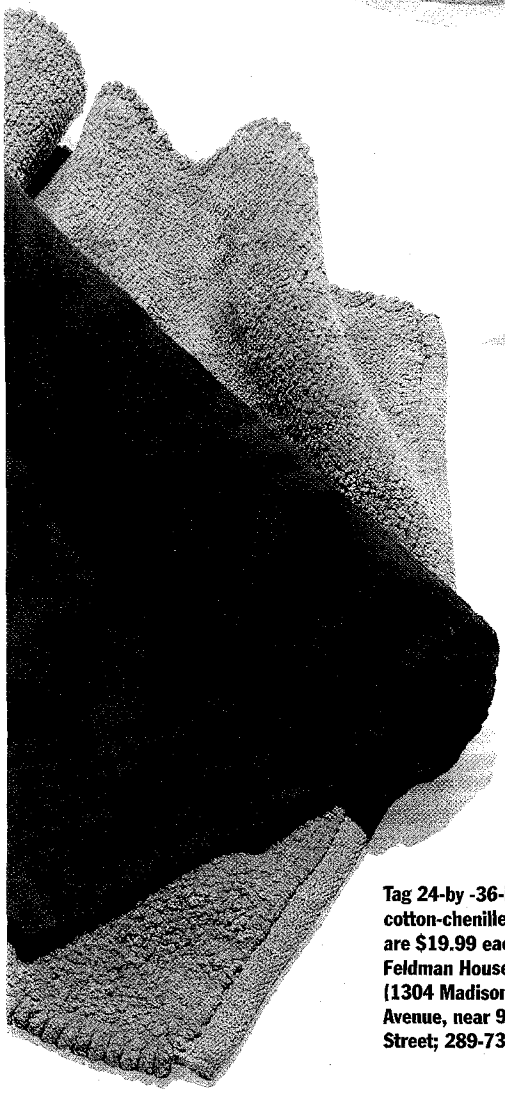


St. Remy wrought-iron towel holder can be hung from an ordinary hook; it's $48 at Anthropologie (375 West Broadway; 343-7070). Egyptian-cotton-terry bath towels are $22 and $24 at ABC Carpet & Home (888 Broadway, at 19th Street; 473-3000).



Hand-made French sconce has a linen shade, metal frame, and fabric cord, plugs into any electrical socket, and can be hung from a nail; it's $160 at Interieurs (114 Wooster Street; 343-0800).

Hand-blocked silk-shantung pillows are $89 each at Crate & Barrel (650 Madison Avenue, at 59th Street; 308-0011).



Tag 24-by -36-inch cotton-chenille rugs are $19.99 each at S. Feldman Housewares (1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street; 289-7367).

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THE TWO GREAT TRADITIONS of Italian craftsmanship—wonderful leather goods and classic design—come together in the perfect lines of Tardini's handbags. Fab leather bags, retail $400–$600, here $125–$300; alligator and crocodile bags, retail $2,000–$4,000, here $300–$1,500; leather belts, retail $90–$300, here $30–$125. *Tardini, 12 W. 57th St., Suite 105 (664-1965); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 10–6; 5/28–5/29.*

Singing in the Rain

IF THE PAST COUPLE OF WEEKS were any precursor of weather to come, investment in rainwear is seriously advised. At the Burberrys sale, lots of gear for cloudy days, as well as women's and men's clothing, will be 30 to 40 percent off. *Burberrys of London, 9 E. 57th St. (371-5010); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9:30–7, Sun. 11–6; 5/31–6/30.*

Blowout Blitz

THE ENORMOUS APPEAL OF A "BLOWOUT" IS sometimes lost for those of us who don't have curly hair, but folks with unwieldy locks swear by them. Luke O'Connor—who straightens Brooke Shields's tresses—is teaming up with ThermaSilk and two other stylists for a day of free blowouts. You can schedule an appointment in advance or just turn up. *Lever House Atrium, 390 Park Ave., at 53rd St. (421-9770); Tues. 7–4; 6/2.*

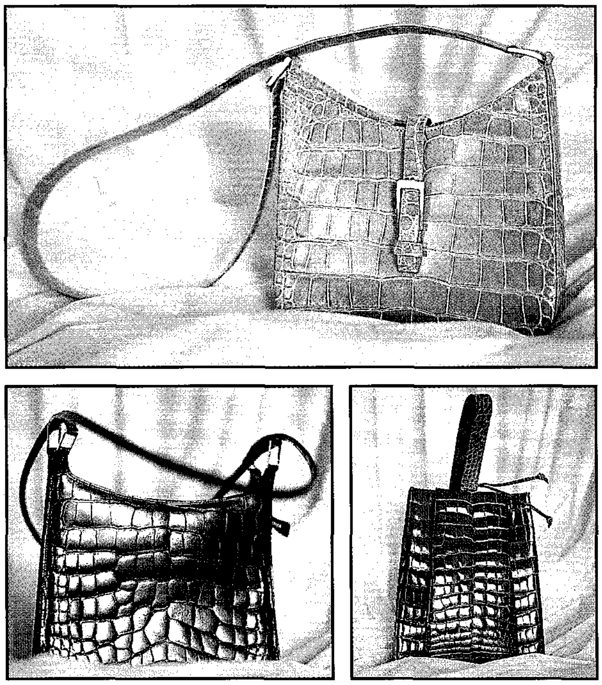
It Ain't Broke

WE MUST CONFESS THAT WE DIDN'T KNOW what *pic-assiette* was when we heard about this sale, though we've seen it everywhere lately—it's that furniture covered in mosaics made from broken dishes. Anandamali—a pic-assiette-furniture-and-accessories company in TriBeCa—is having a closeout sale on products that won't be offered next season: fifties side table, was $1,100, now $475; "bistro" table, was $1,800, now $950. *Anandamali, 35 N. Moore St. (343-8964); Mon.–Sat. noon–7; A.E., M.C., V.; 5/27–6/3.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Lia's Sure

IN THE SUMMER MONTHS, TENDING TO YOUR body becomes more essential. With this in mind, Lia Schorr is offering some seasonal specials; for example, summer cleansing facial, was $65, now $52; sport massage, was $65, now $52; half-leg wax, was $30, now $21; body enhancement (seaweed body wrap and scrub, full-body massage, and reflexology), was $230, now $175. *Lia Schorr Skin Care, 686 Lexington Ave., near 56th St., fourth floor (486-9670); Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat.–Sun. till 5; A.E., M.C., V.; 5/25–7/30.*



See you later: At less than half price, Tardini's alligator bags won't last.

Your Advantage

EVERY YEAR POWERS COURT BRINGS in extra tennis gear from its warehouse for a huge sale. For example, warm-ups for men and women, were $135–$200, now $40–$90; tennis sneakers, were $49.95–$100, now $10–$50. *Powers Court Inc., 132½ W. 24th St. (691-3888); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7, Sat. till 4; 5/26–6/6.*

Early Planning

MADISON SIGNATURES, A STORE that caters to people who still love the art of correspondence, is having its annual Filofax sale. One of its best deals is the "Portland," was $100, now $74.95; other models are 10 to 20 percent off. *Madison Signatures, 743 Madison Ave., near 64th St. (717-1386); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; 5/25–8/31.*

Undoing the Knots

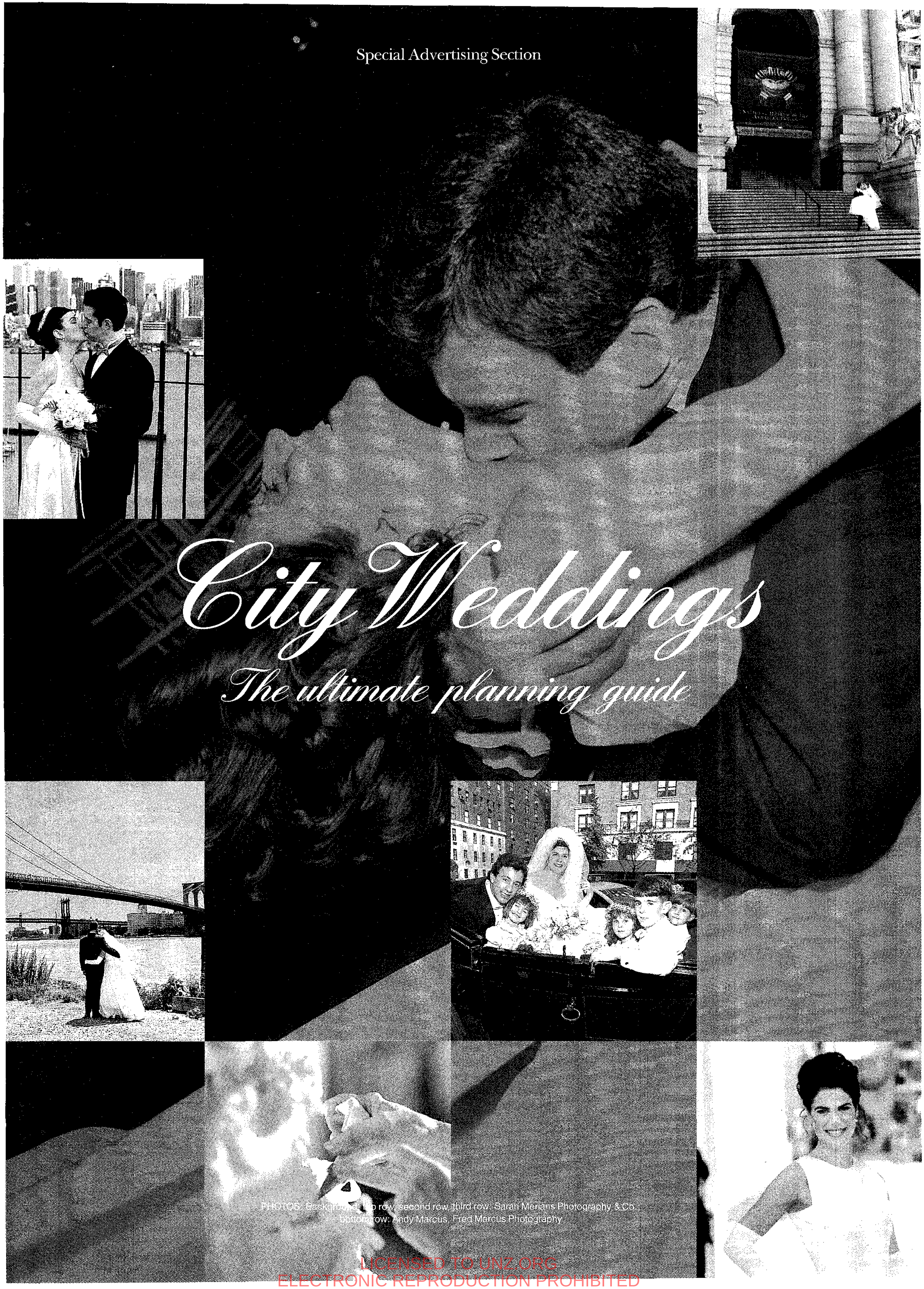
EASTSIDE MASSAGE HAS SOME OF THE BEST rubs in town for the price—especially when it comes to deep-tissue technique. For new clients, an hour massage, was $65, now $55; half-hour, was $37, now $30. *Eastside Massage Therapy Center, 351 E. 78th St. (249-2927); Mon.–Fri. 9–9, Sat. till 8, Sun. 10–8; M.C., V.; 5/25–6/30.*

Barbery Cost

A HAIRDRESSER IN THE HEART OF SOHO IS not where we usually expect to find a bargain. But we found some perennial deals at So-Hair; a shampoo, cut, conditioning treatment, and blow-dry is only $40 ($29 without the treatment); single processes are $47 and up; and highlights are $78 and up. It's no glitzy Madison Avenue–type salon, and there are only five chairs, but the staff is friendly and pays careful attention to what you want. *So-Hair, 196 Spring St. (226-9222); cash only; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. till 6.* ■

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

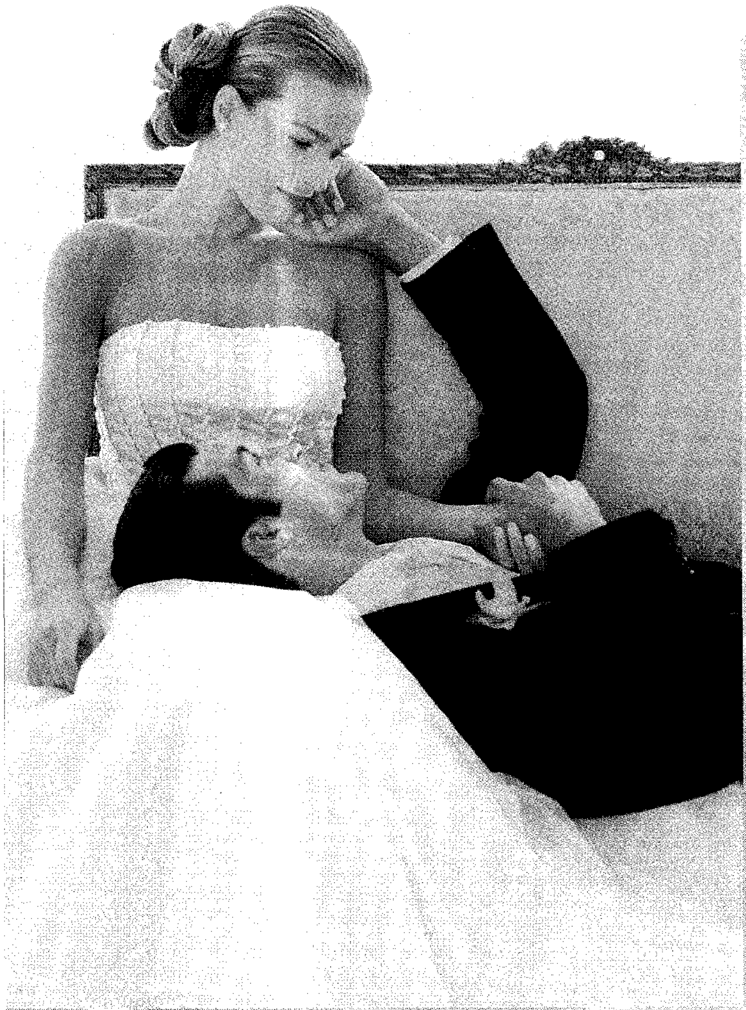
Special Advertising Section



City Weddings

The ultimate planning guide

PHOTOS: Background, top row, second row, third row: Sarah Merians Photography & Co.; bottom row: Andy Marcus, Fred Marcus Photography



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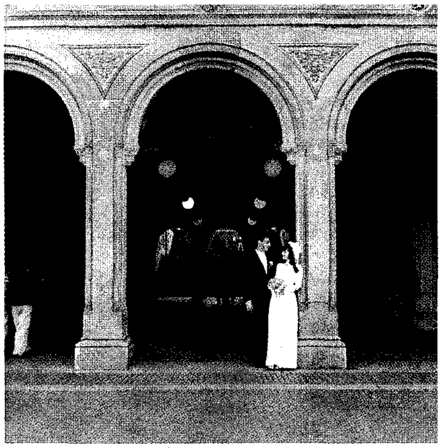
An affair to remember



There is nothing quite as magical as a New York wedding. The city and its surrounding environs are a world unto themselves, providing ideal cityscapes and landscapes for a unique and memorable wedding celebration. New York's shopping is second to none as well, whether you peruse Tribeca or Madison Avenue for your ideal wedding gown or stop in at a favorite retail shop to register your gift preferences. As the consummate magazine about New York, it should come as no surprise that *New York*'s bi-annual "City Weddings" special section is your ultimate guide to extraordinary establishments that create an affair to remember. Tear it out, take it with you, and congratulations on the big day.

PHOTOS: This page: Sarah Merians Photography & Co.

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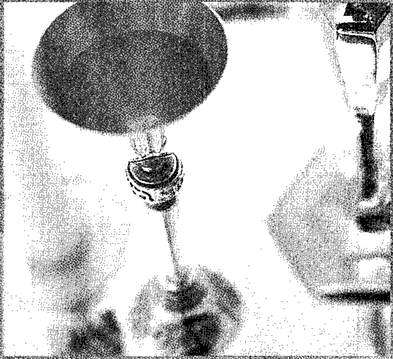


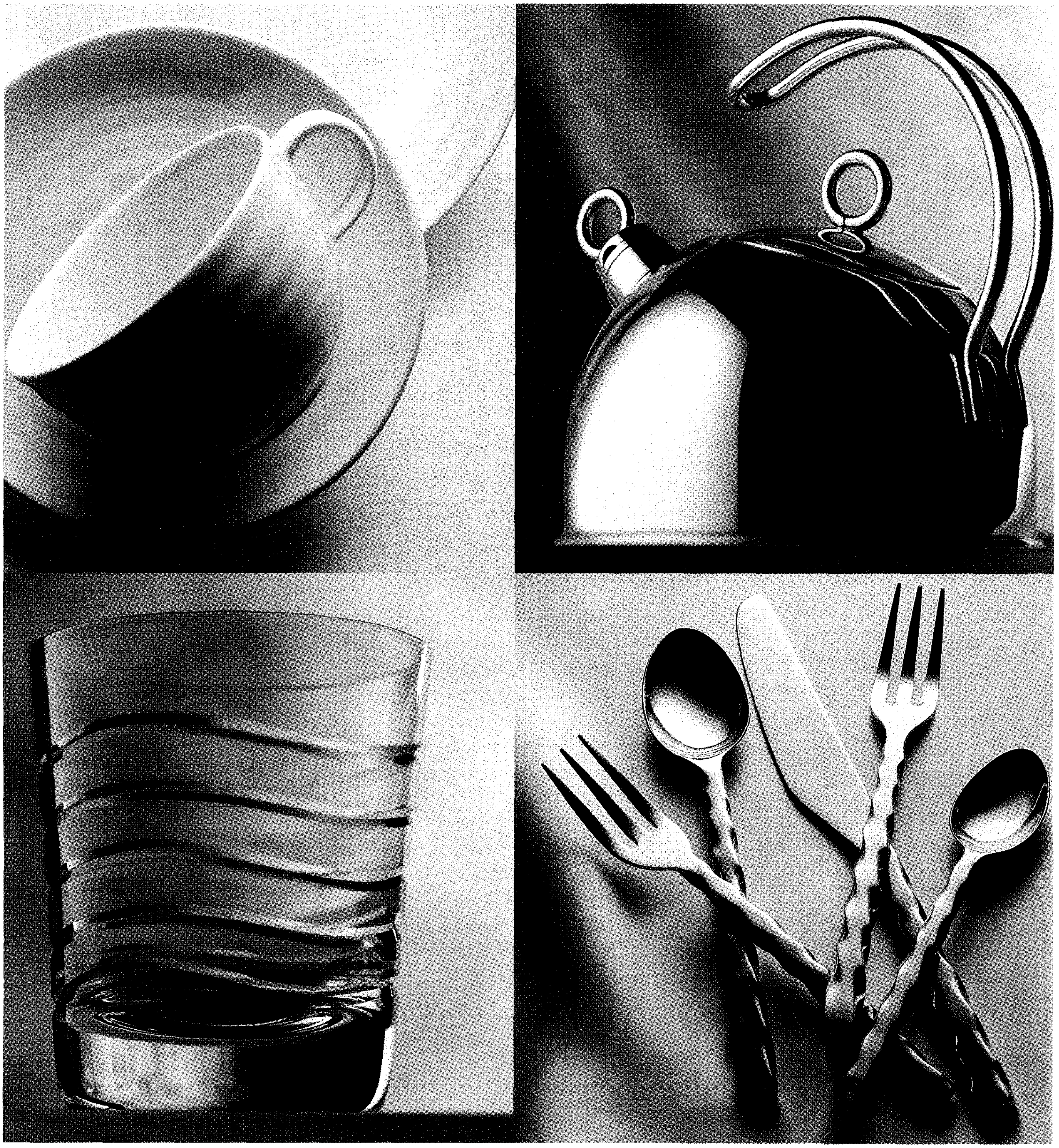
The Details/16a

Home Sweet Home/2

Beverly Hood Allen Creative Services Director
Christy Casamassima Editor
Segal Design Creative
Leah Ingram Writer
Inkwell, Inc. Production
Lory Conklin Research

PHOTOS: Background, 2nd row, 3rd row, 4th row left: Andy Marcus, Fred Marcus Photography; top row, 4th row right, 5th row: Sarah Merians Photography & Co.

Make sure the weirdest thing you get at your wedding is an invitation from Uncle Stan to do the Macarena.



Clockwise from top left: Roulette Dinnerware, Vanessa Teakettle, Spiral Flatware, Wave Barware. For a copy of our Bridal Folio–a complete source for bridal gifts and the registration process–visit our stores at: Madison & 59th Street in New York City, The Westchester in White Plains, The Mall at Short Hills in New Jersey, and 1950 Northern Blvd. next to the Americana in Manhasset, Long Island. Call 1-800-996-9960 for the store nearest you. Crate&Barrel

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Here comes the bride

Close your eyes and imagine what your wedding gown is going to look like. Will it be sleek and body hugging with very simple detailing? Or do you prefer a more ornate gown, with beading galore and a cathedral-length train? "The bottom line is, a woman tends to choose a gown that best reflects her personality," says Michelle Weinreich, owner of **Michelle Bridal** (24 W. 57th St., Suite 203, 245-3390), which features an exclusive collection of exquisite designs by European and American bridal designers. One of the ways brides are asserting their individuality is through color, such as the Wedgewood blue, canary yellow, and soft candlelight dresses Michelle Bridal offers.

Who knew you could walk down the aisle in a gorgeous gown that wasn't white or ivory? Jennifer Dule did. This talented designer and creative genius behind **JR Dule Studio** (133 Fifth Ave., 3rd Floor, 777-2100) understands that brides who choose to have a gown custom made by her are looking for something unique–often, a dress that is other than traditional. "I'm using silver organza in a lot of dresses this year," says Dule, who also custom designs dresses for bridesmaids and mothers of the bride.

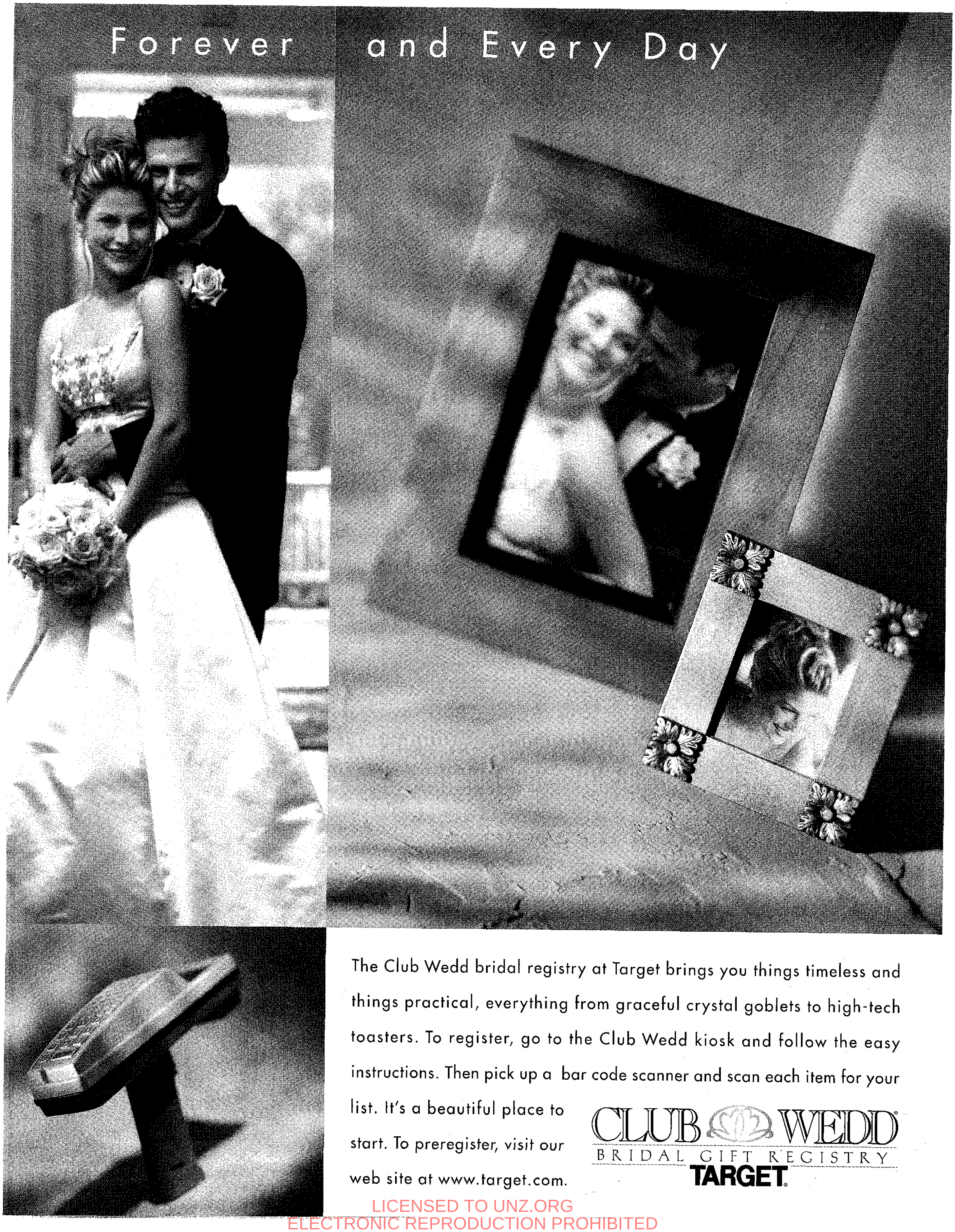
Delightful designs from Erisa, designer for **Yumi Katsura** (907 Madison Ave., 772-3760) are in living color this year, too. Some of her exquisite, original dresses dazzle with color and fabric choices like blush lace overlaying blush satin and platinum soft-mesh over silk charmeuse. "My dresses are for the modern woman who is looking to create impact and drama with her wedding gown," Erisa says. What also attracts brides-to-be to Yumi Katsura gowns are their trademark A-line or sheath silhouettes.

"My brides aren't looking for big, poufy gowns. They want something elegant and slim," says Mika Inatome, designer and owner of **Mika Inatome** (11 Worth St., Suite 4B, 966-7777), whose dresses made from silk crepe and other fine fabrics tend to have a body-conscious line that flatters the feminine figure. Inatome sees a new trend emerging. "I think lace is going to come back in a big way," she adds.

What is coming back strong at **Clea Colet** (960 Madison Ave., 396-4608), are dresses that look classic. "Brides want to be able to look back at their pictures in 20 years and still see their dress as timeless and classic." Brides at Clea Colet, a shop with an exclusive and exquisite collection of gowns, prefer dresses with just a hint of a modern twist–such as a very fine embroidery in the fabric or a border in a different color.

BRIDAL SHOPPER

Having trouble deciding where to go gown shopping? Then maybe you need professional help. Ilene Shack, a bridal consultant and former bridal buyer at Saks Fifth Avenue and owner of **I.S. Portfolio Ltd.** (397-7766) will accompany you on your quest for the perfect gown. Brides planning a spring 1999 wedding who are interested in learning about a possible future event of bridal couture gowns should fax their name, phone number, and wedding date to 397-7765.



The Club Wedd bridal registry at Target brings you things timeless and things practical, everything from graceful crystal goblets to high-tech toasters. To register, go to the Club Wedd kiosk and follow the easy instructions. Then pick up a bar code scanner and scan each item for your list. It's a beautiful place to start. To preregister, visit our web site at www.target.com.

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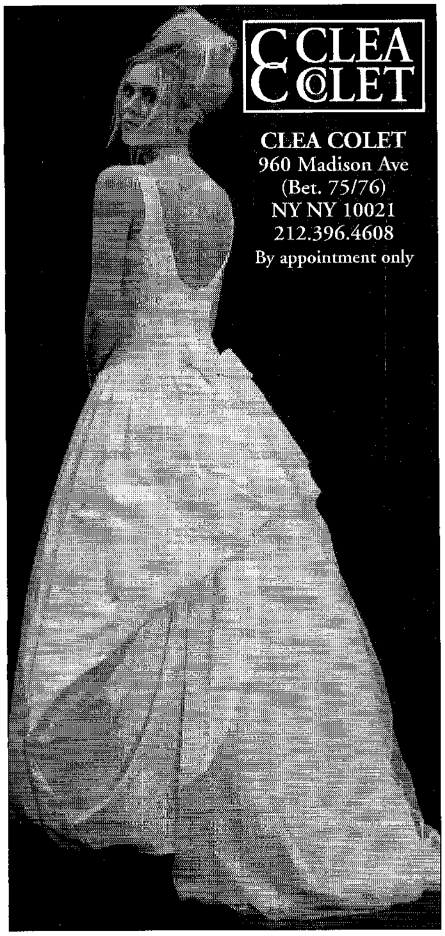

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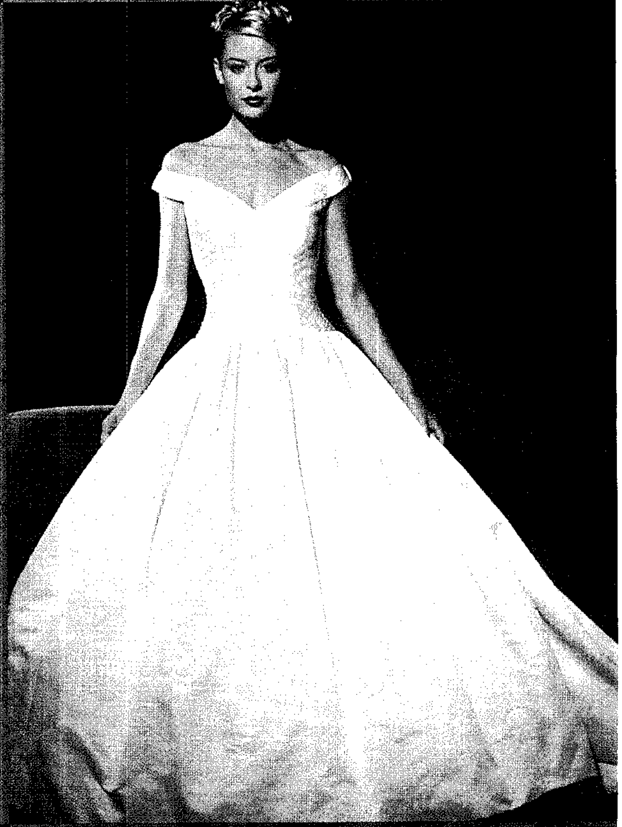

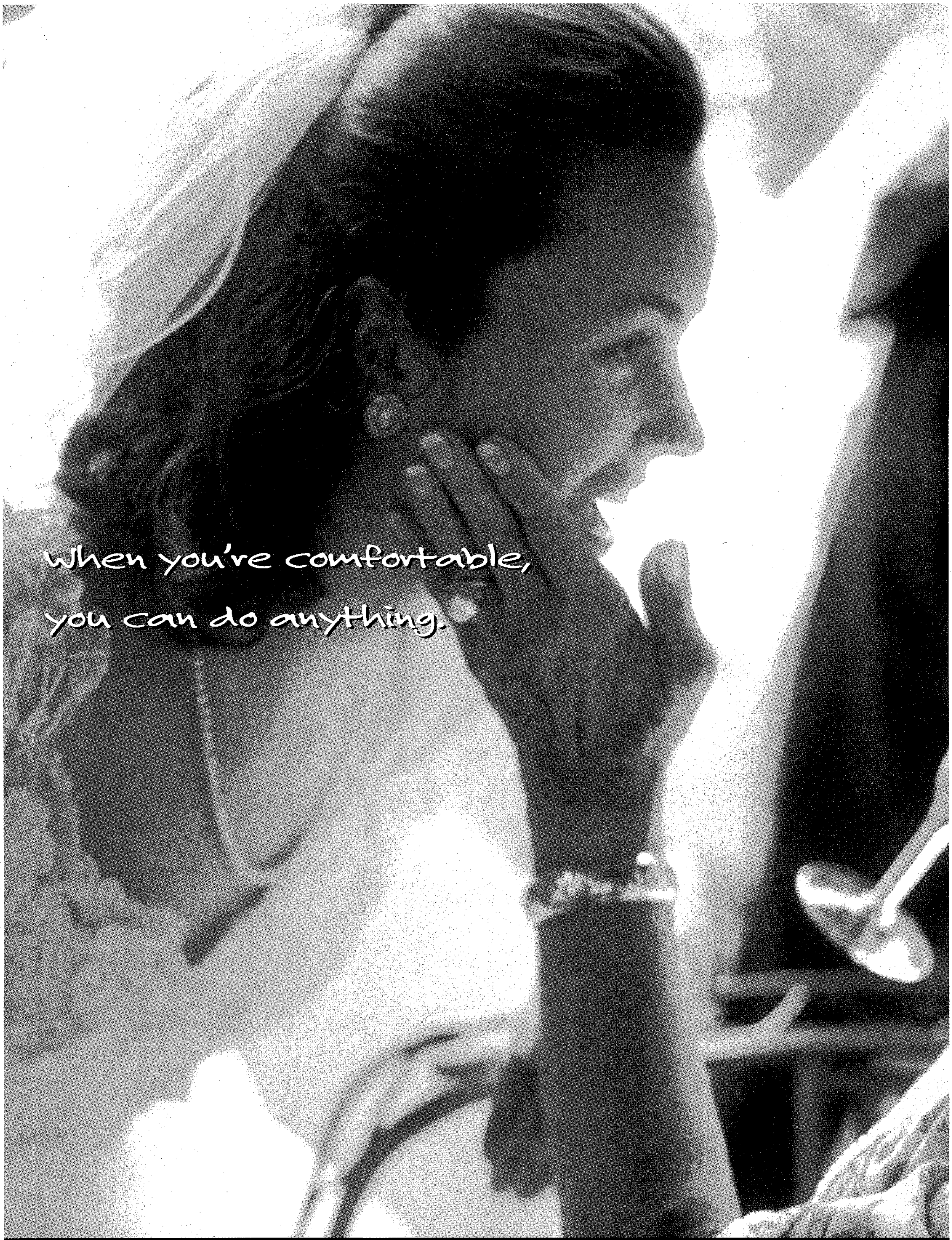
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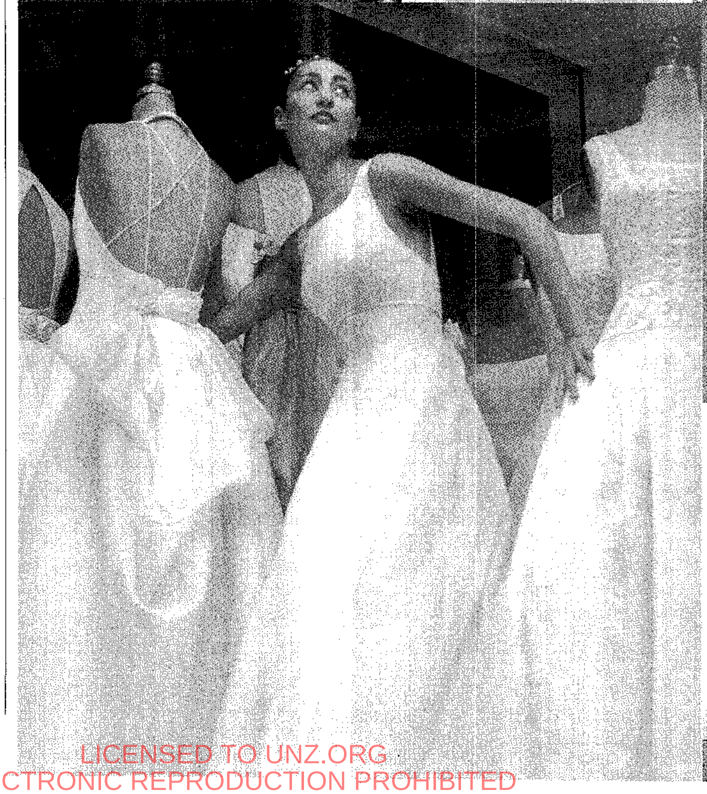

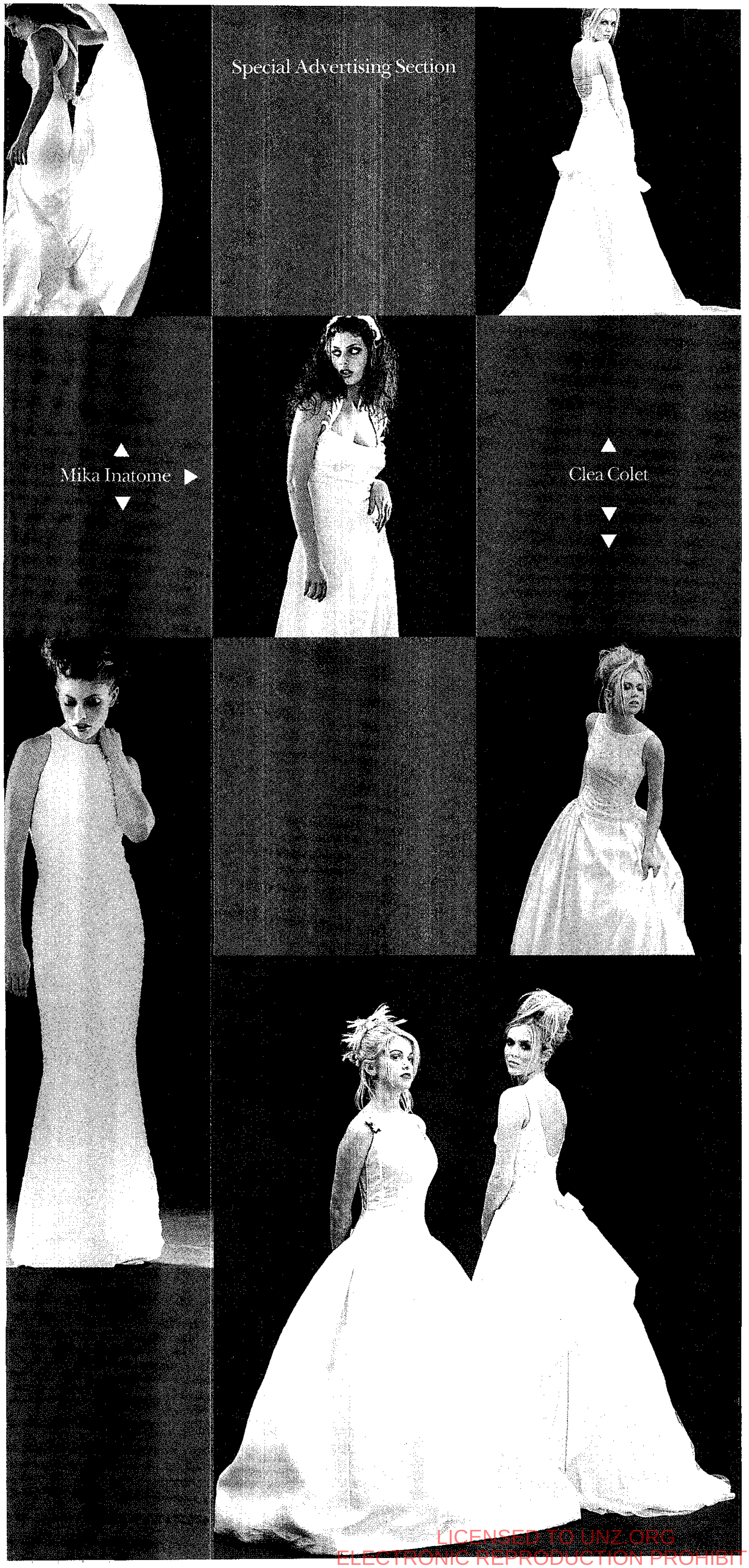
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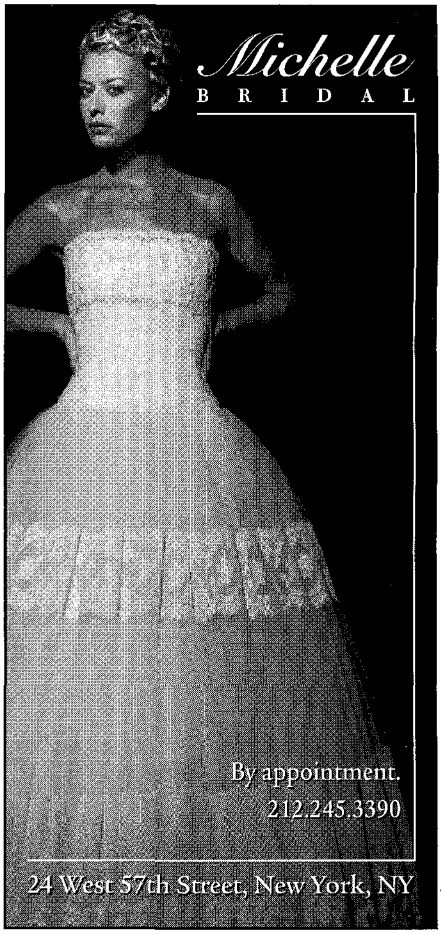
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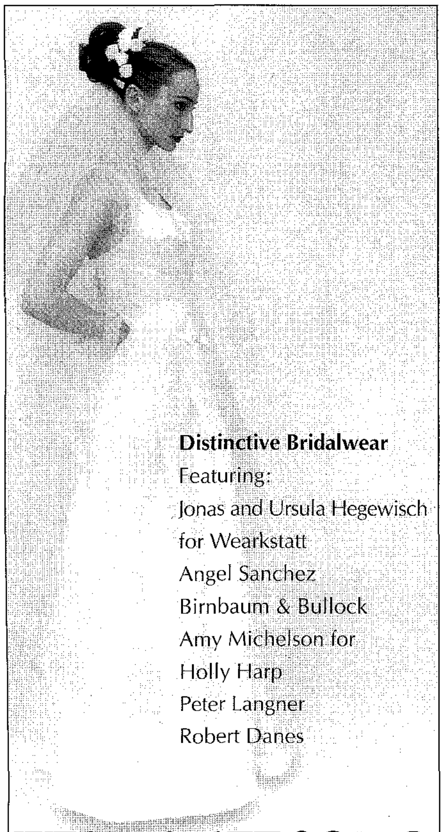

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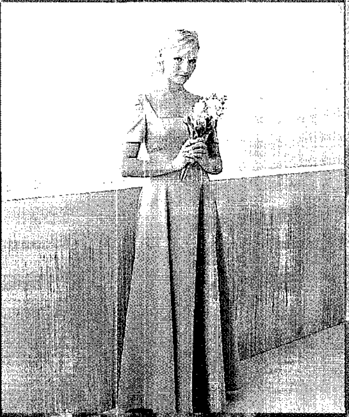
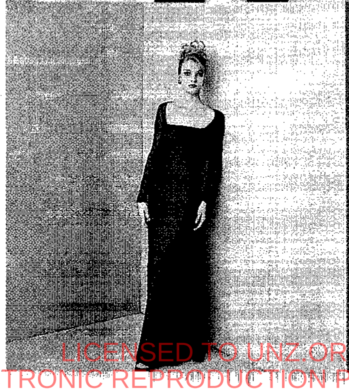


Josephine Sasso ▶

Bride's Best Friends
▼



◀ Bride's Best Friends ▶

Jonas and Ursula Hegewisch, founders, designers, and owners of **Wearkstatt** (33 Greene St., 334-9494) have also taken a marvelous modern twist on wedding gowns. With innovative fabric combinations like satin, four-ply crepe, and silk organza, their dresses have a distinctive look and tantalizing texture. "The sunny, spacious SoHo store also features some of the most exciting designers in the market today," says Jonas, including Peter Langner, Birnbaum and Bullock, Angel Sanchez, and Amy Michelson for Holly Harp.

Those in the market for not only a modern dress but one that can benefit a good cause, too, should make an appointment at **The Bridal Garden** (122 E. 29th St., 252-0661). This exclusive bridal boutique resells donated couture and designer gowns for a fraction of their original price and then donates all proceeds to Sheltering Arms Childrens Services, which has been helping disadvantaged children since 1823. Featured designers include Vera Wang, Amsale, Carolina Herrera, and Marisa.

Resplendent attendants

According to wedding lore, jealous demons used to appear at weddings to steal the souls of the happy bride and groom. As time went on, brides and grooms learned a way to outsmart these demons. A bride would select a group of bridesmaids, and so that the demons couldn't tell the bride from her attendants, all the women dressed alike. The same happened with the groom and his groomsmen. Thus started the trend of bridesmaids wearing identical dresses.

Today, no soul-stealing demons threaten brides, who no longer require all their bridesmaids to dress alike. "Brides are definitely chosing different dresses in their wedding party," says Daphne Silverstein, owner of **The Bridal Party—Dresses for Bridesmaids** (243 E. 82nd St., 861-2318), an intimate Upper East Side boutique that special orders each dress and works by appointment only. "A bride may select three or four dresses and let each bridesmaid choose the one she likes the most," Silverstein says, adding, "The hot hues right now are silver, chocolate brown, and Bordeaux red."

A similar trend is happening just over the George Washington Bridge at **Bride's Best Friends** (11 E. Palisade Ave., Englewood, NJ, 201-541-1333), a shop that specializes in bridesmaid dresses. Because of its New Jersey locale, there is no sales tax on clothing. "Many women are picking a specific designer and a certain color and fabric," says Elizabeth Fisher, co-owner with Ilene Rauch, of Bride's Best Friends , which gives their bridesmaids freedom to choose any dress they like within that criteria. "This system works well because then bridesmaids can select a dress style that flatters their body." Bride's Best Friends carries the entire Vera Wang bridesmaid collection as well as dresses by Watters & Watters, Dessy, and Galina.

Another trend in attendant attire is dresses that look like they've just come down the fashion runways, not the walkway to the prom. "Brides today are much more attentive to fashion. They're choosing bridesmaids dresses that are flattering and more couture looking," says Josephine Sasso, president of **Josephine Sasso** (226 E. 78th St., 396-9692), a jewel of a store that sells bridesmaid and mother-of-the-bride dresses in hundreds of styles and fabric choices. "Bridesmaids have always been pigeon-holed into dowdy, unflattering dresses," Sasso explains. Not anymore. Today's brides have numerous options for pretty and pleasing dresses.

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You look marvelous

On their wedding day, every bride wants to look beautiful and every groom handsome. But they can't simply roll out of bed on the big day and expect every hair to fall into place, especially if they spent the night before partying. With a little planning—and advice from the following experts—here's how to look marvelous:

- "The groom should get a haircut two weeks prior to the wedding," says Ron Ortiz, owner, haircutter, and colorist at **JPRO Salon** (118 E. 59th St., Suite 303, 317-0105), a full-service salon.

- Have a consultation and trial run with a hairstylist and makeup artist two to three months before the wedding, advises Jody Pollutro, owner, makeup artist, colorist, and hair cutter at JPRO Salon. "It's very important to feel comfortable with the way you look on your wedding day," she says.

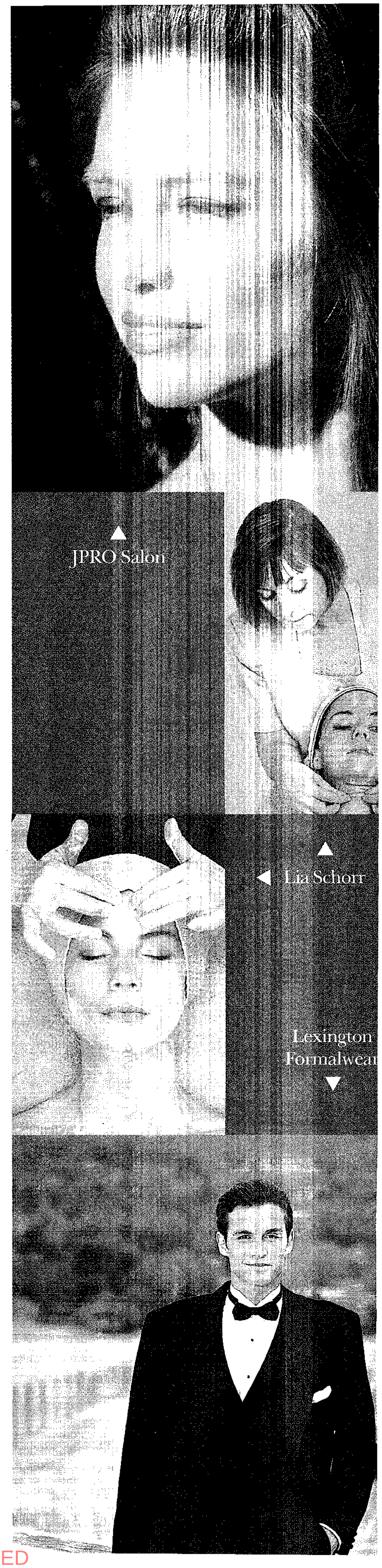
- Schedule four consecutive facials up to two weeks before the wedding to clean skin, says Lia Schorr of **Lia Schorr Skin Care** (686 Lexington Ave., 4th floor, 486-9670), a full-service salon.

- To relieve stress before the wedding, indulge in a full body massage, seaweed wrap, or reflexology. Because your hands will be the center of attention and you'll be on your feet a lot, pamper them as well. "One day before the wedding, schedule a paraffin manicure and pedicure," Schorr adds.

- Get a full head of hair, even if nature didn't intend you to have one. "For a special occasion like a wedding, we can enhance how a bride and other women look by adding hair to their existing hair to ensure volume and a special look for that special day," says Elline Surianello, founder and president of **LeMetric** (124 E. 40th St., Suite 601, 986-5620), which specializes in hair replacement.

PLANNING PROS

Recently, a busy, executive bride-to-be attempted to plan her New York wedding solo. (Her fiancé lived in Italy at the time.) "She didn't want a traditional reception site but she simply didn't have the time to track one down," recalls Jennifer Gilbert, president of **Save the Date** (617 W. 57th St., 333-3283), a free event and wedding location service, "so she hired us." Gilbert tapped into her company's database of more than 800 New York area spaces, and found the frenzied couple a fabulous loft for their wedding. Save the Date, a full-service consultancy, also helps time-starved couples find bands, photographers, and other wedding vendors.

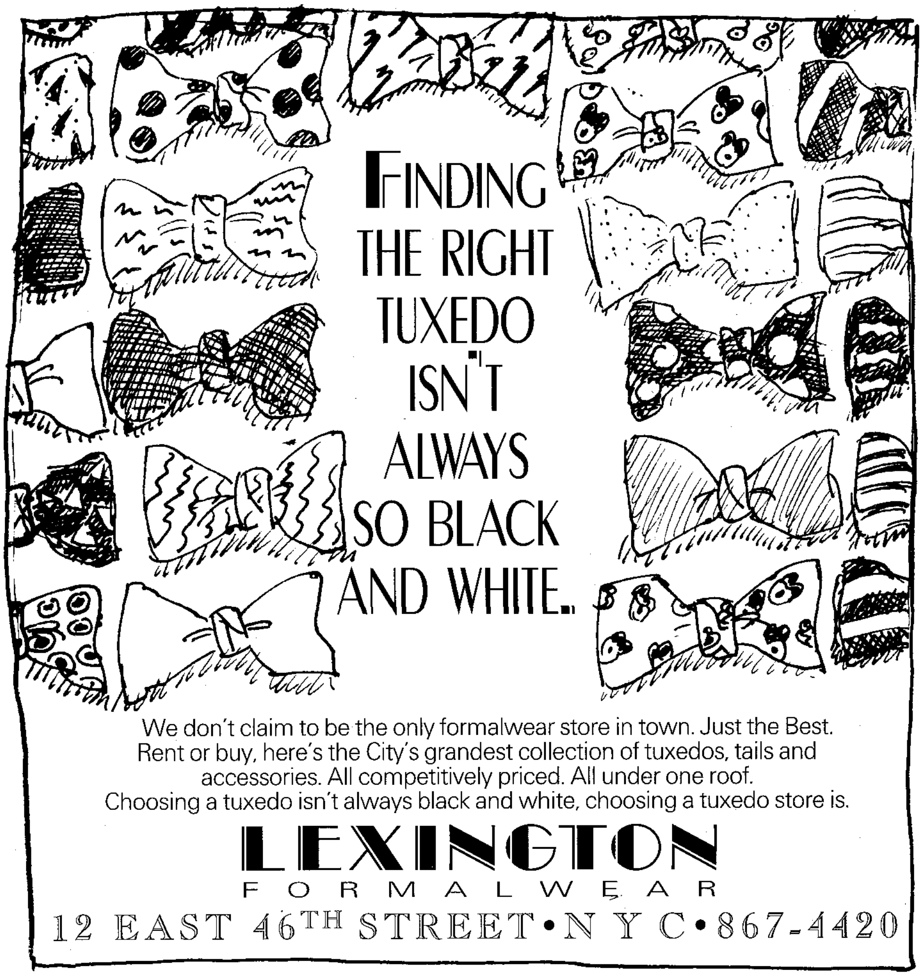


Top-tier tuxedos

While the 1970s may be alive and kicking on the fashion runways, thankfully they're long gone from wedding attire. No more robin's egg blue tuxedos with ruffled shirts to match. "Grooms today are leaning toward a more traditional, classic look," says Darrin Gordon, manager of **Jack Silver Formal Wear** (1780 Broadway, 582-0202), which carries an extensive line of tuxedos, morning suits, strollers, and tails by such designers as Chaps Ralph Lauren, Perry Ellis, and Pierre Cardin.

Susan Schreiber, president of **Lexington Formalwear** (12 E. 46th St., 867-4420) agrees. "Simplicity and tradition have made a big comeback in men's formalwear this year," says Schreiber, whose 3,000-square-foot store rents complete tuxedo outfits, including designer French cuff shirts, cuff links and studs, cummerbunds, ties, and suspenders for $99 to $135. "The American traditional grey doeskin vests and ascots with morning suits are giving way to the very British traditional, bold, colorful waistcoats."

PHOTO:Sarah Merians Photography & Co.



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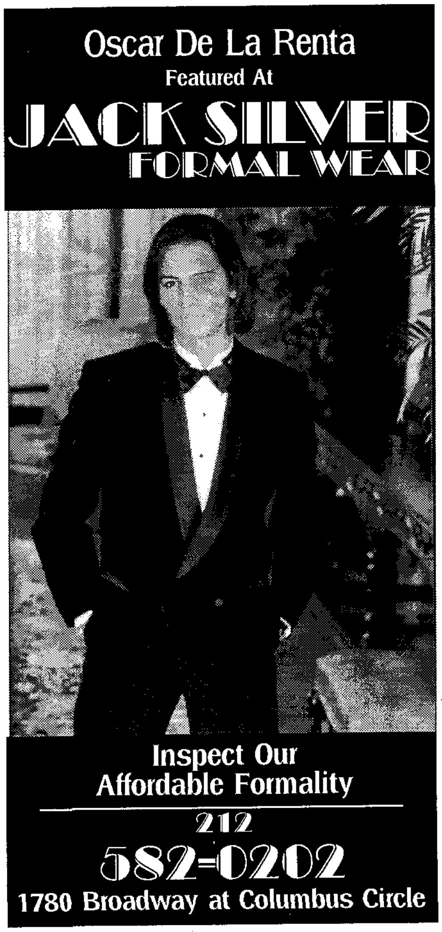

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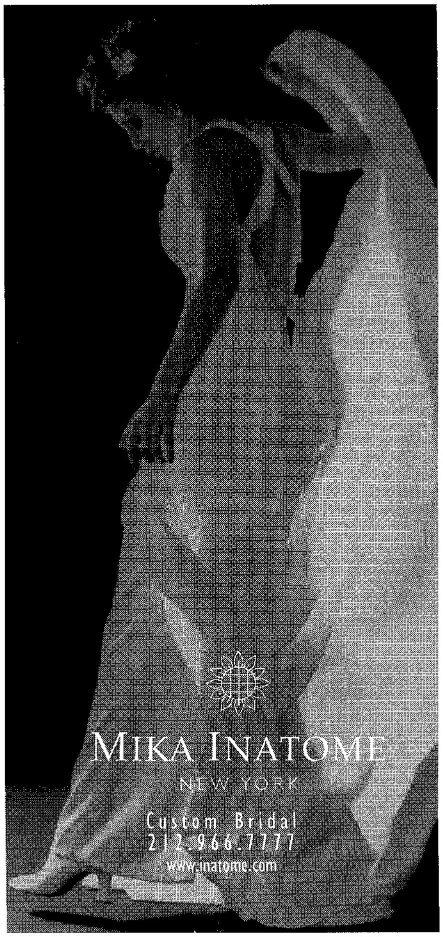

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A symbol of our love

There's nothing quite as exciting as the day a guy gets on bent knee and asks his beloved to marry him. Finding the perfect engagement ring and a wonderful wedding band to go with it can be just as exciting. Here, eight leading New York jewelers let you know what's hot in wedding jewelry:

- Two-toned rings. "People are picking more modern-looking rings using two materials, such as platinum and 18-karat gold," says Tara Silberberg, buyer for **The Clay Pot** (162 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, 718-788-6564), which offers nearly 700 ring designs from more than 90 of the country's leading goldsmiths. One such artist, George Sawyer, uses a married metal technique whereby the two metals swirl together to give different striations throughout the ring – looking much like the concentric circles inside a tree trunk. Look for The Clay Pot's selection of wedding bands on the Internet at www.clay-pot.com.

- Fancy-colored diamonds. **Sparkle Diamond Corp.** (580 Fifth Ave., 575-1105) is a diamond manufacturer that specializes in Gemological Institute of America (G.I.A.) certified diamonds from one carat to 10-plus carats. Sparkle carries all sizes and clarities, including fine D-flawlesses. They also carry one of the largest selections of natural fancy colored diamonds, such as intense fancy yellow, pink, and blue. "These are investment-quality diamonds," says Lorraine Schwartz, president, whose company works by appointment only and offers custom-made mountings for each stone purchased.

- Platinum, platinum, platinum. At **Martinique** (1555 Broadway, 869-5765), platinum is the metal of choice. And, it isn't simply men who are selecting the rings.

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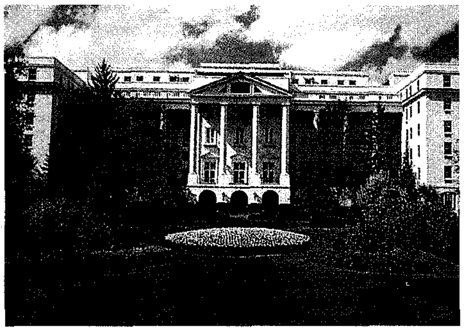

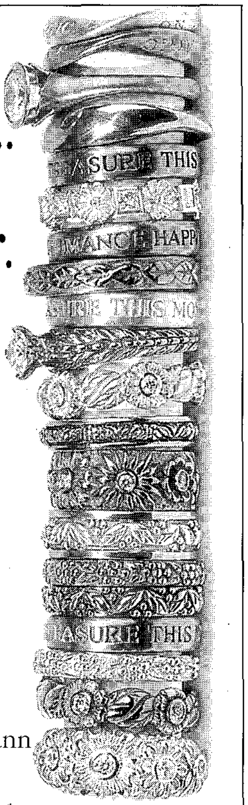

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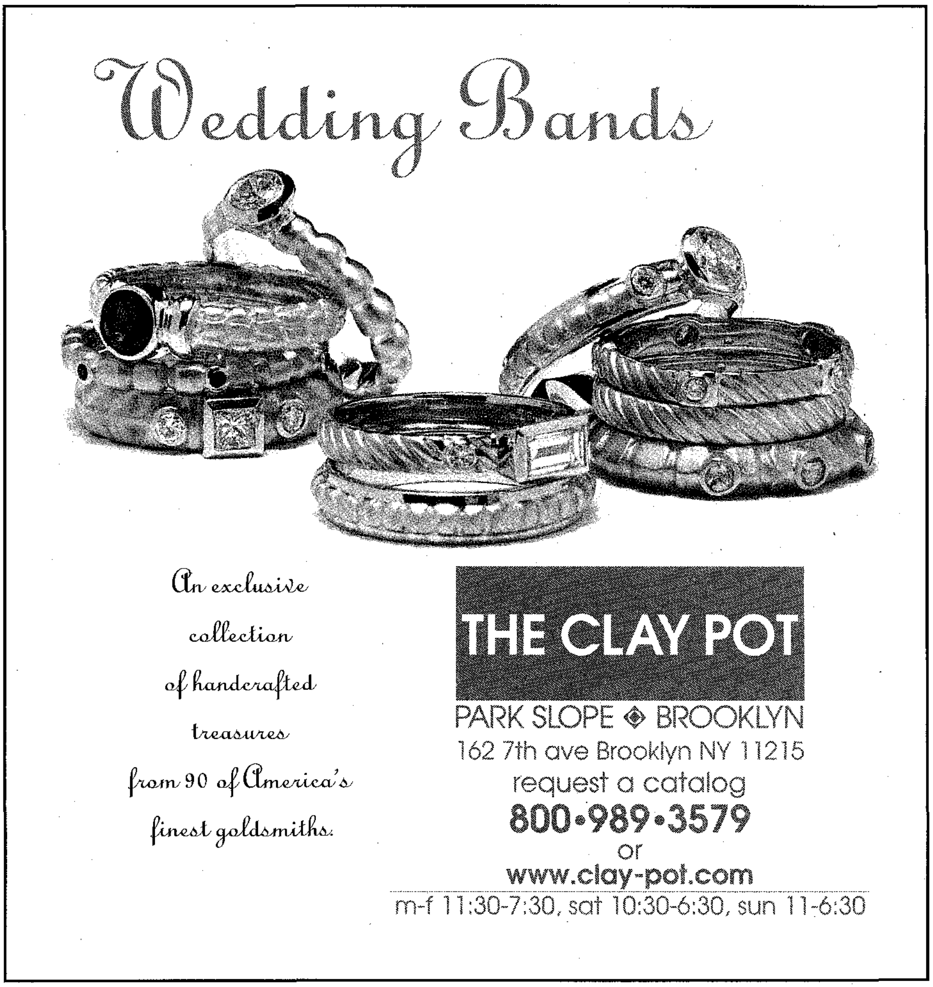
"More so than ever, women are picking out their engagement rings and wedding bands," says Joseph Tobias, vice president at Martinique, a high-end jeweler in the heart of Times Square. "It really does make sense for a woman to choose her rings since she'll be wearing them for the rest of her life."

- Antique rings. **Stardust Antiques** (38 Gramercy Park on 21st St., 677-2590) specializes in one-of-a-kind, antique platinum and diamond engagement rings and wedding bands from a very romantic period: the turn of the century. Some feature Art Deco styles with emerald, ruby, and sapphire accents. "Couples who choose an antique ring want something special and different from what everyone else is wearing," says owner Ken Gold.

- Antique-style rings. "Currently one of our biggest sellers are antique reproductions," says Mel Krumholtz, president of **Wedding Ring Originals** (674 Lexington Ave., 751-3940), which recently introduced a full line of handmade, Victorian-style rings. The most popular of these antique reproductions are platinum engagement rings and wedding bands with chasing (detailed engraving) around the circumference of the ring. Wedding Ring Originals, on the web at www.weddin grings.com, displays more than 1,800 wedding ring styles and more than 200 kinds of engagement rings.

- Custom-designed pieces. Recently, **Gallery Eclectic** (43 Greenwich Ave., 924-4314; 27 Main St., Southampton, NY, 516-287-0463) took a ring that a bride's grandmother had worn since 1910 and renovated it.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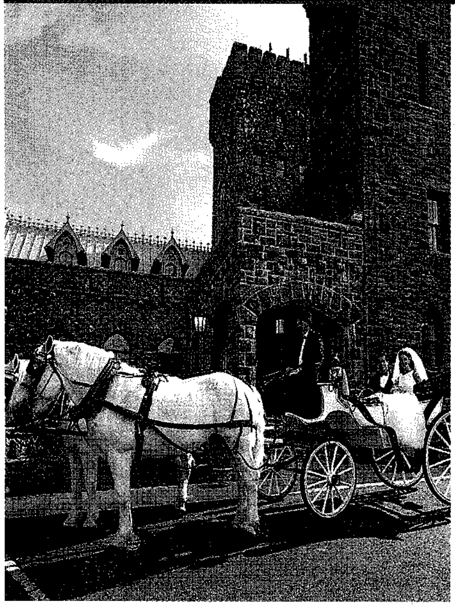

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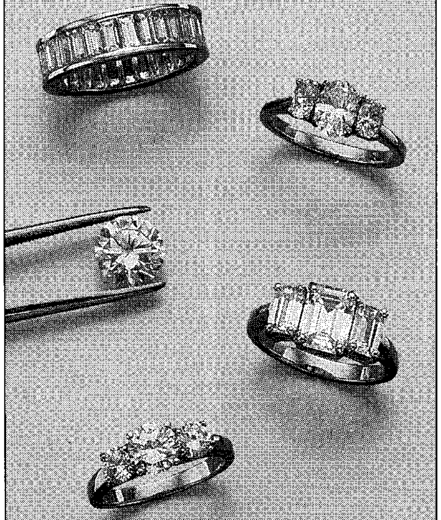

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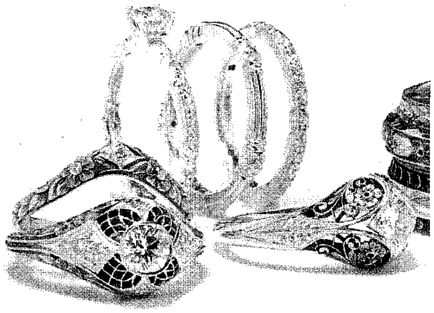

▲
The Clay Pot ▶

Martinique
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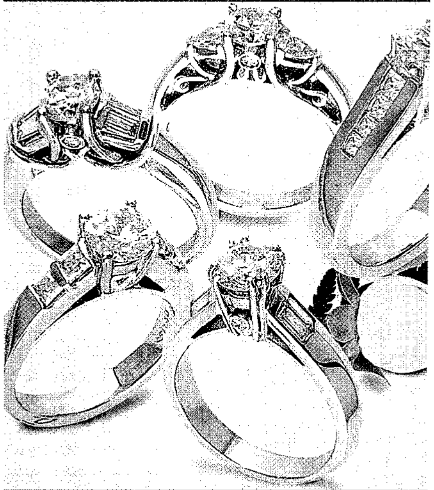

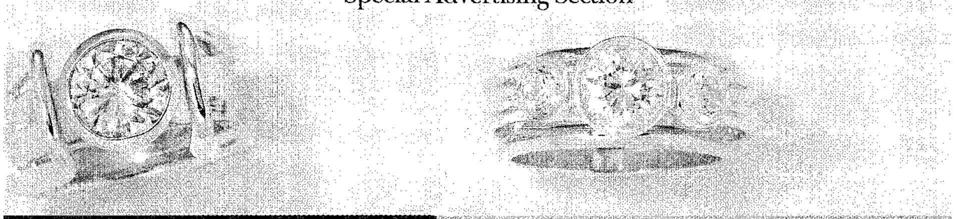

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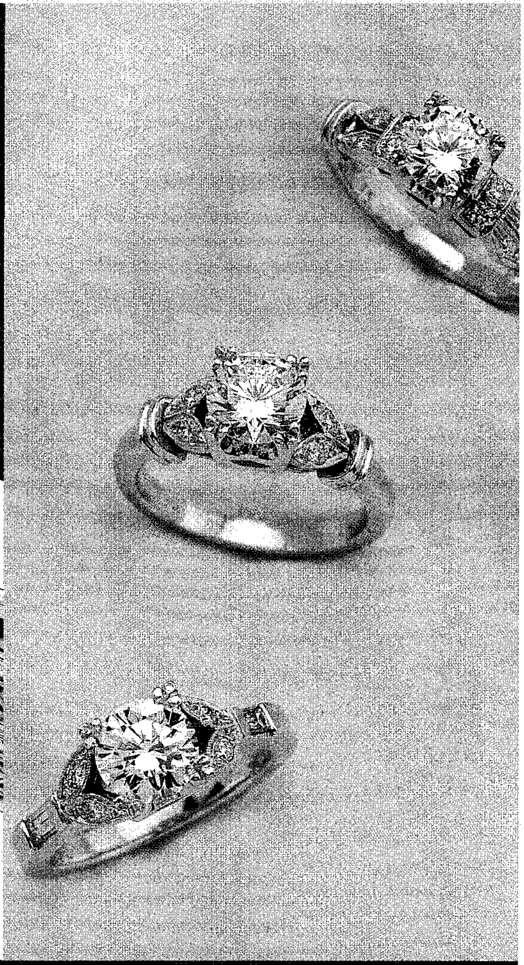
Wedding Ring Originals ▶



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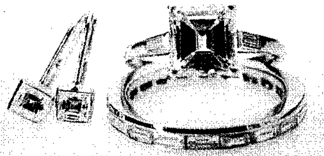
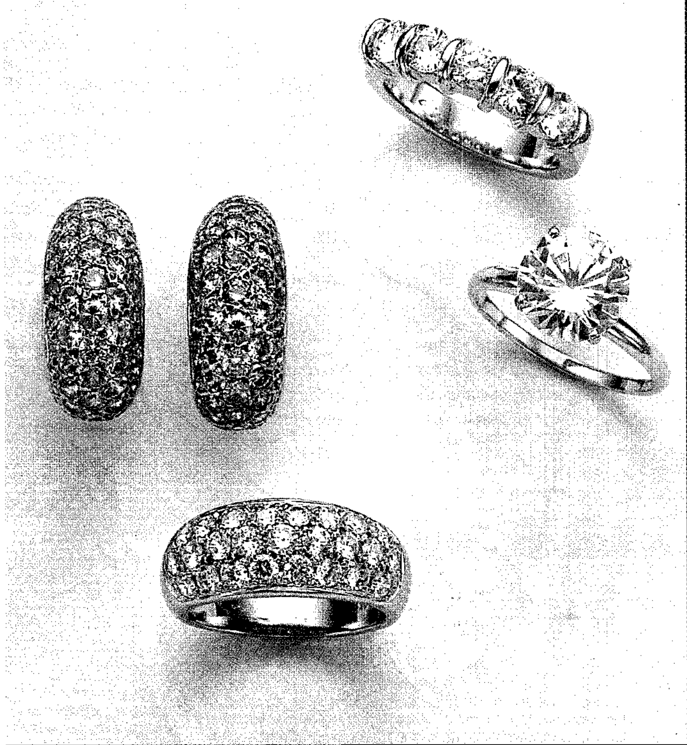


◀ ◀ Gallery Eclectic



◀ The Diamond Co.

Michael Eigen
▼

"The original ring was too old and worn out to exude its original splendor," explains manager Tracey Walsh. So the expert craftsmen at Gallery Eclectic did a mold and cast of the ring, and created a work of art of their own. "We bring a wonderful sense of design to our custom-designed rings," Walsh adds.

- Fancy-shaped diamonds. "Although large round diamonds are always in vogue, many women today want an engagement ring with a diamond that is uniquely shaped," says David Levy, vice president of **The Diamond Co.** (62 W. 47th St., Suite 1208, 1-888-825-1233 or 819-0336), who suggests buying a diamond that is loose and comes with an independent lab grading report, such as from G.I.A. At The Diamond Co., which offers gorgeous hand-made rings. Emerald cuts and ovals are currently hot, as well as engagement rings with more than one stone.

- Timeless, not trendy. "People are definitely looking for something different for their engagement rings and wedding bands," says Michael Eigen, owner of **Michael Eigen** (1200 Madison Ave., 996-0281). One of the popular contemporary designers Michael Eigen carries is Diana Heimann, whose rings feature floral designs. One such engagement ring has a diamond set into what looks like the petal of a fabulous flower; its leaves and stem bejewel the band.

PHOTO: Andy Marcus, Fred Marcus Photography

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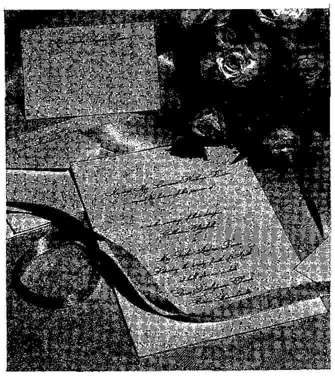

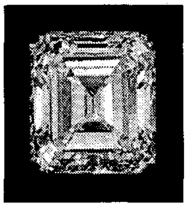

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Great sounds

What really gets a wedding rocking and rolling is the music played at the reception. Some of today's brides and grooms find that the best way to entertain their guests is with more than one performer. "Couples are using a full band and adding what we call a spinner—not a true deejay—but someone who comes with equipment to cover specific and specialized music, such as certain ethnic music and 'new pop'," says Barry Herman, president of **Barry Herman Entertainment** (1-800-915-1940 or 755-1940), which represents nearly 15 full-sized bands and deejays. Many couples are also adding a jazz combo later in the evening for their cigar and brandy bars.

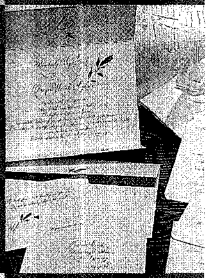
What brides and grooms are also recognizing is that African-Americans have had a crucial influence on great music. "Performers of R&B and soul music are in great demand," says Ken Gross, owner of **Ken Gross Orchestras** (1-800-688-4480), which has among its six set groups a band called SILK & SOUL. "They play everything including big band to blues, Count Basie to Babyface." Also in demand at Ken Gross are bands with full rhythm and horn sections and several vocalists. "People are much more educated about music, and know exactly what kind of band they want at their wedding," Gross adds.

"The right music makes for a truly great wedding," says maestro **Lester Lanin** (157 W. 57th St., 265-5208), who has been the band leader at literally thousands of weddings. He treats each affair as a unique event, distinguished by the personalities of the bride and groom, special requests, even audience participation. In addition to leading his own stellar band, Lanin also represents 15 set ensembles that range in size from a single piano player to a full orchestra.

You're invited

Believe it or not, one of the most important elements you choose for your wedding is your invitation. A formal-looking invitation lets your guests know that you'll be having a formal wedding whereas a more casual card stock connotes a more casual affair. "Creating the mood and setting the tone of the most important event of your life is our primary goal," says Laura Leigh, owner of **Alpine Creative Group** (159 W. 25th St., 1-800-289-6507 or 989-4198), a full-service invitation company. Here are some of the creative ways recent brides and grooms have used their invitations and other accessories to set the stage.

▲ Blacker & Koob Stationers



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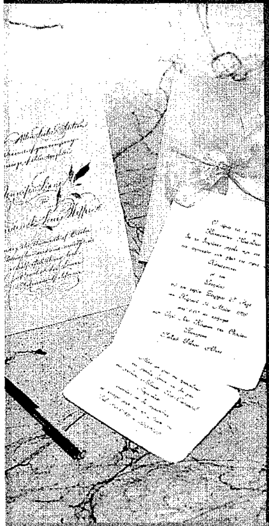

Alpine Creative C ▼

PHOTOS: This spread (with the exception of invitations) Sarah Merians Photography & Co.

• "One couple was going apple picking for their wedding, and they askeds to have an apple embossed on their invitation," recalls Vanessa ...oby, a wedding consultant at ...ker & Madison Kooby Stationers and printers Ave., 369-8308), e...ns and acces- of fine weddin... a comprehen- sories. The... announcements, sive co...s, placecards, and wed... "Another was getting the River Café, so we th... picture of the Brooklyn ...the invitation."

• "Brides and grooms are still looking for very elegant invitations," says Rachel Yohai, owner of **Rae Michaels Ltd.** (521 Madison Ave., 6th Floor, 688-2256), and are using calligraphy, ribbons and gilded edges to enhance them. What's very popular with couples looking to make a statement with their invitations, Yohai adds, is Crane's new six-ply invitation with silver edges. "It's on very heavy stock, and it feels luxurious in your hand," she says.

• One couple brought a memorable Halloween night nuptial to life with **Alpine Creative Group**'s help. The company created a colorful invitation sporting sequins and feathers, which invited guests to a masked ball. Alpine also concocted a Mardi Gras-style mask, which each guest received upon arriving. Alpine then arranged for tables to be decorated in orange and black gauze atop which sat a combination of fresh and dried autumn flowers. "This event was totally theme oriented," says Leigh, "and absolutely fabulous."

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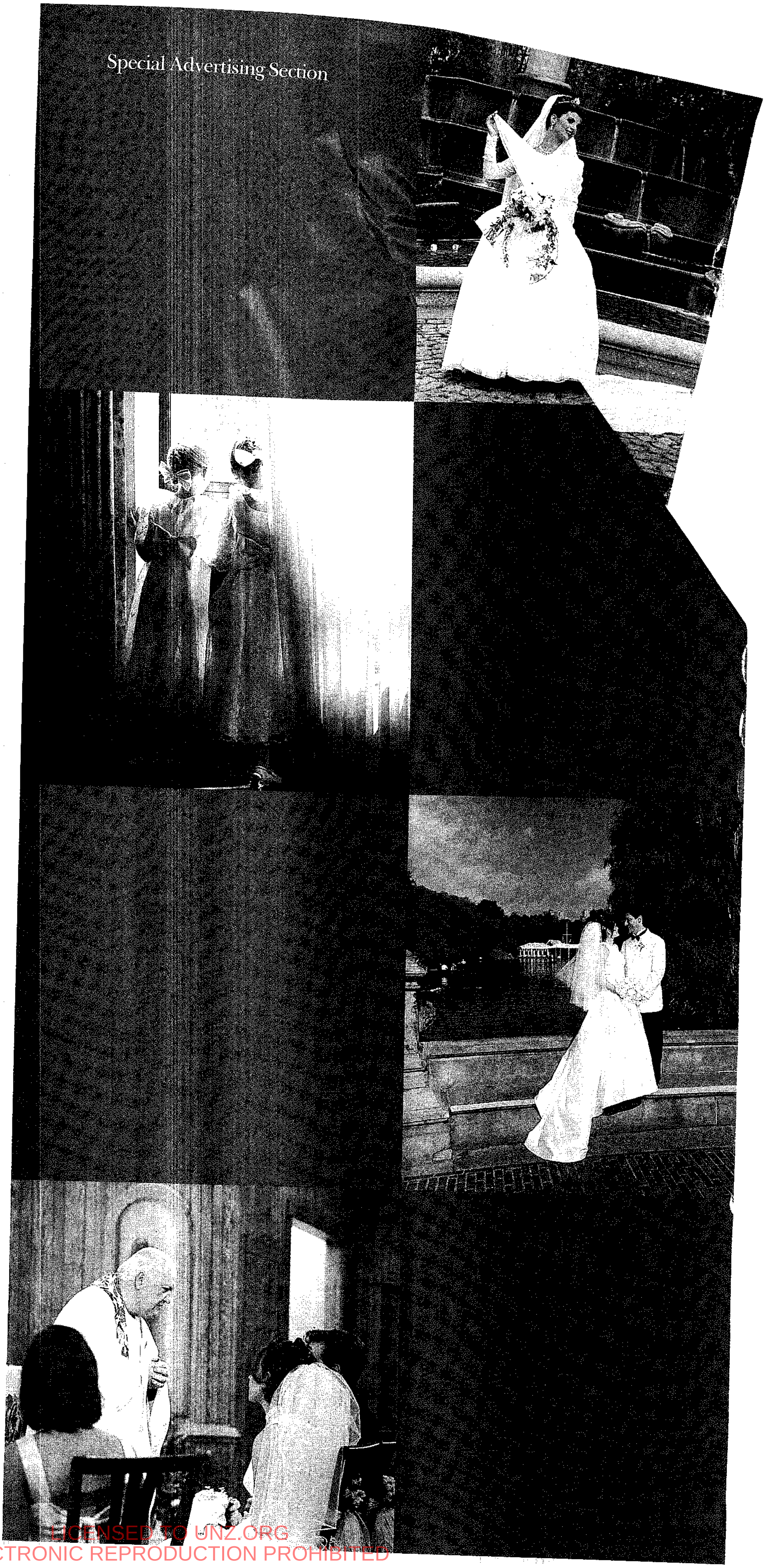
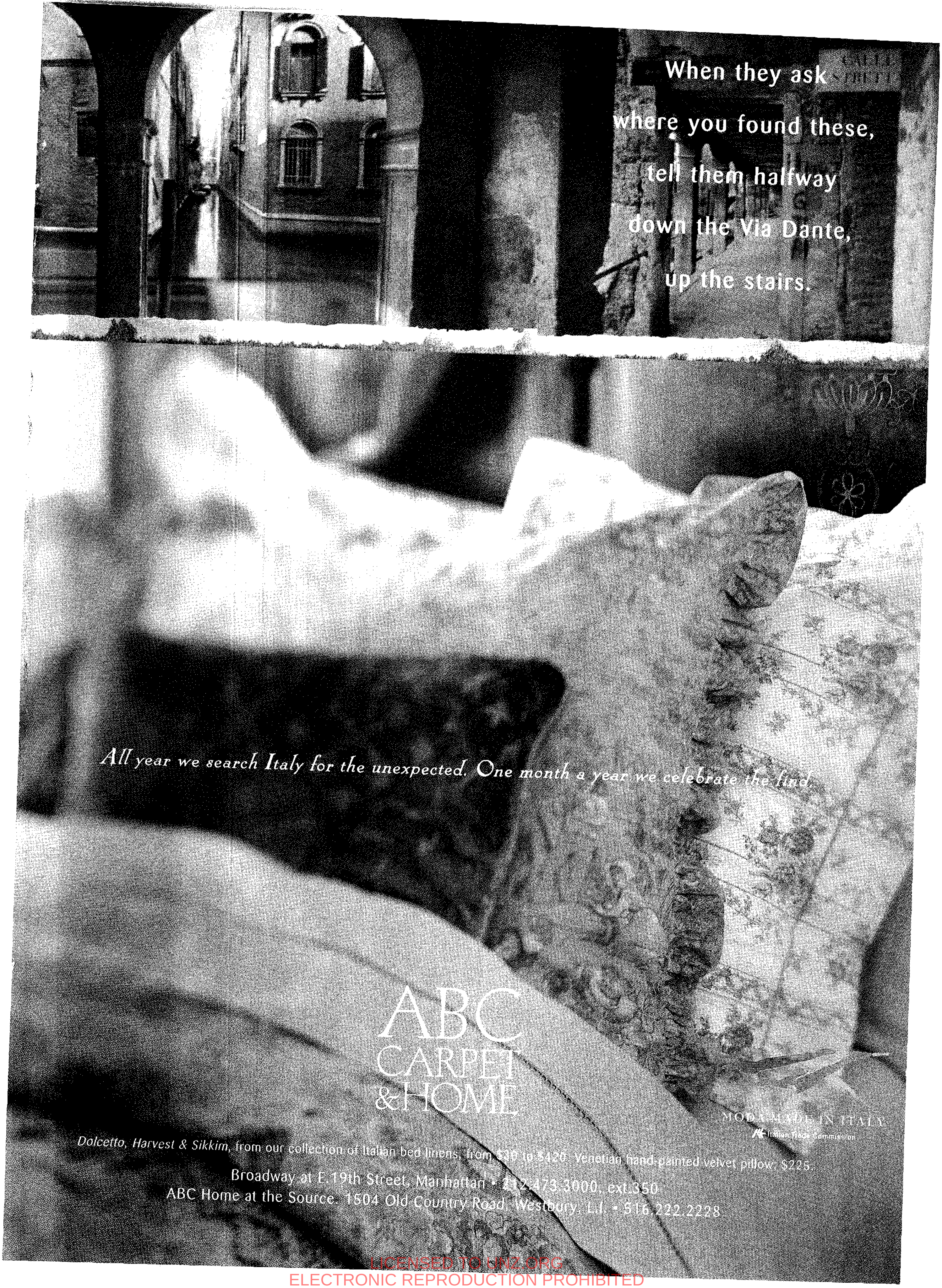
Freeze frame

One of the best ways to relive your special day is through the photographs in your wedding album. Here are two of New York's finest wedding photographers on what's hot in wedding photography today:

- Andy Marcus, president of **Fred Marcus Photography** (245 W. 72nd St., 873-5588) says couples use photographs like wedding favors. "We set up a digital camera and computer on location, snap a photograph of each guest, and mesh it with an image of the bride and groom," he says. "We have an instant photograph of the couple with each of their guests."



PHOTOS: Above, row 1, row 2, Andy Marcus, Fred Marcus Photography; row 3, row 4 Sarah Merians & Co.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- "Couples go for photojournalism," says Elizabeth Beskin, a partner in **Sarah Merians Photography** & Co. (104 Fifth Ave., 4th Floor, 633-0502). "But photojournalism alone may not produce the desired result. You might get a photograph that is unusually framed or with obscure subject matter," says Beskin. "Because every couple wants to look beautiful on their wedding day, it's important to find a photographer who can shoot wonderful portraiture as well as photojournalism."

PHOTOS: Above, row 2, Sarah Merians Photography & Co.; row 4, Andy Marcus, Fred Marcus Photography

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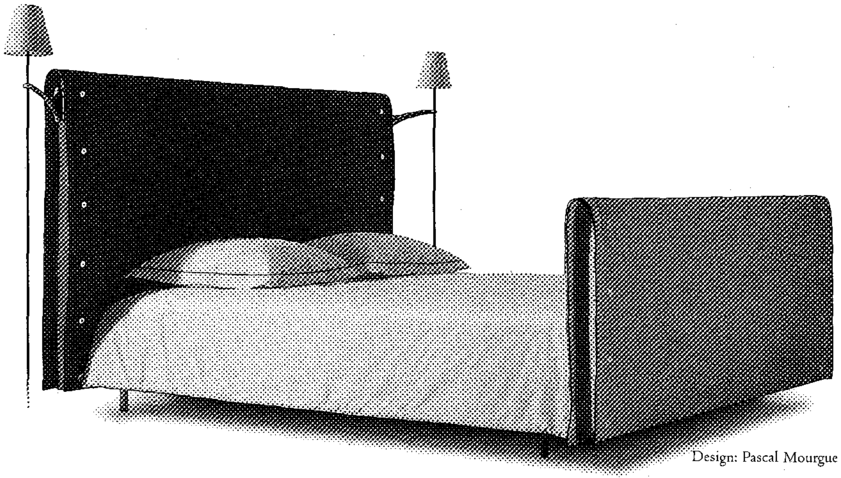

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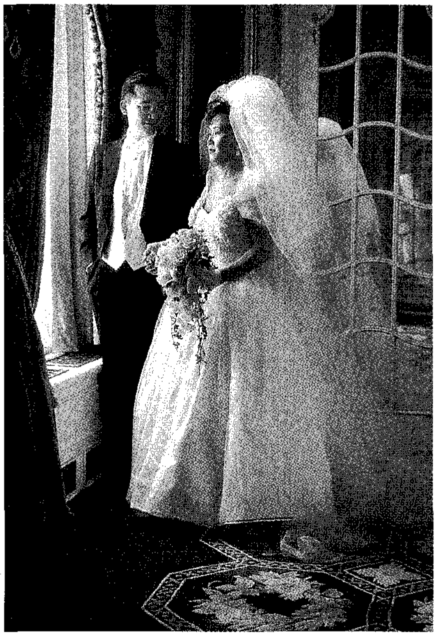
Home sweet home

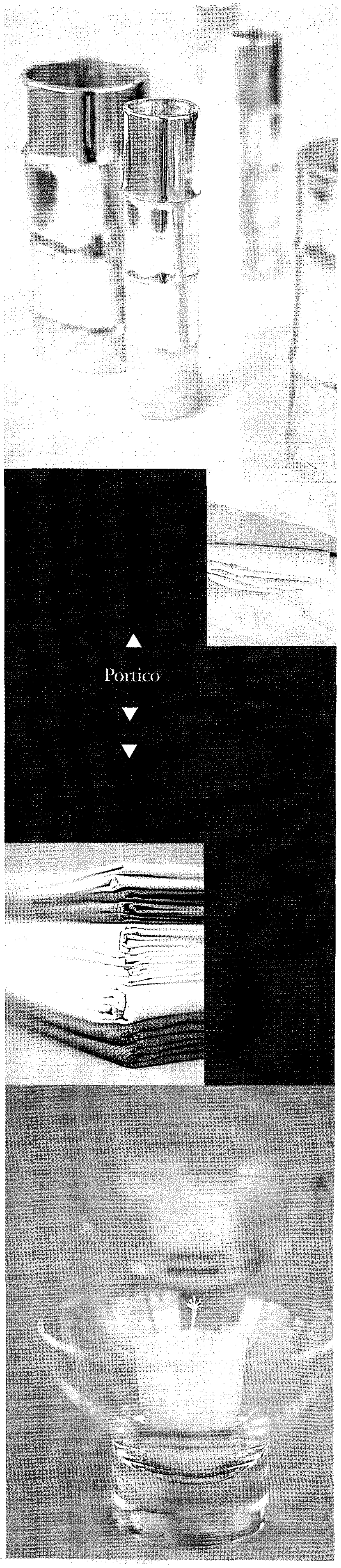
Combining your household items can be one of the trickiest parts of getting married. Don't worry, though. The staff at better home furnishings stores know exactly how to blend two households into one.

"Our design staff can help a couple incorporate the items they're bringing from their separate apartments into their new place together," says Richard Broderson, vice president of sales at **Foremost Furniture** (8 W. 30 St., 889-6347), a 50,000-square-foot showroom filled to the gills with furnishings for nearly every taste–from modern to eclectic, traditional to country. Prices at Foremost Furniture are 30% to 50% percent off retail, and couples who register here get an additional 10% off their first purchase. Check out Foremost Furniture's registry on the web at www.foremost furniture.com.

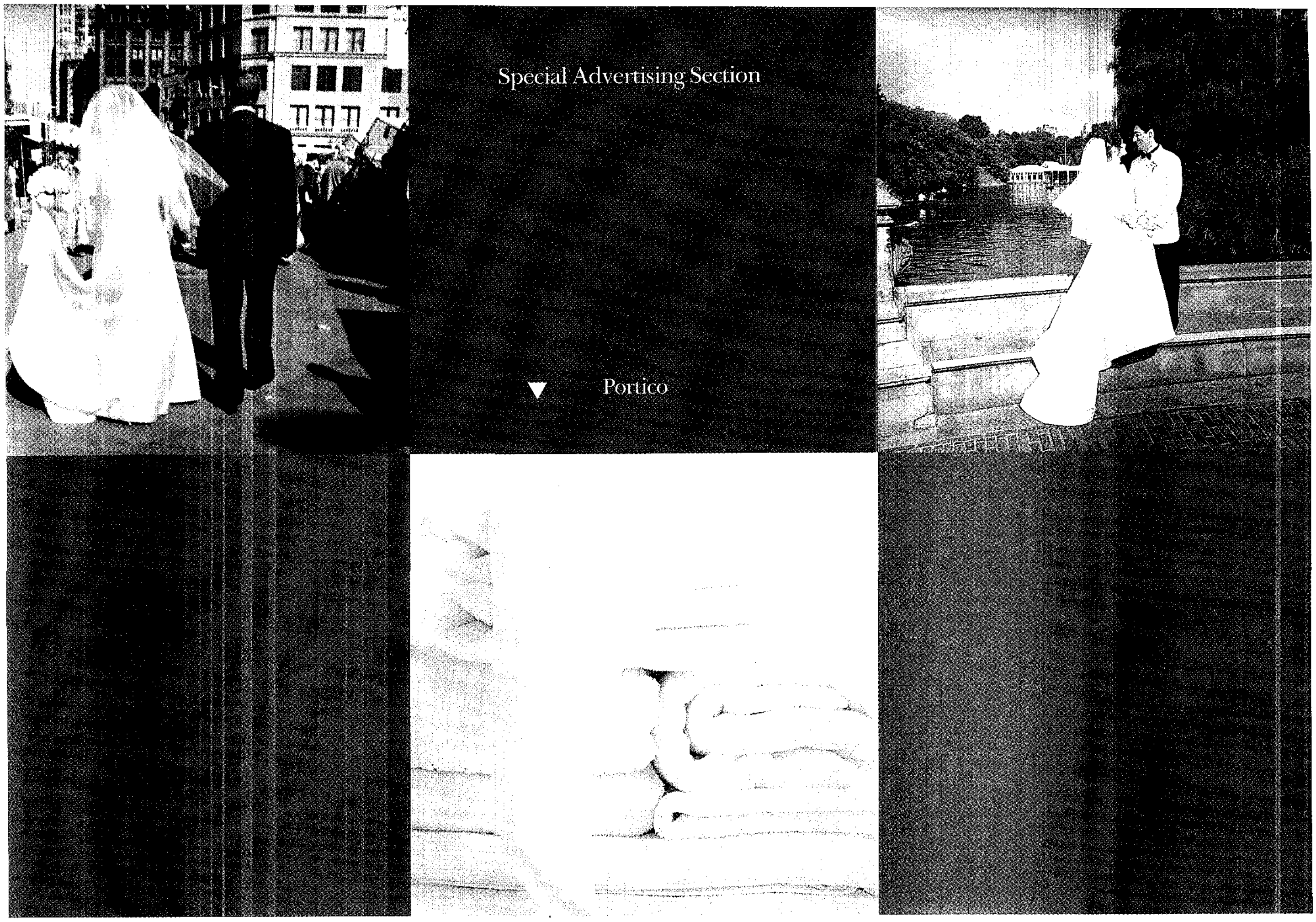
The staff at **Ligne Roset** (1090 Third Ave., 794-2903; 200 Lexington Ave., 685-1099), a preeminent French manufacturer of contemporary furnishings, is also well versed in combining households. "We help new couples navigate the development of their own sense of style," says general manager Laurie Messman. "Couples who shop here tend to be more independent and have an adventurous spirit," she says, and gravitate towards Ligne Roset's funky yet functional pieces, such as the "Maly" bed with a pivoting side table. A new SoHo store is opening soon.

At **Portico** (903 Broadway, 328-4343; 72 Spring St., 941-7800; 139 Spring St., 941-7722; 450 Columbus Ave., 579-9500; 1-888-759-5616 for additional Metropolitan New York store locations), "there is at least one professional designer on staff at every store to help in fabric and product decisions," says Christiane Lemieux, design director for this retailer of luxury products for the bed, bath, and home. All Portico customers may take advantage of the Portico Design Studio, a free interior design service (at the SoHo store). Portico's private-label bedding collection is "made in the finest European mills from the highest quality sateens and Egyptian cottons," adds Lemieux. Register for your favorite Portico products through the store's wedding registry; a new private-label furniture and textile collection debuts this summer.





PHOTOS: This page: Andy Marcus, Fred Marcus Photography
Opposite page top left and top right: Sarah Merians Photography & Co.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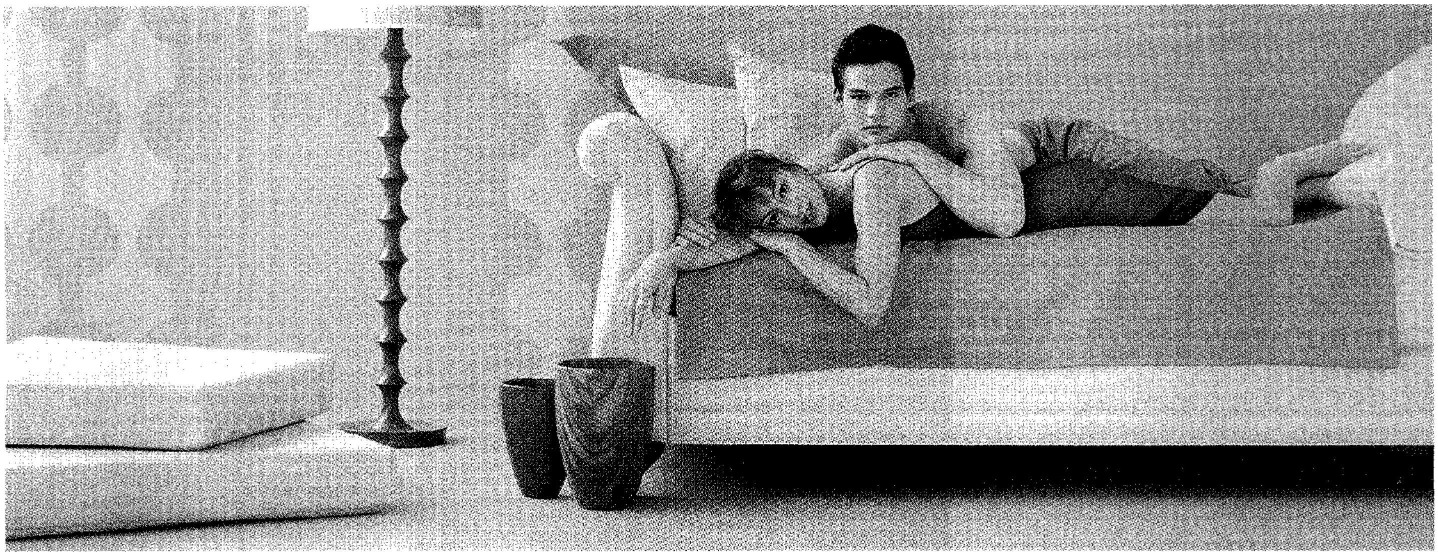


Portico is pleased to announce the addition of the Portico Gift Registry. Our mission is to offer the highest quality registry items and our personalized service. When you register with us, you can choose from any of our bedding, bath, accessories and furnishings. Portico's Gift Registry allows you to indulge yourself and create your ultimate home.

PORTICO INFORMATION **NEW YORK** 139 Spring Street • 72 Spring Street • 903 Broadway • 450 Columbus Avenue • Bridgehampton Commons **CONNECTICUT** Greenwich **NEW JERSEY** Short Hills **MASSACHUSETTS** The Atrium at Chestnut Hill • 77 Newbury Street Call toll free 1 888 759 5616 for additional store information www.porticonewyork.com

What's hot, what's not

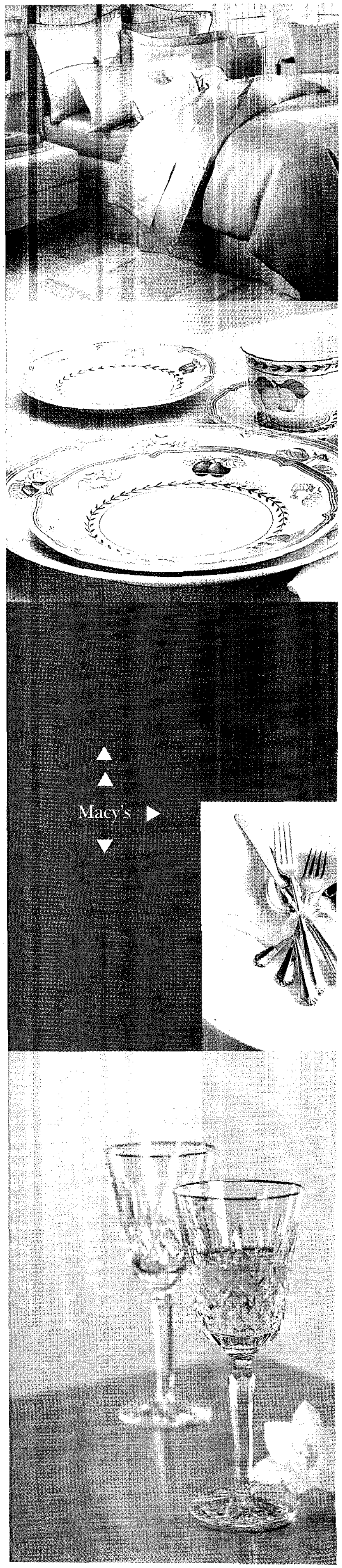
A gift registry gives your guests the inside scoop on items you'll really love and truly need. In addition, "when you're getting married, registering allows you to put together a wish list of things you might not get otherwise, such as formal china or crystal stemware," advises Linda Lee, group vice president, bridal registry at **Macy's** (151 W. 34th St., 1-800-44-WEDDING). While couples continue to register for the traditional china and crystal, they're also registering for more unusual items as well. Here, experts at five New York area stores talk about trends in registering:

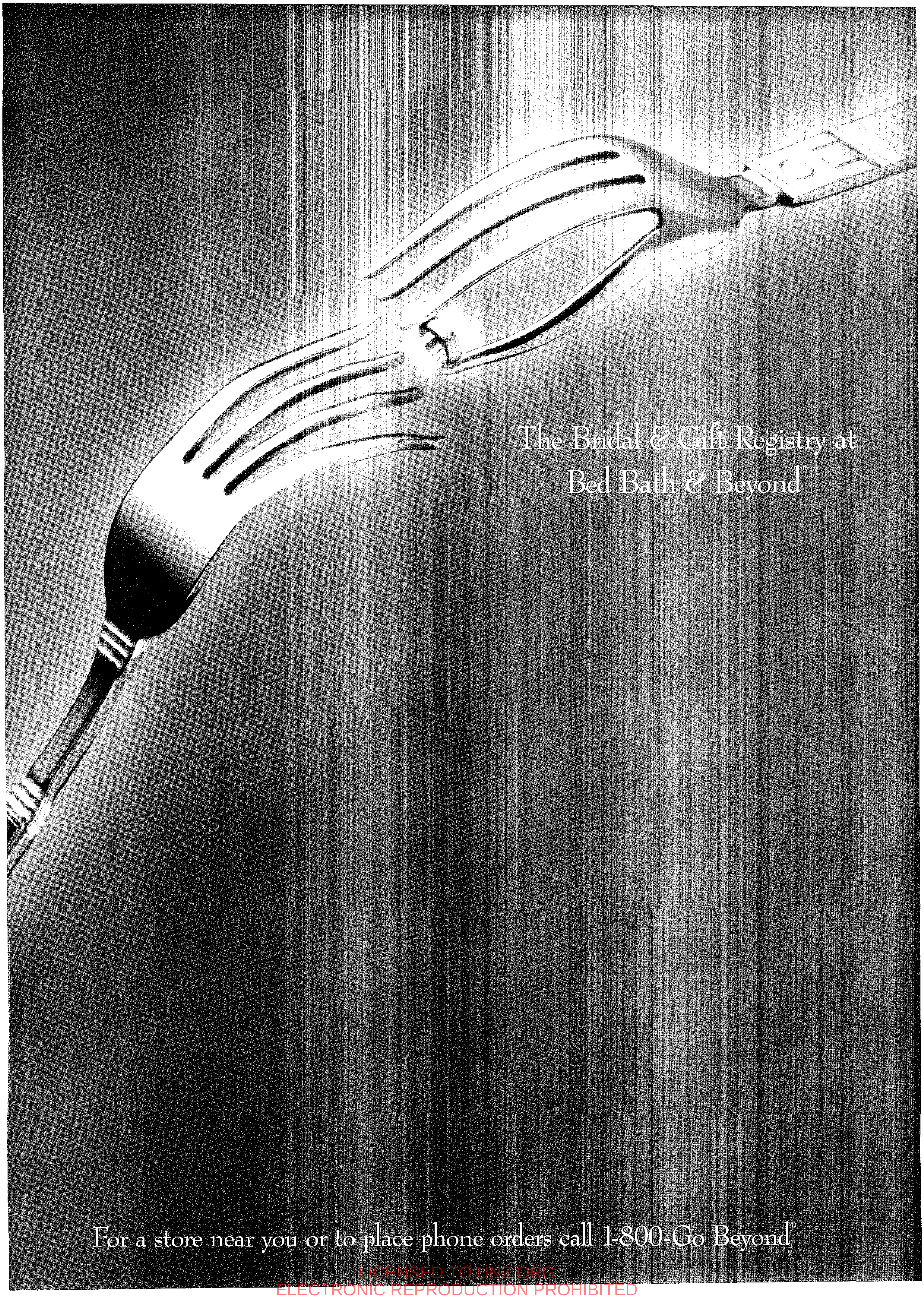
- Mixing and matching linens. Displays at **ABC Carpet & Home** (888 Broadway at 19th St., 473-3000 ext. 514) show how you can mix and match formal and casual bedding on one bed. "For example, we might use an Italian damask duvet cover printed with a faded country floral," says Loren Pack, spokesperson for ABC Carpet & Home, which offers 10 floors of unusual and eclectic home furnishings from around the world. Couples may register for anything ABC sells, including furniture, electronics, bed and bath linens, tabletop items, and garden accessories.

- Mixing and matching tabletop. "This season, some of the tabletop manufacturers, like Villeroy and Boch, have come out with mix and match patterns," says Lee of Macy's, whose registry is available at more than 250 Federated Department Stores nationwide, including The Bon Marché and Burdines. "Here, the dinner plate may have a different border from the salad plate or the cup and saucer," adds Lee, but all the components coexist beautifully on the table. "This new trend of letting couples mix and match speaks to a couple's individuality" and gives them the freedom to design a table however they choose.

- Casual entertaining. According to Bette Kahn, a spokesperson for **Crate and Barrel** (650 Madison Ave., 308-0011; The Westchester, White Plains, NY, 914-682-0900; 1950 Northern Blvd., Manhasset, NY, 516-365-7600; The Mall at Short Hills, Short Hills, NJ, 973-379-9700), formal dinner parties have long faded into social history. "A wonderful new way that today's couples are entertaining is at brunch. It's perfect for today's working couples. At a weekend brunch, you can dress casually, and you can serve casually," she says. Crate and Barrel, which allows you to register at the store or via its toll-free number, 1-800-967-6696, has found that brides and grooms prefer brightly colored ceramic dishes for everyday and entertaining. "No matter what you put on these festive dishes, it looks like a party," Kahn adds.

- Hobbies as well as home decor. At **Target** (1-800-800-8800 for the store nearest you), couples register for practical items for everyday as well as fun things to use in their free time. "Gas grills are showing up on registries as are favorite board games, video games, and the occasional mountain bike," says Karen Gershman, vice president, point of sales at Target, a Minneapolis-based quality discount retailer with 807 stores in 39 states. (You'll find Target stores in seven New Jersey locations—Burlington (opening in July),

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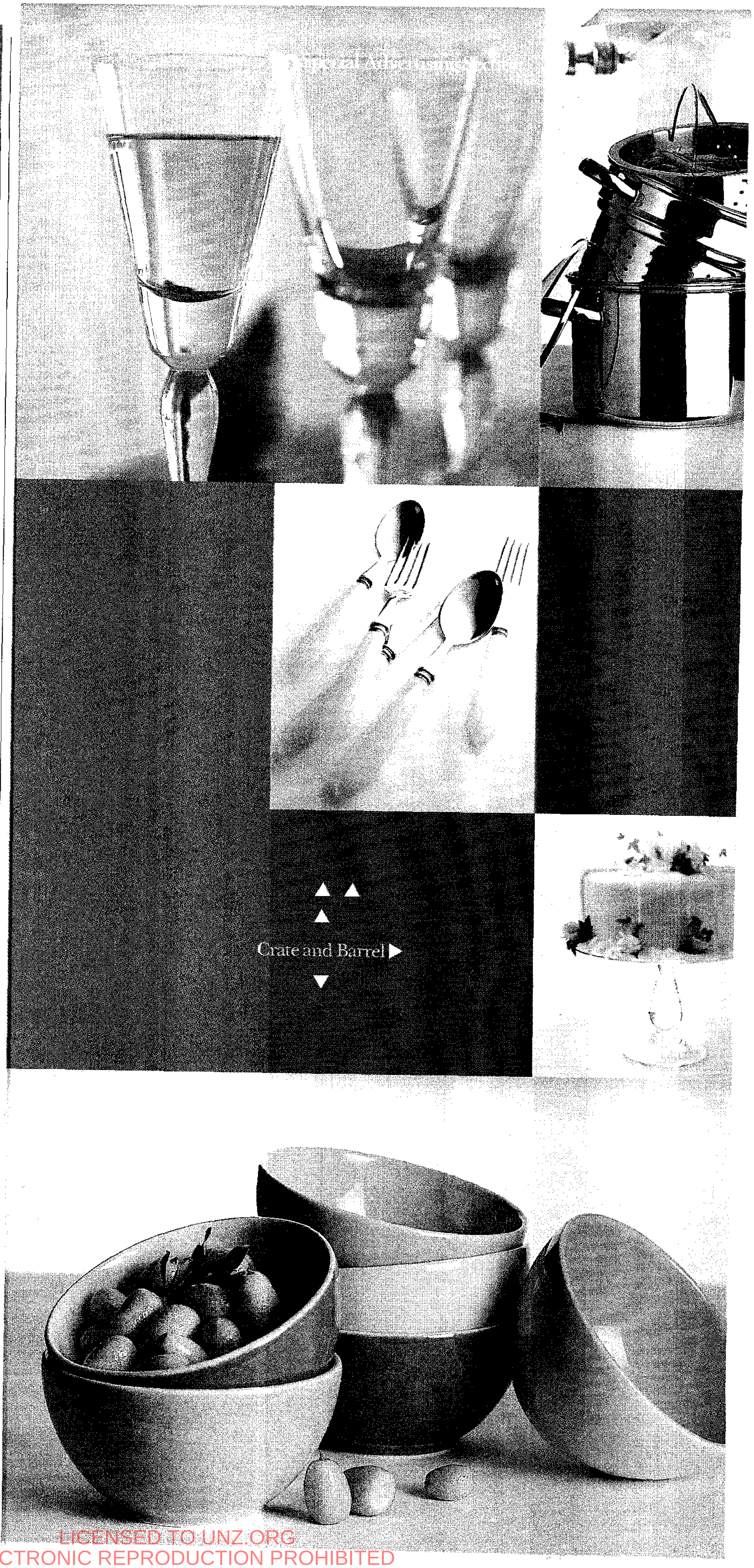

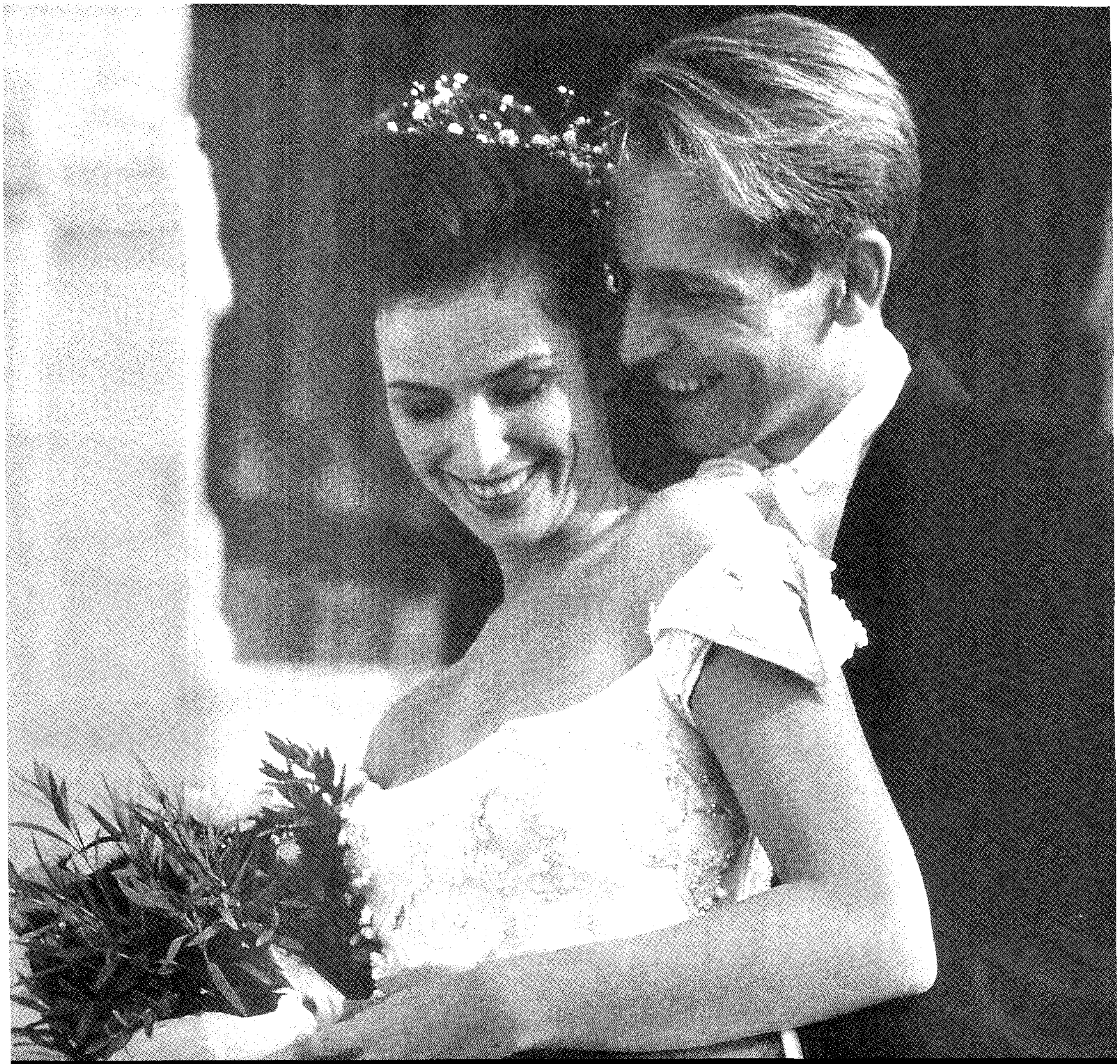

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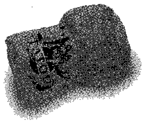

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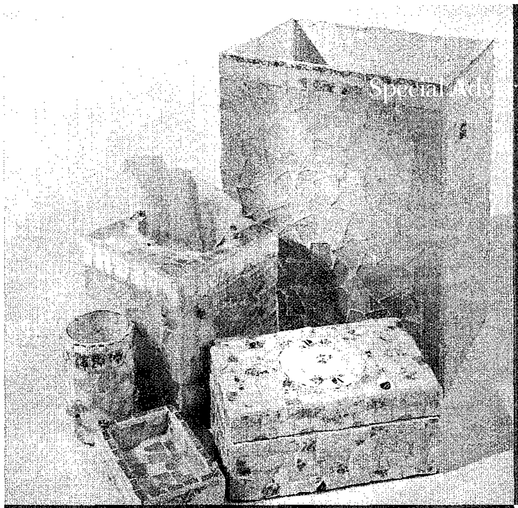
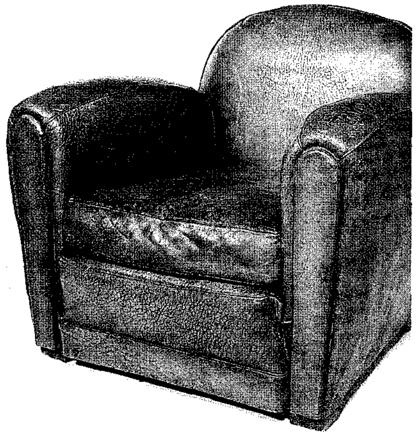
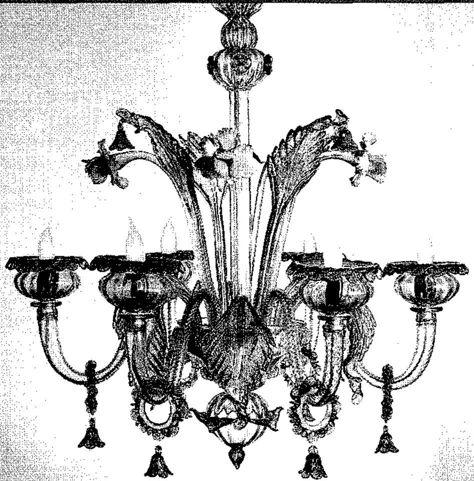
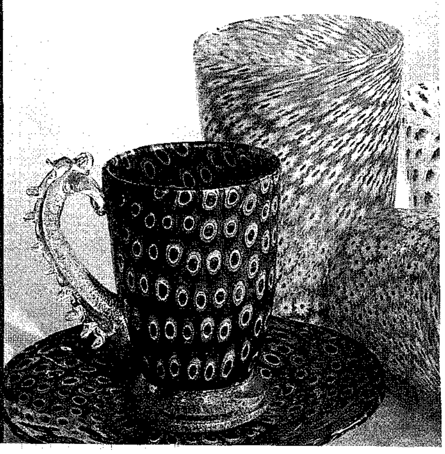




ABC Carpet & Home ▶





Cherry Hill, Edison, Mays Landing, Turnersville (July 1998), Union, and Voorhees (July 1998), and three suburban New York locations–Commack, Westbury, and West Nyack (July 1998)). "I've heard that couples like to register at Target," Gershman adds, "because they know their younger friends will find something they can afford."

- Off-beat items. "We're seeing couples select a pricey oriental rug or piece of antique furniture," says Pack at ABC Carpet & Home. Other unusual products showing up on ABC Carpet & Home registry lists: French cherry sleigh bed, hand-painted blanket box from Morocco, and handmade glass mosaic side table. At Macy's, brides are registering for intimate apparel and even Clinique makeup. Target recently compiled a list of most unusual items on a registry. It included Chee-tos,® car care products, and cases of Coca-Cola.®

- Everything under the sun. When in doubt, couples are choosing a store that can meet their every-room-in-the-house needs, like **BED BATH & BEYOND**® (1-800-GOBEYOND)®, a home furnishings superstore, with 21 locations in the tri-state area, which stocks bed linens, bath accessories, window treatments, kitchen textiles, lighting, and more. "People are registering for quality cookware and cutlery," says Lori Bolger, BED BATH & BEYOND® bridal director. Popular brands include Calphalon, Cuisinart, Braun, and Krups. They're also registering for items both large and small, including candles and closet organizers. BED BATH & BEYOND® offers personal shoppers, hand-held scanners, delivery service, and a national computerized Bridal & Gift Registry, available in all 148 stores in 29 U.S. states.

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Reception Directory

Like most brides, Kimberly Greenberg Schechter, 26, will never forget her wedding day. "It was absolutely magical," she recalls. "It was the greatest gift my parents could have given me." What made Kimberly's day special was not only that she was marrying the guy of her dreams (Marc Schechter, 27) but that she was having her wedding in the greatest city in the world.

Kimberly and Marc became husband and wife on June 28, 1997 at The Plaza Hotel. "We felt like celebrities," Kimberly recalls. Tourists in the hotel lobby snapped pictures of the happy couple, and policemen on the sidewalk outside stopped to congratulate them. Where else but in New York could a couple, just hours after they've said "I do," hop in a carriage and go for a buggy ride in Central Park? "I felt like the Queen of England," says Kimberly of her post-wedding carriage ride. "I was waving to passersby, and they were waving back!" Ah, New York, New York, it's a helluva town. Here are some of the most spectacular spaces where you can have a wedding you and your guests will remember for years to come.

Abigail Kirsch

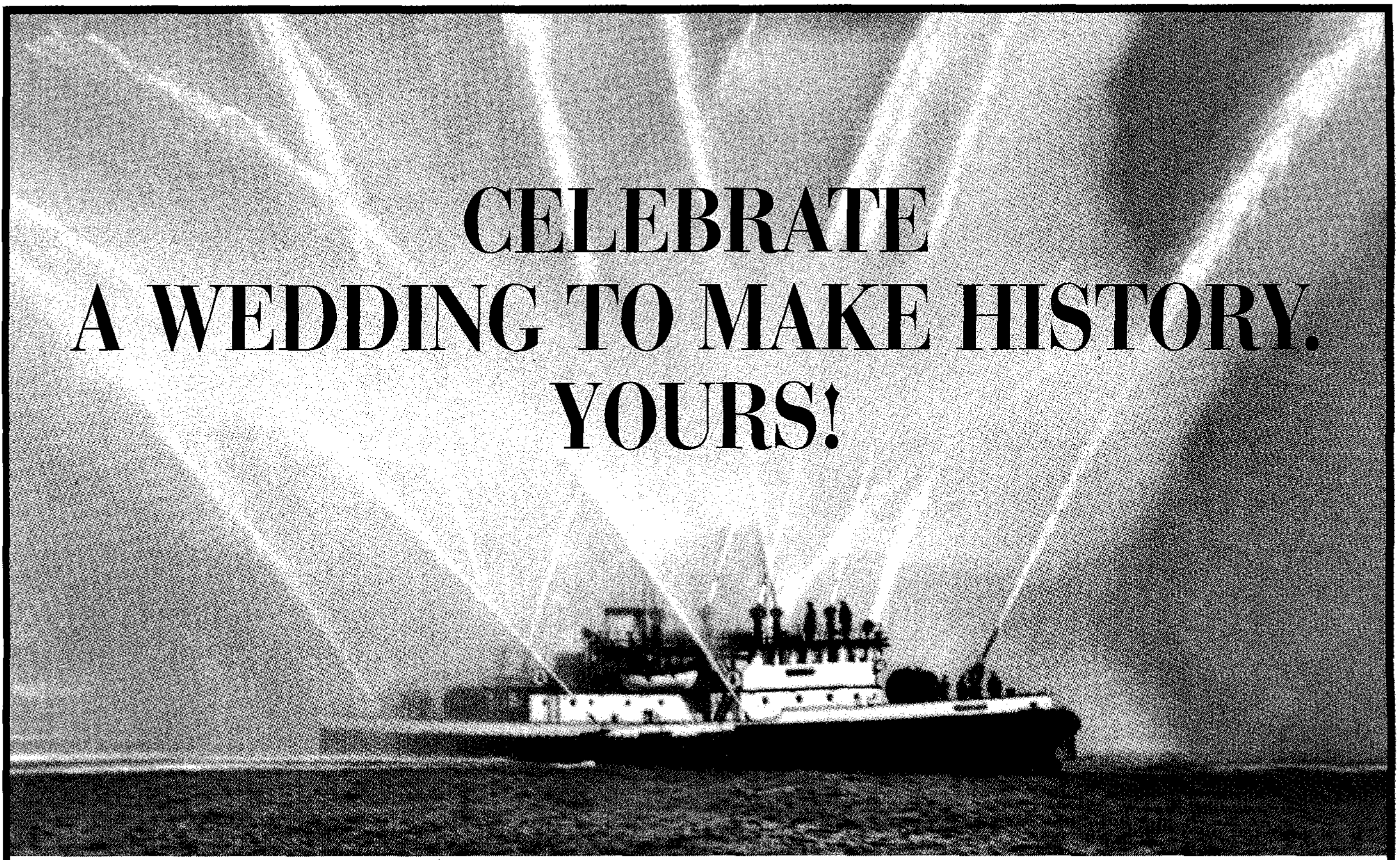
Abigail Kirsch at The New York Botanical Garden
200th St. and Southern Blvd.
Bronx, NY
718-220-0300

The Garden Terrace Room brings the glories of the Garden inside with magnificent new murals. The setting and the food of Abigail Kirsch is outstanding. Just 25 minutes from Manhattan. Accommodates up to 400 for seated dinner and dancing.

Abigail Kirsch at Tappan Hill
81 Highland Ave.
Tarrytown, NY
914-631-3030

Landmark mansion overlooking the Hudson River on an estate once owned by Mark Twain. Romantic setting, outdoor ceremony areas, accommodates 290 to 600 people. Forty-five minutes from Manhattan, with the famous food and impeccable service of Abigail Kirsch.

PHOTOS: Top of page: Andy Marcus, Fred Marcus Photography



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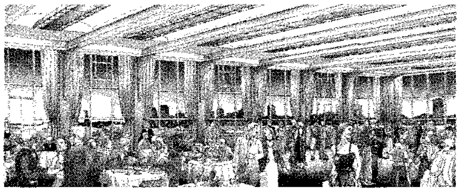

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The Castle at Tarrytown

The Castle At Tarrytown
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Tarrytown, NY
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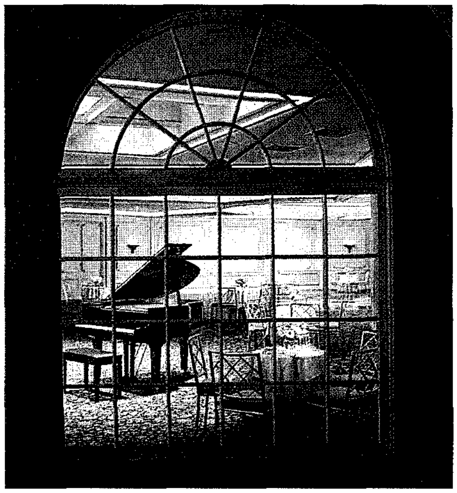
Norman-style authentic castle built in 1897, now a luxury inn, gourmet restaurant, and special events facility. Menus feature contemporary cuisine founded on French techniques. Banquet space has 40-foot Gothic vaulted ceilings, stained glass windows, musicians' balcony, and 30 deluxe rooms.



The Fountainhead

The Fountainhead
55 Quaker Ridge Rd.
New Rochelle, NY
914-235-4400

A $5 million renovation has made this luxurious catering facility feel even more like a private mansion specializing in elegant custom weddings. Its charm includes a glass-enclosed atrium, marble foyer, waterfall, working fireplaces, and skylit non-denominational chapel.

Glen Island Harbour Club
Glen Island Park
New Rochelle, NY
914-636-6500

With major renovations now complete, this secluded island location makes it the tri-state's premier waterfront location. There are dramatic water views from every corner, and sunset vistas from the on-location chapel. All this and fabulous food will make your wedding day extremely special.

Hotel Inter-Continental

Hotel Inter-Continental New York
111 E. 48th St.
906-3124

Having completed a $20 million restoration, including all of their elegant ballrooms, the Hotel Inter-Continental New York has earned a stellar reputation for its delicious food and personal service. Attractive packages available for up to 160 people.

Laura Belle
120 W. 43rd St.
819-1000

Shaped like an amphitheater, the heart of Laura Belle is its three-tiered grand room with soaring columns and Mycenean capitals rising to the 40-foot ceilings above. Theatrical lights and a pair of unique chandeliers give the room its colorful and warm ambience.

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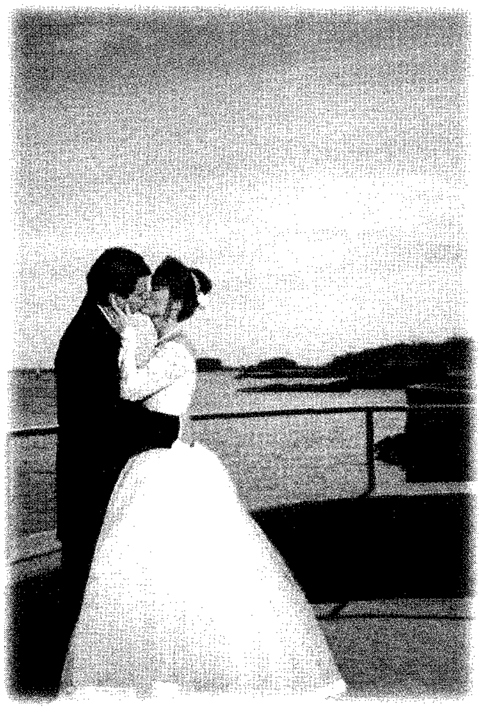

Imagine making a grand entrance across a drawbridge and through lush park grounds to an exclusive island setting with spectacular water views. The lobby welcomes you with a roaring fireplace, traditional library and elegant brass-railed staircase. Gently breaking waves and a breathtaking sunset surround the storybook chapel. The party begins when you join your guests in the magnificent ballroom for a first-class meal prepared especially for you.

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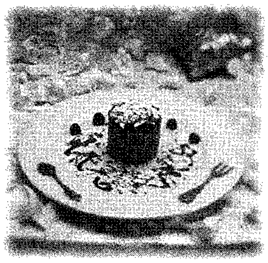

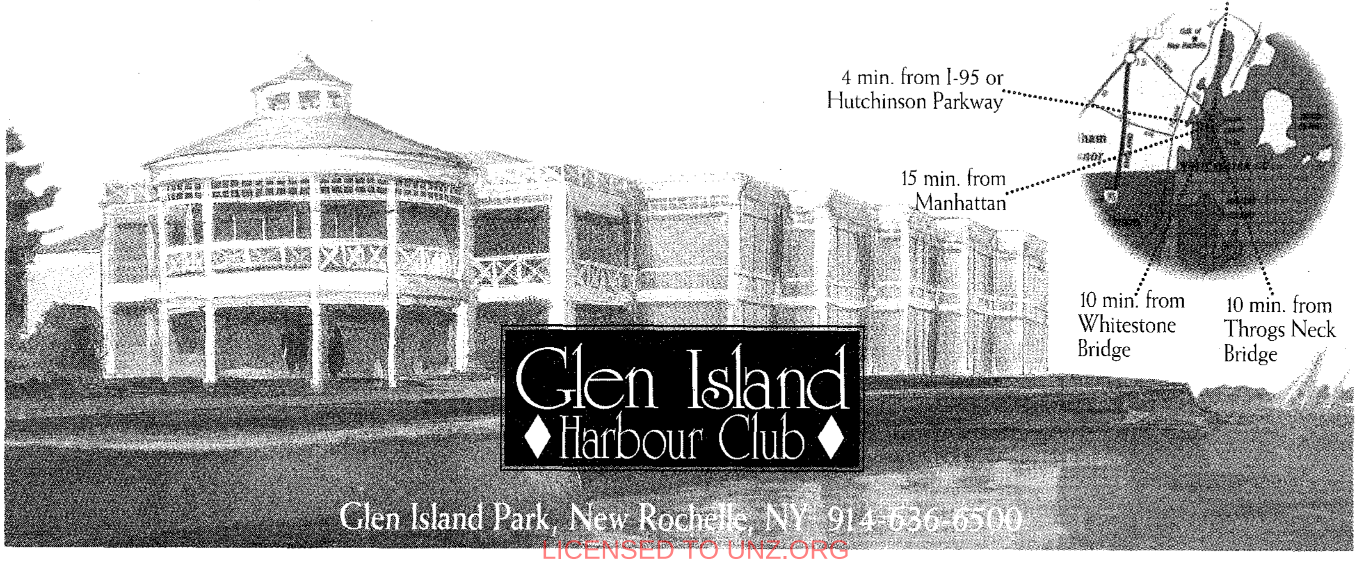
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10 min. from Throgs Neck Bridge

Glen Island
◆ Harbour Club ◆

Glen Island Park, New Rochelle, NY 914-636-6500

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New York Marriott Brooklyn
333 Adams St.
Brooklyn, NY
718-246-7000

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New York Marriott Eastside
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New York Marriott Marquis
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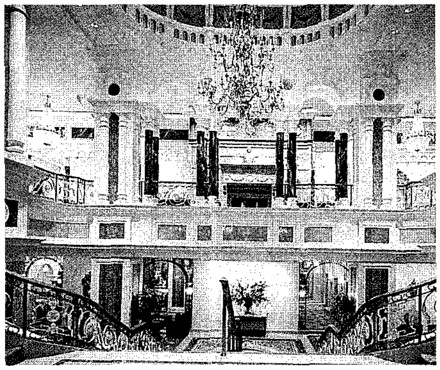

The New York Palace

The New York Palace
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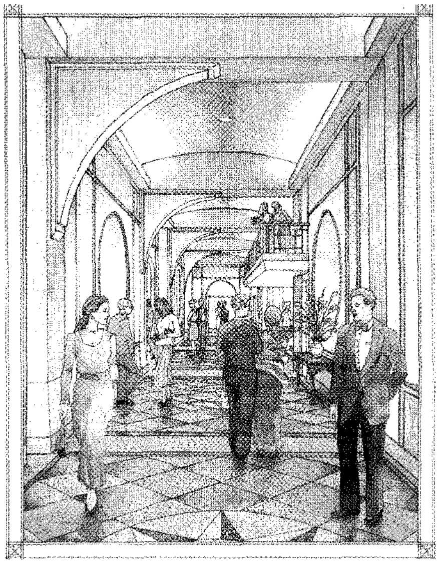
Palatial setting features oval-shaped Villard Ballroom and companion Reid Salon for 10 to 400 people. Complete catering services, and inventive menus from traditional to Mediterranean to Le Cirque 2000. Complimentary suite for bride and groom on wedding night.

The Park Restaurant

The Park Restaurant
109 E. 56th St.
750-5656

The Park has 30-foot ceilings beautifully decorated with inlaid wood and gold leaf. The menu features French-influenced American cuisine. Chef Fabrizzio Salerni works individually with each couple. The Park's five rooms can accommodate weddings and ceremonies both large and small.



Pier Sixty at Chelsea Piers

Pier Sixty at Chelsea Piers
23rd St. and The Hudson River
336-6060

Spectacular new space right on the Hudson River with floor-to-ceiling windows and fine architectural details reminiscent of great ocean liners' grand ballrooms. Accommodates 100 to 1,200 people, all under the aegis of the noted Abigail Kirsch, whose food and presentation is world famous.

The Plaza Hotel
Fifth Avenue at Central Park South
546-5480

This landmark hotel, overlooking Central Park and known the world over for its celebrity weddings, offers American and Continental cuisine; accommodates 10 to 600 guests. *A Plaza Wedding* by Lawrence Harvey, The

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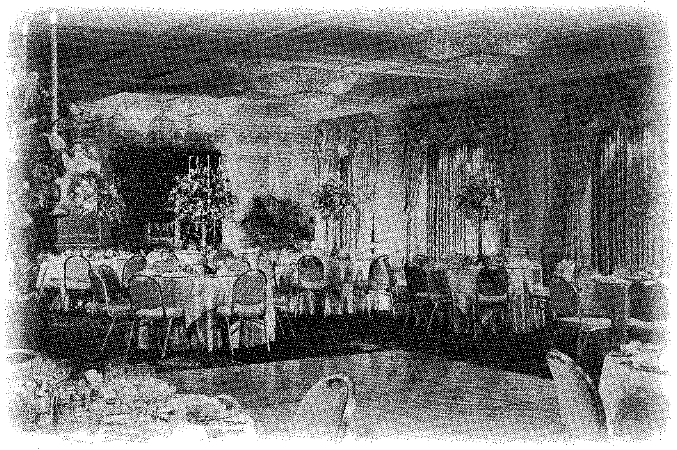

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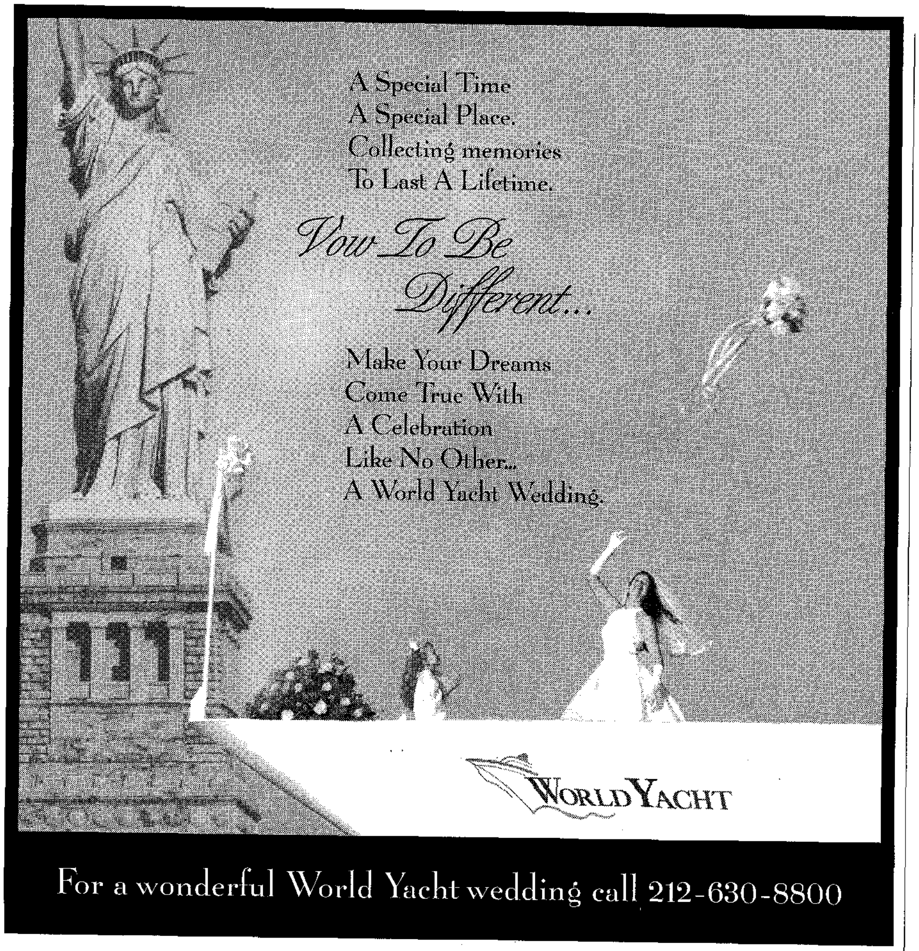
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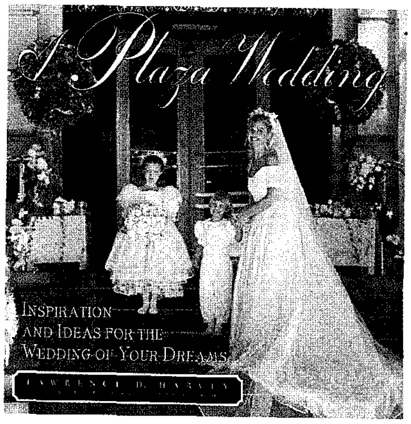

The Plaza Hotel

Plaza's director of catering, is the perfect wedding guide.

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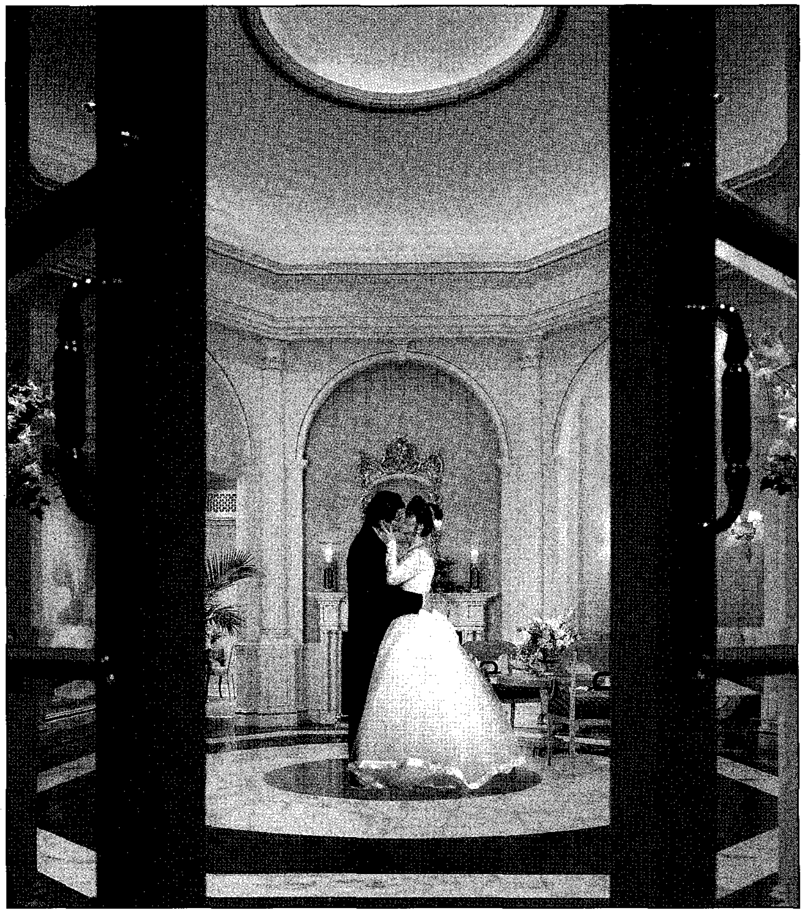

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A PERSONAL NOTE

As editor of "The City Wedding," I keep a finger on the pulse of cutting-edge trends in wedding planning. This season, I put the guide to the ultimate test–planning my own wedding. Turns out, it's a tremendous time saver. I used it to find a simple yet stunning designer dress, custom invitations, and a hip, soulful band. My fiancé used it to find a jeweler who created an emerald-cut engagement ring that takes my breath away. "City Weddings" is an indispensable resource for any busy bride and groom. Take my word for it.

–Christy Casamassima
Special Sections Editor

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Nobody Beats the Liz

A waterlogged remake of the 1954 sci-fi classic finds Godzilla stomping through Manhattan instead of Tokyo. Come back, Raymond Burr—all is forgiven!

Crunch hour: **Grabbing someone else's cab outside Grand Central, Godzilla shows he's a true New Yorker.**

DID THE FILMMAKERS RESPONSIBLE for the sodden **Godzilla**—Dean Devlin and Roland Emmerich—lack confidence in their own animation techniques? Were they afraid to put their computerized beast out there in the open daylight, as Steven Spielberg did with his brontosaurus and his raptors in *Jurassic Park*? It certainly looks that way. Long stretches of *Godzilla* were shot in slate-gray light with buckets of water miserably coming down on everyone's head, or in dark underground tunnels, or in a dim mock-up of Madison Square Garden. *Godzilla* is not a fiasco like *Waterworld* or *The Postman;* it is not an insult to the audience like *The Last Action Hero*, *Starship Troopers*, or *Batman and Robin*. Within its dreary wastes, there are a few scares, a few thrills. But the movie is soggy, murky, and depressing—a joyless and redundant experience that leaves one in a ghastly mood. It turns out that spending two hours watching a movie shot in a wet, dreary New York is not all that different from spending two hours walking around in the actual wet, dreary New York. It's true that in *Godzilla*, a rather large creature shows up now and then, but you can't always see more than a part of him (an enormous foot, the tail), and when you do, he's half in darkness. The star of the movie isn't quite there. And no one else is there, either.

Most of the fun is gathered into the first few minutes. Somewhere in the Pacific, in the middle of a nighttime storm, a Japanese trawler is attacked, its side smashed in by a gigantic scaly something. Later, there's a good Spielbergian scene in which an old bum sits at the end of a rain-soaked pier in New York and hooks a very big fish indeed. As he runs back to land, the planks of the pier go flying up in the air as if propelled by an explosion. Something's definitely coming. But even by this time in the movie—still very early on—you may begin to feel dismayed by the gray-black coloring. What, after all, is the expressive meaning of the endless downpour? The darkness and wet do not convey a necessary mood, as they did in those drenched *noir* thrillers of the forties that featured characters locked into neurotic or will-driven states of mind. I believe you can fight a 200-foot lizard in almost any kind of weather.

The practical reason for the shrouded imagery, I assume, is that it covers the seams—the places where the computer-generated monster is joined to the real-world backgrounds. Some of us may feel, however, that we've been cheated more than a little. At first, Devlin and Emmerich tease us by showing the monster only in parts; there is a good moment when Hank Azaria, as a daredevil local-TV cameraman, is so paralyzed by a combination of bravado and fear that he forgets to get out of the way and almost gets squished outside Grand Central Terminal by a taxi-crushing foot. But there isn't one great stunning moment when we see Godzilla clearly in all his glory. As the monster runs through streets, tossing automobiles, gouging skyscrapers with his swinging tail, the camera races after him, sometimes from the point of view of helicopters flying through the stone canyons in pursuit. Such imagery is thrilling at first, but when it's repeated again and again, we begin to notice that the shots have the glib, too-easy virtuosity of an advanced video game. In movies, computer-generated animation may be a double-edged sword: You can do anything with it, but if you leave plausible, photographed reality too far behind, the thrill evaporates instantly. As a pop experience—and I can't imagine any other way of experiencing it—the movie is turgid and only occasionally exciting.

The depressingness extends to the characters and actors. Matthew Broderick, as a serious young scientist summoned straight from Chernobyl, talks very deliberately and just seems sweet and out of it, as if he had no real sense of what was going on. Maria Pitillo, from the TV series *House Rules*, plays an ambitious young woman stuck in her low-status job as assistant to a pompous local-news anchorman; Pitillo, *(continued on page 96)*

Photograph courtesy of Columbia/TriStar Pictures.

BOOKS WALTER KIRN

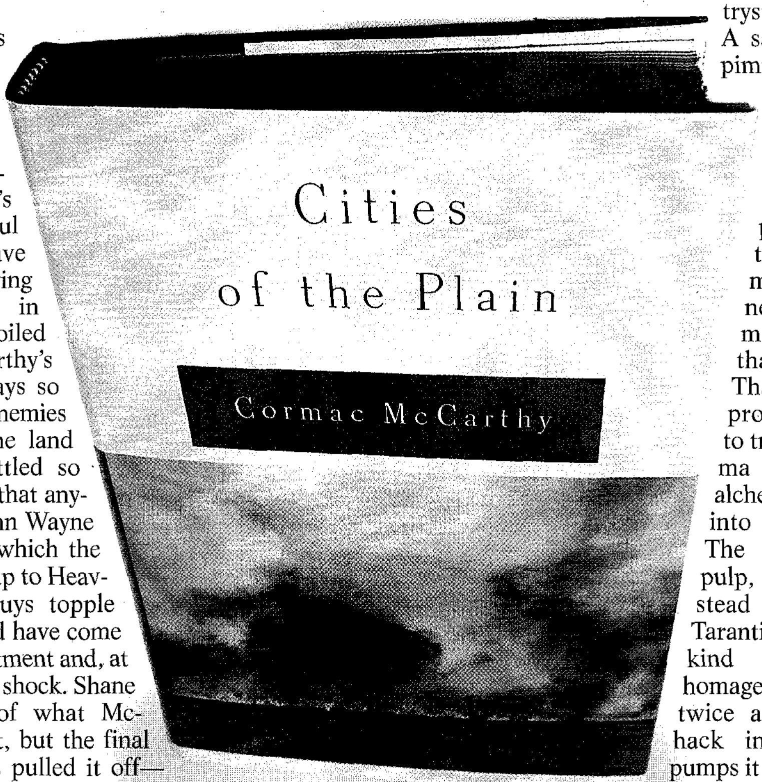
Best Western

Just when it seemed his "Border Trilogy" had thundered out of control comes Cormac McCarthy with a novel that lassoes the first two neatly.

Cities of the Plain

BY CORMAC MCCARTHY
Knopf; 292 pages; $24

THE END. AT LONG LAST, WITH *CITIES OF THE Plain,* the final installment in Cormac McCarthy's "Border Trilogy," it's suddenly become possible to discern what the series that began with *All the Pretty Horses,* a lean adventure story, and continued with *The Crossing,* a murky, shamanistic ritual, was actually supposed to be about. This hasn't been an easy job so far. A lumpy literary mix of campfire tale, lyrical outburst, and mystic rumination, the trilogy at two thirds showed little promise of ever shaping up into a whole. Instead, what we had were two quite different books whose clearest link, besides their desert settings and separate yet sound-alike adolescent heroes, Billy Parham and John Grady Cole, was the author's obsession with cowboys and ideas—an obsession as likely to yield a hundred books, all gunsmoke, dust, and fatalism, as three.



But McCarthy has tied the thing off, he's lassoed it, and with the sturdiest sort of cultural rope: vintage American Calvinism. It's a lariat that careful readers might have known he was carrying all along, stashed in a saddlebag but coiled and ready. McCarthy's cowboys were always so true-hearted, their enemies so dark-minded, the land on which they battled so pure and suffering, that anything less than a John Wayne Christian finale in which the good guys fly back up to Heaven and the bad guys topple back into hell would have come as a sorry disappointment and, at least in retrospect, a shock. Shane would be proud of what McCarthy has wrought, but the final wonder is that he's pulled it off—this rigorously sentimental Western, conventional from its hat down to its spurs despite its sometimes highfalutin' prose—to the applause of the intellectuals too.

The plot of *Cities of the Plain* is pure pulp—he's trying to make a Bible out of a comic book.

Cities of the Plain begins its work by plunking down Grady and Parham on the same ranch: a dusty, overgrazed New Mexico spread on the edge of a postwar military proving grounds. The atomic fallout is still falling, a silent, ominous dust that isn't remarked upon, only suggested. Nonetheless, it's everywhere. Old Mac, the ranch owner, a brokenhearted stoic, feels the future coming. It makes him shiver. Like the familiar dime-store illustration of the mounted cowpoke gazing skyward at the silver airplane that spells his doom, the ranch hands feel obsolescence in their bones. "What would you do if you couldn't be a cowboy?" "I dont know. I reckon I'd think of somethin. You?" "I dont know what it would be I'd think of." "Well, we all may have to think of somethin."

McCarthy's dialogue, for which he's justly famed, isn't normally so pat and cute, but lifted out of context it sure can seem that way—like cowboy blackface, sagebrush minstrelsy. His situations, too, get awfully fat at times. When Grady, taking some R and R in Mexico, falls in love with a childlike prostitute, Zane Grey himself may as well be dealing the cards—the deck is that stacked, the hands that predictable. There will be secret trysts. A solemn pact. A sadistic, possessive pimp. A rescue attempt. This isn't treading the cliff edge of cliché but a *Geronimo!* swan dive over the precipice. The intention isn't to make the old seem new again but to make it seem older than it ever was. That's the McCarthy project in a nutshell: to transfigure melodrama into archetype, to alchemize stock footage into ancient scripture. The storyline here is pulp, pure pulp, but instead of tweaking it Tarantino-style into some kind of playful pop homage, McCarthy takes it twice as seriously as its hack inventors did. He pumps it up larger, pushes it further, and works it harder, pressing for a breakthrough. By force of sheer will, raw talent, and deep faith, he's trying to make a Bible out of comic books.

It's called classicism, no "neo" about it, and it's very rare in the age of irony, which may be what makes Mc-

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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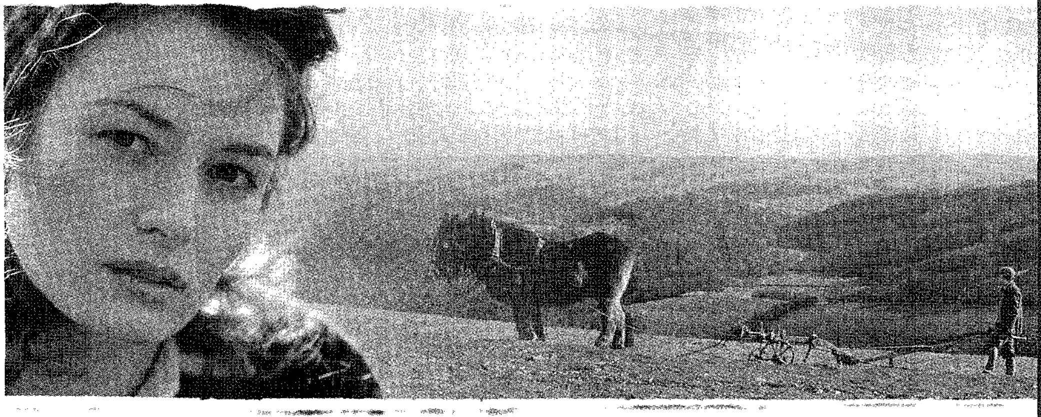

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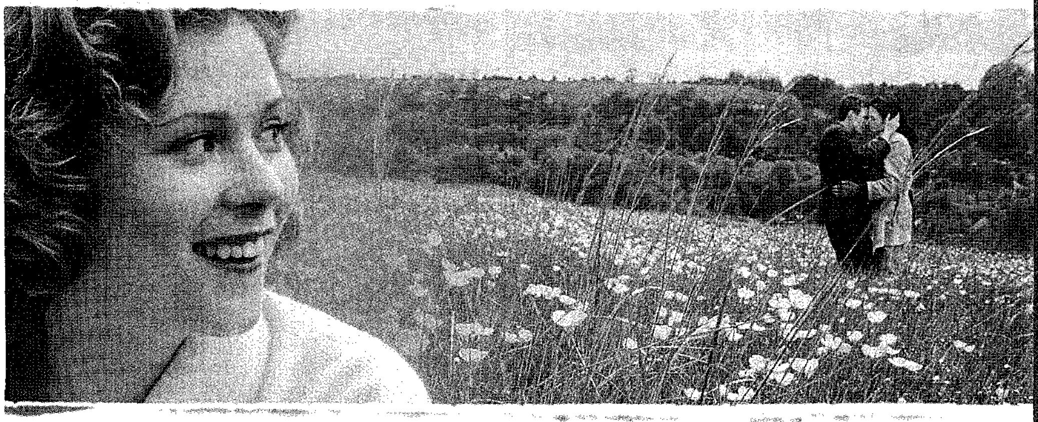

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COMING SOON
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Carthy so seductive to escapists and intellectuals alike. He understands the shock of the familiar, though sometimes he pushes far too hard trying to build cathedrals out of cardboard, as in this description of a Mexican brothel: "The house was called La Esperanza del Mundo. Where a painted child in a stained kimono with her arm in a sling wept in silence or went wordlessly with men to a room at the rear for a price of less than two dollars." This is empty eloquence defined: lush leaves of language on a dry brown stalk. Unfortunately, McCarthy is one of those who likes his poetry poetic, and there are moments in *Cities of the Plain* when Longfellow meets Peckinpah. "Along the sandy unpaved streets nightvendors trundled their carts or drove their small burros before them. . . . Plying the darkened streets and calling out like old suitors in search themselves of maids long lost to them."

Sometimes, though, McCarthy hits his mark, doing perfectly the thousandth time what's merely been done adequately all the times before. Here's an old madam dressing a young working girl: "One by one the hooks and stays, passing her hands across the lilac velvet, cupping her breasts each in turn and adjusting the border of the decolletage, pinning gown to undergarment. . . . She held the girl by the waist and turned her like a toy and she knelt at her feet and fastened the straps of her shoes."

That's the reason to read Cormac McCarthy: to see a picture that always hung slightly off-center finally put straight. Like a ranch foreman abruptly stepping forward to readjust and reseat a greenhorn's saddle, McCarthy can't leave the simplest job alone until it's been done so it won't need doing again. Not ever.

Artistic inertia being what it is, the rescue of a brutalized young maiden from her Snidely Whiplash captors by an idealistic country boy will probably be tried again, but after *Cities of the Plain,* there won't be much point. McCarthy's King James version of the yarn, the center of the novel, should prove definitive. A hundred other classic Western moments—the competitive bidding for a horse in which the rustics outsmart the city slickers; the mounted pursuit of a calf-killing predator; the sorrowing speech of the rancher who knows he's through—will also prove hard to beat. As for the big sunset and moment of truth when the black hats get theirs and the white hats either die heroes or codger on until that last great roundup, everyone returning to the corral where he was first branded good or evil, it's not a thing even McCarthy can improve upon. It was already perfect, already decided. It's just how these American stories end.

SHORTS

It's not at all hard to imagine the movie version of Helen Fielding's **Bridget Jones's Diary,** the serialized newspaper spoof of *Pride and Prejudice* that took England by storm (Viking; $22.95): Self-pitying, miniskirted, just-30 singles; a gay best friend—after *My Best Friend's Wedding,* the worst hysterical stereotypes are fair game. Pound for pound, weeping and bingeing, Bridget Jones, like Emma, Cher, and the rest of the modernized Janeites, is a really good time. Concerned for her weight, unconcerned with her hemlines, she rises to the top of the dating pool—and, incidentally, becomes a media sensation—because of her complete lack of interest in anything beyond food and fashion. The book is perfect for that long Jitney ride, and it's entirely likely that "a Bridget Jones type" will become descriptive shorthand here as it is in London. As a beach read, it offers an additional felicity: As we all know from the BBC's *P&P,* Mr. Darcy knows how to swim. Alexandra Lange

Cold New World (Random House; $26) is better read as a character study of the nature of family than as a political statement. To be polite, you'd call it loosely organized. William Finnegan's larger vision is often subsumed in the interconnected, disconnected families whose lives he's chronicling. Everyone he likes manages to get a word in. Finnegan, as he'd be the first to admit, is seduced by his subjects. But as he points out, he sticks out like a sore thumb in New Haven's projects and East Texas liquor stores, and occasionally his white-boy self-consciousness gets in the way of the story. He offers no from-on-high solutions for reigning in America's alienated youth. Instead, *Cold New World* describes its subjects and their circumstances with so much sympathetic detail that the reader, like Finnegan, is motivated to step in and help. A.L.

Richard Feynman's **The Meaning of It All** (Addison-Wesley; $22) is essentially the late Nobel Prize–winning physicist's tribute to himself. Subtitled "Thoughts of a Citizen Scientist," the book falls categorically somewhere between Feynman's numerous scientific publications and his brilliantly entertaining autobiography. Rather than expounding on the particulars of theoretical physics, Feynman waxes philosophical—another thing he excelled at—on subjects such as poverty, religion, and flying saucers, using them to illustrate the strengths and limitations of scientific thought. Closely based on a series of lectures, the text is full of fascinating if occasionally confusing digressions. Simply put, Feynman sounds like himself, which is a high compliment. Nick Meyer

Denby *continued from page 93*

it turns out, once had a fling with Broderick and has always longed for him. But Maria Pitillo has an empty space in her eyes and a tinge of unredeemed ordinariness in her manner. Who cares whether she gets back together with Broderick or goes on the air as a reporter? Framing the disaster with local-news reports is just obtuse and banal in the most movieish way. The script has a tired, halfhearted sound to it, as if it had been intentionally simplified for the meanest intelligence in Bangkok.

The festive *Independence Day* was not my kind of movie, but in that one, at least, Emmerich and Devlin seemed shrewd. Now I'm not so sure. They allow such talented actors as Michael Lerner and Kevin Dunn (playing, respectively, the mayor and a lizard-fighting Army colonel) to shout and carry on like second-raters in a sitcom. No one in the movie has any authority or stature. And there's no suffering, no terror—no blood, no bodies. The monster rampages without, apparently, hurting anyone. All of this can be justified (and doubtless will be justified) as intentionally schlocky and antiseptic, but mediocrity is finally just mediocrity. As a director, Emmerich doesn't have the kind of tactile and sensuous style that makes a monster movie an alarming experience of the dangerous and the deformed.

The original Japanese *Godzilla,* from 1954, was made in the wake of American H-bomb tests in the Pacific, and fed into queasy memories of America's nuclear attacks on Japan; the monster, which was produced by genetic mutation, could be seen as an emanation of nuclear paranoia. The Japanese masochistically turned Godzilla loose on Tokyo, not on New York (they may have been too afraid of Americans to create a revenge fantasy). In the new *Godzilla,* however, the mutations occur after *French* nuclear testing in the Pacific. When the beast attacks New York, we're told that he likes the city because there are plenty of places to hide there, which is nonsense. Why didn't Godzilla head for the Eiffel Tower? The political and "allegorical" sides of the pop epic have been trashed by commercial calculation. New York has been chosen for its box-office qualities, and so has the French action star Jean Reno, who turns up to protect France's honor (i.e., to nail down the European market).

This boring, meaningless corporate product is opening on 7,363 American screens and may push some good movies into the gutter. If we accept this situation as normal, then *Godzilla*—however trivial in itself—will have done our damaged movie culture some further harm. ■

David Denby's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com,** *along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.*

JOHN SIMON

Canceled Flight

In Arthur Miller's 'Mr. Peters' Connections,' a retired pilot journeys to nowhere; 'Nasty Little Secrets' is delicious, disturbing, and deep.

ARTHUR MILLER'S LATEST, **Mr. Peters' Connections,** is a play about nothing. Throughout, you wonder where you are, who these people are, whether they *are* people, and, above all, why you are there. The play self-destructs before your eyes, which happily enables you to combine watching with forgetting. To go about remembering it would be a true disaster.

The protagonist, Harry Peters, a retired Pan Am pilot, comes into what was (and perhaps still is) a nightclub and, before that, a bank. He is guided by someone known only as Calvin, a manager or renting agent. In the back sits—eating, imbibing, or gazing into a hand mirror—a black bag lady in a nurse's hat, Adele, whose caustic or autobiographical remarks nobody hears or heeds. The next appearance, or apparition, is that of Cathy Mae, in a filmy dress and mute. Later, she talks a bit, but more often she is on her back, seemingly dead. Harry is waiting for his wife as he discourses on a variety of things, chiefly his quadruple-A shoes, just purchased nearby, and the state of the world, but also on what the "subject" (presumably of the play) might be, which also eludes us.

Presently, Larry, a thuggish clerk from the nearby shoe store, rushes in, searching for Cathy Mae, who turns out to be his wife (and at one time, Harry's). He finds her in the offstage powder room, which all the female characters rhapsodize about in ever fancier ways, though it leaves the males who inspect it cold. Next we get a young quasi couple: Leonard, a composer of sorts, and Rose, his pregnant—though not necessarily by him—girlfriend. Eventually, Harry's decorator wife, Charlotte, shows up, though Harry has temporarily forgotten her and his own names. She gushes about the place, adores the powder room, and keeps saying "Gimme a break!" Calvin returns and is hailed by Harry as his deceased brother, but remains unconvinced. A player piano periodically sounds off with more or less apposite pop tunes. And so on to the aptly inconclusive ending, with Harry for the umpteenth time wondering what the subject is.

One can draw parallels between the author and Harry and thus identify some other real-life characters, but to little profit. More to the point, this is Miller's shot at an in-limbo play à la *Camino Real,* with absurdist-surreal touches, to prove how with-it an old guy can be. But for this, the dialogue would have to be 200 percent more interesting. And if we are to worry about whether the characters are alive or dead or dreaming, they must first become something more than hand-me-down wraiths.

The good Garry Hynes directed, but was understandably stumped. As Harry, Peter Falk is an older Columbo, but broader in accent and mannerisms. If you find his performance old hat (or old raincoat), you can occupy yourself with trying to guess which of his eyes is his famous glass one. Jeff Weiss, almost miraculously, manages to infuse life into Calvin; Tari Signor, as Rose,who finds a father figure in Harry, has a wispy appeal; Anne Jackson, in the wretched role of Charlotte, at least dazzles with her superb elocution. The rest sink in the slowest quicksand ever. The one possible question is: What does that prodigious powder room with "those toilet seats [of] solid African mahogany [whence] the imprint of woman's flesh . . . can never be entirely washed away" stand for? I myself, I'm afraid, must take a powder on that one.

Faulty wiring: Peter Falk and Chris Carr in *Mr. Peters' Connections.*

LANIE ROBERTSON'S **Nasty Little Secrets,** WHICH PLAYED AT Primary Stages a decade ago, is back, once again confirming his talent for freely imagined drama about real people. Now the topic is the playwright Joe Orton—and Kenneth Halliwell, his lover, roommate, and murderer. As the author states, he did not use John Lahr's well-known biography or its movie version as his source; like Cézanne, he "painted a dream of apples" rather than apples.

The salient facts more or

(continued on page 132)

Photograph by Susan Johann.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

The Song Also Rises

The New York Festival of Song celebrates ten successful years of giving voice; 'Esther' is a miraculous merging of Handel and Racine.

'TERMINAL PATIENTS IN THE ALREADY QUARANTINED world of classical music." That's how Steven Blier grimly characterized the reduced status of vocal recitals a decade ago, when he and Michael Barrett made the nervy decision to co-found the **New York Festival of Song.** Perhaps Blier was right, back when only starry names like Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Janet Baker could sell enough tickets to fill Carnegie Hall for an evening of lieder and song. But times have changed. The world of classical music was never as sick as doom-and-gloom types wanted us to believe, singers of all kinds are now darlings of the concert scene, and the New York Festival of Song flourishes. To celebrate, Barrett and Blier recently put on a delectable tenth-anniversary concert at the 92nd Street Y, further proof that musical communication is never quite so immediate, personalized, or stimulating than when a healthy voice is raised in song.

Of course, such good things do not happen by themselves, and the Festival of Song has been in the best of guiding hands right from the start. Over the past ten years, NYFOS concerts have utilized the services of more than 130 singers—a rich body of vocal talent—and these two discerning pianist-impresarios have capitalized on it with entrepreneurial cunning. Imaginative programming prods these singers to give of their best, and that is another factor in the group's success. The first half of the anniversary evening recalled many favorites from past seasons, beginning with Susan Graham's luscious rendition of Hahn's "À Cloris" and peaking with Amy Burton's scrumptious "J'ai deux amants" from Messager's *L'Amour masqué*—could Yvonne Printemps in person have sung this charmer more irresistibly? NYFOS regulars William Sharp and Kurt Ollmann revisited songs by Brahms and Poulenc with predictably exquisite results, and once again the world seemed a better place after the team of Bolcom and Morris finished relishing a classic pop ballad from days of yore. No singer I know holds an audience more tightly than Joan Morris, even with the wispiest of voices. But then, never underestimate the power of song. This enchanting performer once confessed, and I'm inclined to believe it, that she decided to go professional only after a homeless person heard her singing to herself one day in Central Park and gave her a dollar.

Part two of the program was appropriately devoted to songs in celebration of song. Leading off with "The Song Is You," the indestructible Roberta Peters sounded fresher than any soprano who made her Metropolitan Opera debut in 1950 has a right to. A highlight toward the concert's end was Rodgers and Hart's "Sing for Your Supper," warbled with swinging virtuosity by Sylvia McNair, Susan Graham, and Stephanie Blythe. Classically trained young American singers move into the Broadway idiom with ease, and this million-dollar trio audibly rebuked the amplified shouting that now passes for singing in musical comedy. Harolyn Blackwell is another soprano who could give Broadway babies a few lessons—and what a pleasure to hear her voice radiate into the hall with a newfound assurance after a period of uncertain career moves. But then, wonderful singers always seem just that much more wonderful when they join up with NYFOS, each time proving Blier's firm belief that there is nothing more beautiful, or more fun, than a song.

A singing success: From left, Susan Graham, Stephanie Blythe, and Sylvia McNair.

IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, THE STORY OF **Esther** as the basis of a theatrical collaboration between Racine and Handel. Both addressed the subject—Racine in 1689 as a poetic drama and Handel in 1718 as an oratorio (or masque)—but it's taken the two men 280 years to meet and blend their approaches to this classical biblical tale. The midwives who made it possible are director Eric Fraad, a Joseph Papp protégé, and harpsichordist-conductor Bradley Brookshire, a leading light of New York's rather lonely original-instrument scene. The result was unveiled recently by Millennial Arts Productions at the Angel Orensanz Foundation on Norfolk Street on the Lower East Side—the site, appropri- *(continued on page 100)*

Photograph by Toby Wales.

POP MUSIC

ETHAN SMITH

Tenured Radicals

Quintessential downtown guitar futurists Sonic Youth have a new studio, and a new album—their best of the nineties—to show for it.

IN 1991, SONIC YOUTH WENT ON TOUR with Neil Young & Crazy Horse, opening for the shaggy legend in arenas nationwide. A decade into their career, the New York quartet had recently released their first major-label album, *Goo;* traded in some of their expansive soundscapes for a leaner, punchier sound; and scored their first FM-radio near-hit, "Kool Thing." Meanwhile, Young—whose sprawling musical meditations had been discovered by the alternative movement for which Sonic Youth had set the stage—had earned an unlikely (and mercifully short-lived) moniker: "the Godfather of Grunge." For a moment, it looked as though there was going to be a grand reconciliation between "alternative" musicians and the classic-rockers to whom bands like Sonic Youth were supposed to provide the option.

The tour was basically a disaster. No matter how good it looked on paper to pair the new, feedback-loving guitar anti-heroes with the old-school, feedback-loving six-string expressionist, Sonic Youth proved too experimental for your average classic-rock concertgoer. Young's fans gave the openers the finger, covered their ears, and left horrified. Thus were jaded hipsters and aging boomers alike reminded that avant-garde art still has the power to shock, to infuriate, and to move people—if only toward the exits.

Ranaldo, Gordon, Shelley, Moore: Off-kilter musicianship with catchy hooks.

Photograph by Joseph Cultice/DGC Records.

ON THEIR NEW ALBUM, **A Thousand Leaves** (DGC), SONIC Youth are even farther from mainstream pop than they were on any of their four previous major-label releases. Guitarists Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo skitter and wail; the group stretches out on plenty of songs, improvising its way through hypnotic instrumental passages. The album's lyrics—by Moore, Ranaldo, and bassist-singer Kim Gordon—range from poetic opacity to cerebral playfulness, with the occasional political rumination thrown in.

This isn't to say *A Thousand Leaves* is inaccessible: It's Sonic Youth's best album since their 1988 landmark, *Daydream Nation.* The beauty of Sonic Youth is their counterintuitive knack for balancing off-kilter musicianship with catchy hooks and chugging beats. Their sound is as difficult for hard-core experimental-music aficionados to swallow as it was for the Neil Young fans. Which makes them uncategorizable—and therefore that much more of a challenge to the status quo.

"Sunday," the first single from the album, is a Thurston Moore classic—a delicate two-chord riff suspended above Steve Shelley's propulsive drumming. As with all the best Sonic Youth songs, the heart of "Sunday" is its sense of melancholy. "Sunday always seems to move so slow," Moore sings. Midway through the song, immediately after he delivers the lines "Why can't I set you free? Will you do the same for me?" the band shatters the fragile mood with a squealing, distortion-soaked explosion. Just as quickly, though, the song gracefully resolves back into its easygoing melody.

Moore's been dabbling in free jazz for several years now, jamming with the likes of William Hooker and Rashied Ali. Paradoxically, though, he's also the most *pop* songwriter in the band: For all Moore's weird guitar tunings and dissonant chord clusters, his best songs still have hummable little melodies at their core. The title of a Ranaldo song on the new album, "Karen Koltrane," neatly encapsulates the apparent contradiction of hybridizing the singing half of the Carpenters (the late Karen, to whom Sonic Youth has addressed songs before) and the ear-challenging, mid-sixties John Coltrane of *Meditations* and *Om.*

LIKE ANOTHER ICONIC NEW YORK QUARTET, THE VELVET Underground, Sonic Youth have upheld a careerlong commitment not to play blues—which takes some determination, given that blues is the basis of 80 percent of rock music. This is part of a larger legacy they've inherited from the eighties improv/art-music scene—the general avoidance of all prefabricated musical forms.

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Nowhere have the members of Sonic Youth better demonstrated their ability to think outside the limits of traditional structure than on three EPs they released themselves last year. Titled simply *SYR 1, 2,* and 3, the discs consist of sweeping, orchestral music with no vocals. The EPs came about because the band finally set up their own recording studio—with a full-time engineer—where they could capture any musical notion that crossed their collective mind. The discs feature minimal packaging, simple artwork borrowed from Stockhausen LPs, and liner notes and song titles in various foreign languages—French, Dutch, and Esperanto (the same tongue in which Elvis Costello offered the liner notes to *Blood and Chocolate,* and possibly the only link between the two acts).

Batteries apparently recharged by the forays back into indie-land, Sonic Youth set about recording their next album for Geffen. *A Thousand Leaves,* too, owes its experimental sound to the existence of the new studio—the band simply had more time to do what they wanted. Which points to an interesting paradox: They could afford a more leisurely schedule, presumably, because of the commercial success of albums like *Goo, Dirty,* and *Washing Machine.* After the first two releases in the *SYR* series, Sonic Youth played Avery Fisher Hall, where punk kids rushed the stage. The downtown art rebels had become uptown art rebels.

POP MUSIC

FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS, SONIC YOUTH'S music has had an immediately identifiable sound. But though their influence has been incalculable—for better or worse, they were largely responsible for alternative rock as we know it—and though any zhlub with a guitar and an aptitude for dissonance could write a passable pastiche of a Sonic Youth song, examples of direct rip-offs have been remarkably rare. This is probably because nobody else could credibly pull off the stance that goes with the music: ironic but engaged, revolutionary but established. Three of the four members of Sonic Youth now have children, one of whom (Ranaldo's 13-year-old son, Cody) is old enough to play guitar in his own band. The remarkable thing is that the more the group matures, the more they sound like themselves.

Next week, Sonic Youth return to the clubs, marking the release of *A Thousand Leaves* with three nights at Irving Plaza. They'll have different opening acts each night, including a legend of the experimental jazz Moore loves: drummer Milford Graves. His free-form swing is as harmonically "out" as a lot of the Sonic Youth stuff is, and it's a safe bet their audience will receive it about as warmly as Neil Young's fans received them seven years ago. Such is the dilemma of the institutional revolutionaries. ■

Davis *continued from page 98*

ately enough, of the oldest synagogue in New York City.

Inevitably, Racine's text and Handel's score had to be drastically abridged, especially since Fraad and Brookshire have devised an elaborate framework for the action, one that involves personal appearances by dramatist, composer, and their royal patrons. As a prologue, Racine and Louis XIV are discovered casting the drama with the students of the all-girl academy at Maison St. Cyr, and later we encounter Handel at the Duke of Chandos's estate preparing the singers for the first performance of his masque. Still later, the two men meet and bond during a balletic dream sequence, as the story of Esther, Mordecai, King Ahasuerus, and the evil Haman unfolds around them, enacted by a double cast of actors and singers. Beyond that, *faux* Gregorian chant and bits of music by other composers—Lully, Moreau, and Couperin—are pasted in whenever nothing by Handel was available to do the job.

Don't ask me how, but the whole crazy mix works, although I doubt whether anyone would be able to follow it without constant referral to Fraad's detailed scene-by-scene description of the action. The exuberance and sheer theatricality of the entire production certainly helped to sustain continuity and clarity. Fainthearted performers would be disastrous in this mannerist exercise, but the cast, responding to Fraad's urgent direction, went right to the core of their characters while communicating the tragic kernel of the story: Esther may have triumphed and Haman is destroyed, but the anti-Semitic evil unleashed on the house of Benjamin lives on.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

There was one knockout voice onstage: countertenor Bejun Mehta, who sang Mordecai's florid arias with tonal opulence, brilliant coloratura authority, and musical sophistication. Mehta, distantly related to the conductor, had a brief flurry of celebrity fifteen years ago as a boy soprano, and since then he has tested various careers, as a cellist, a conductor, an award-winning record producer, and a scholar of German literature. This formidable talent should really major once again in singing, and perhaps now he will—next season, Mehta takes a lead role in the City Opera's production of Handel's *Partenope.* Scarcely less impressive was Indira Mahajan's strongly centered, richly textured soprano, eloquently put to use as the singing incarnation of Esther. The period-instrument orchestra had occasional problems with coordination and intonation, possibly because of its awkward position at the far end of a rectangular performing space—a small price to pay, considering how the ancient sanctuary itself contributed so effectively to this too busy but always imaginative conflation. ■

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Divine *Oeuvre*-kill

The Waldorf's Peacock Alley struts and stumbles to the strains of a harp; Provence gets a workout at Jean Lafitte on West 58th.

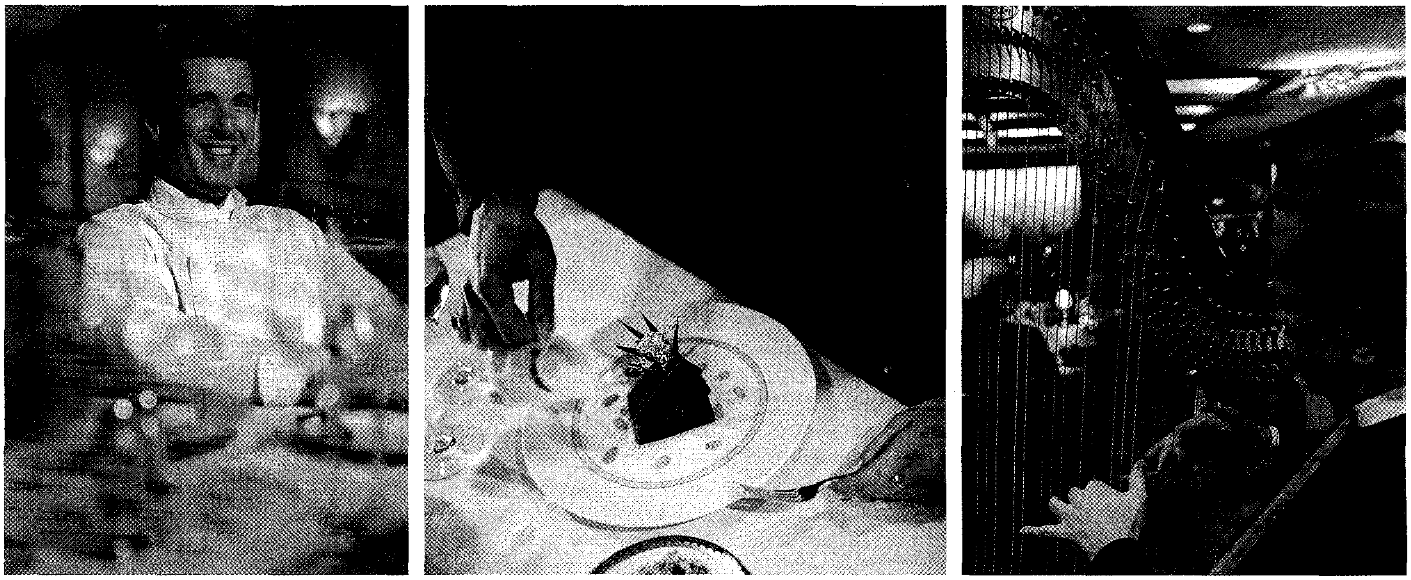
‘HARPS AND COCKSCOMBS ARE NOT MY IDEA of a fun evening,” mutters my mate, the Road Food Warrior, as we dip into a springlike toss of foie gras–stuffed morels and the rooster's pompadour. And I agree. Great dining needs harp music like Sophia Loren's décolletage needs a lobster bib. We are the captive audience of the loutish serving crew as they struggle to perform haute service rituals. The waiter's eyebrows wiggle in exasperation to signal an errant partner so that the silver domes may be snatched from our entrées in unison. In a gold-leaf-and-marble cathedral like the Louis XV in Monte Carlo, we might giggle, but still, it dazzles. Under the stunted ceiling in the listless drab of the Waldorf's **Peacock Alley,** we can only squirm.

And what is revealed as the four dented bells of our appetizers are lofted with exaggerated flourish? Much ado, most of it mildly pleasant. A coven of detached appendages from varying sea creatures huddle in the well of one soup bowl. “The shellfish consommé with quinoa,” the waiter chants as he pours on the lemony bath. Oh, yes, there's quite a nice kick in the broth. I like the crisp soft-shell crab on my neighbor's plate, with its “caper essence” and the added spill of sauce distilled from lobster coral. As my mascarpone risotto is suddenly exposed, an organic earth scent of morels hits my nose.

These are glorious times in our town for those of us obsessed with food. We get half a dozen frissons of delicious excitement a week but rarely a thrill to match the news that the Waldorf has snagged Laurent Gras, chef de cuisine of six-star kitchen brigadier general Alain Ducasse, to tempt New Yorkers into its languishing Peacock Alley. Definitely not the Evel Knievel of the range, Gras took months to explore the markets and analyze our outlandish mores before launching his own menu. A first dinner in December was a comedy of stilted ceremony and errors, from lost reservations and colliding waiters to the hammer that didn't want to shatter the lamb's clay cocoon to reductions reduced beyond recognition.

It took cockeyed optimism to even think of returning, but I was spurred by a colleague's scattering stars on Peacock Alley. Though business lunchers join hotel guests to make the place feel half full at lunch, the dinner crowd is sparse. A savvy ringmaster like Sirio at Le Cirque 2000 or a chef-artist with his finger on Manhattan's feverish pulse like Daniel Boulud may get the city's curdled crème de la crème to a hotel dining room. A street entrance definitely helps. New Yorkers aren't going to be good sports about walking through the Waldorf's extraordinary Art Deco grandeur that is so sadly bruised by the mall costumes and mating calls of its transient tenants. But there are good portents in heavy garden roses, delicate stemware, the heft of silver, the amusing wingspan of a tempura-swathed shrimp disguised as a dragonfly, as salty and greasy as it is on a delicious gravel of lemony dried corn, peas, and sprouts.

He has studied us, this unassuming but confident Nice-born immigrant from France's truffling fields. His name may be Gras, but, as he observes, “I try to slow down the fat.” He doesn't like sugar either. Twice a week, he scouts the Greenmarket, discovering yucca and organic sprouts he has never seen before. There is a saucer of kohlrabi-sprout salad with my lamb at lunch and at dinner. Tiny pansies peek out of baby watercress, a bouquet with each entrée. Gras is a sorcerer with meat. His loin of veal “pick-



Fussy galore: Laurent Gras, Peacock Alley's chef; the Guanaja-chocolate fondant; harp not on that string.

Photographs by Joe Fornabaio.

led in Verbena leaves" could not be more tender. From the succulence of its crust, I would imagine it was preserved in fat like duck. And the morels, dates, and roasted fingerlings tucked alongside are fine company. At lunch, jasmine-tea-marinated lamb is transcendent, too—never mind the dissonance of its apricot condiment. Peas, asparagus, favas, and young mustard leaves in a broth of malanga (a South American root) have more pizzazz than a wussy toss of wild mushrooms roasted en cocotte.

Spoiled by the crustily beautified squab we get any night of the week around town, I find this bony, overcooked bird with its feet still attached impossible to eat. And though I admire the Jura-wine-and-mushroom sauce of the sole, and the idea of rhubarb in a rose-infused puddle beneath the turbot, all the fish are bland, too prim, underseasoned. If you are a fool for rhubarb, as I am, the somber few sticks in sweet strawberry juice under a cloud of yogurt sorbet will never satisfy. I've never felt the urge to sample aftershave, but I bet it would taste like the chef's lemon-balm broth with its exotic-fruit salad. A surer thrill for lovers of anything tart is the citrus composition, grapefruit ten ways on three plates.

If the chef's mastery of lamb extended to turbot, would I hasten back? If the harp went back to Heaven? If the room weren't quite so soothing, a sedative without a prescription at $125 a person? If the uninhibited tourists in tank tops lurking outside got makeovers from Donna Karan? So many ifs. I can't imagine.

Peacock Alley, the Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue, at 50th Street (872-4895). Breakfast, Monday through Friday 7 to 10:30 A.M.; lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 2:30 P.M.; dinner, Tuesday through Saturday 5:30 to 10:30 P.M.; Sunday brunch, 10:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. A.E., M.C., V.

A BREEZE FROM PROVENCE HAS SHAKEN steady old reliable **Jean Lafitte.** In its almost fourteen years, Eric Demarchelier's bistro has been a Gallic Cheers to locals, a hangout for actors and agents. But when the restaurateur made a scouting run across France and found 29-year-old Eric Gonzalez, a protégé of the Michelin three-star hero Bernard Loiseau, it must have felt like Kismet.

The doors closed for barely a hiccup of time so the place could gussy up. Dark-burgundy walls became French-vanilla. The old movie posters got gilded frames. Out went the clunky bistro china. In came fancy goblets, Limoges, votive candles aglow in translucent French igloos, acidulated stocks, and tricky emulsions.

Gonzalez, who worked with Jacques Chibois in his two-star kitchen in Cannes, has a clue. He's got some fine tricks under his toque—marvelous monkfish on the bone with cumin-doused carrots in a meaty wine glaze, and crisp sweetbreads with a mushroom clafoutis and thyme-licorice emulsion that he says is inspired by ideas from his first mentor, Loiseau. There are unexpected flavor pops and sprigs of green everywhere. Every dish is a major statement, a lapidary creation. I don't mind it when it works, as in the crusty sardine Tatin with its anchovy zest and in the terrine of garlic confit in chicken aspic with a vibrant herb salad. But squid seems lost in its brandade swamp. Spring-smart asparagus is destroyed by being shaved to splinters just to make a pretty mold with Parmesan and truffles. The sloppy melt of artichoke bavaroise is a disaster. As for the socca tartlets promised, this fabulous street food in Nice is scarcely noticeable as tiny chickpea pancakes the size of a quarter.

The house's mythic steak tartare is still on the menu, and the familiar Dover sole, perfectly cooked, now rides beside broccoli purée and eggplant caviar. And the pleasures of the truffled potato salad, herb-filled cannelloni, that perfect sole, and lovely lavender crème brûlée make me reluctant to dismiss a chef with so much ambition just because he's off-base half the time.

The house is in anarchy the night we return, surprised, it seems, by unexpected guests on a Sunday night. There are not enough waiters, and even the hostess is boning sole and clearing plates. Five of us are parked at a table just big enough for three. We ask to have the white-wine glasses removed, and the red-wine glasses disappear. I try not to think how many hands spent how many minutes arranging every item on each plate. I let myself be seduced by the nuttiness of puff pastry sporting tricolor sweet-pepper rounds with painstakingly scalloped edges and a clever shock of scattered coarse sea salt.

We are pleased with the risotto fussily confined in a Parmesan shell, and I, for one, have more than my share of the Roquefort-cumin sauce on the mushroom-hazelnut ravioli. But rouget, bass, and cod are all boring and too cooked.

Amazingly, Gonzalez and his sous have time to paint each dessert plate in thin brushstrokes of chocolate. Bunnies for the sorbets. An intricate pattern like the henna'd hand of a Moroccan bride for the parfait of caramel and candied carrots. But just when I think I'm ready to forgive his trespasses, he goes bonkers—spooning red-fruit tartare on an herb salad. Yes, tarragon, basil, and cilantro. This guy must get up before dawn to have so much time to plot such mischief.

Jean Lafitte, 68 West 58th Street (751-2323). Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 3 P.M.; dinner, Monday through Saturday 5:30 to 11:30 P.M. A.E., M.C., V.

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All Blown Up

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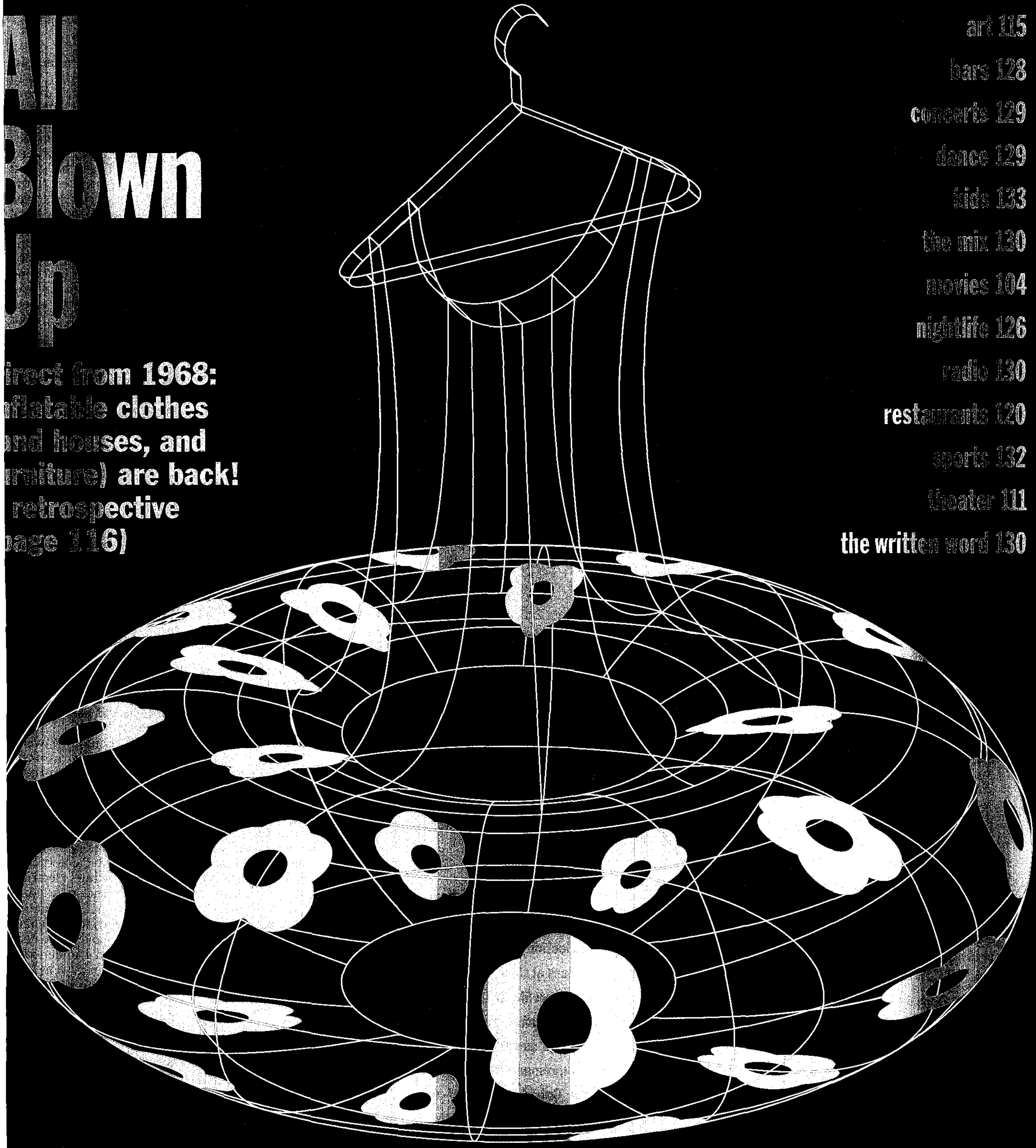


movies

Stellan Skarsgård...*The Last Days of Disco*

New Films

Almost Heroes—Chris Farley and Matthew Perry are explorers out to beat Lewis and Clark in charting the West. (About 1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Artemisia—What's most interesting in this account of the art and semi-scandalous life of the Baroque-era female painter Artemisia Gentileschi, is the details of how the paintings were done—the arrangements of studios, the management of light, the deployment of helpers and naked models in a period when heroic painting was as natural to Italians as movies are to us. The feminist issues are more obvious and more familiar, and Valentina Cervi, who has small features and a slender body, is not singular enough to bring them to life. If you are going to portray your heroine as a revolutionary, you had better not cast a young actress who purses her lips and holds herself in. (Denby; 5/25/98) (1 hr. 36 mins; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder and torments his Manhattan neighbor—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear). But the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Big Hit—Four hit men kidnap a Japanese heiress (played by China Chow) with mob connections. Starring Mark Wahlberg, Lou Diamond Phillips, Antonio Sabato Jr., Bokeem Woodbine, and Christina Applegate. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *34th Street Showplace; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Big Lebowski—Jeff Lebowski, known as the Dude (Jeff Bridges), shuffles through life in a pothead haze. He gets involved in a bizarre intrigue involving another man named Lebowski, a millionaire with a promiscuous young wife who may or may not have been kidnapped. Hired to deliver the ransom money, the Dude suffers a series of disasters, the result of his own ineptitude and the interventions of his bowling buddy Walter (John Goodman), a Jewish paranoid who misinterprets everything he sees. It's only amusing the first time the Dude gets lost in his own story—a story so incoherent that he can't explain it to anyone. (The funniest thing is a cameo appearance by John Turturro as a gay Latino bowler.) Jeff Bridges has so much dedication as an actor that he sacrifices himself to the Coen brothers' self-defeating conception. Even Bridges can't open up a character who remains unconscious. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

The Big One—Michael Moore takes a camera crew on his book tour and stops at various Fortune 500 companies to question their downsizing. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Bulworth**—A thrillingly dangerous political comedy. Senator Jay Bulworth (Warren Beatty) has fallen into a hapless funk. Yes, years ago, he hung out with Bobby Kennedy, but in recent days, Bulworth has been attacking "welfare cheaters" and taking up other modishly conservative positions, and now he stands for nothing at all. The senator, in utter misery, hires a professional hit man. He's going to die—what has he got to lose? In the final days of his campaign, he races around California telling off his constituents. *Bulworth*, which Beatty directed and also wrote (with Jeremy Pikser and—uncredited—Aaron Sorkin) turns into wild, disorderly farce. The movie is a comedy, but Beatty has set off an explosion beneath the thick, insulated floorboards of American politics. Bulworth goes well beyond the usual late-night-TV attack on political correctness: It says that our politics are now so completely devoted to propitiatory lies that anyone who speaks candidly would have to be—by definition—half-crazy. Here is a populist left-wing movie, the first in years, and it offers its protest over the abandonment of liberalism not in the pained, earnest tones of, say, an editorial in *The Nation*, but as a blast of craziness and scorn. The movie is a scandal, an outrage—and irresistibly entertaining. (Denby; 5/18/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

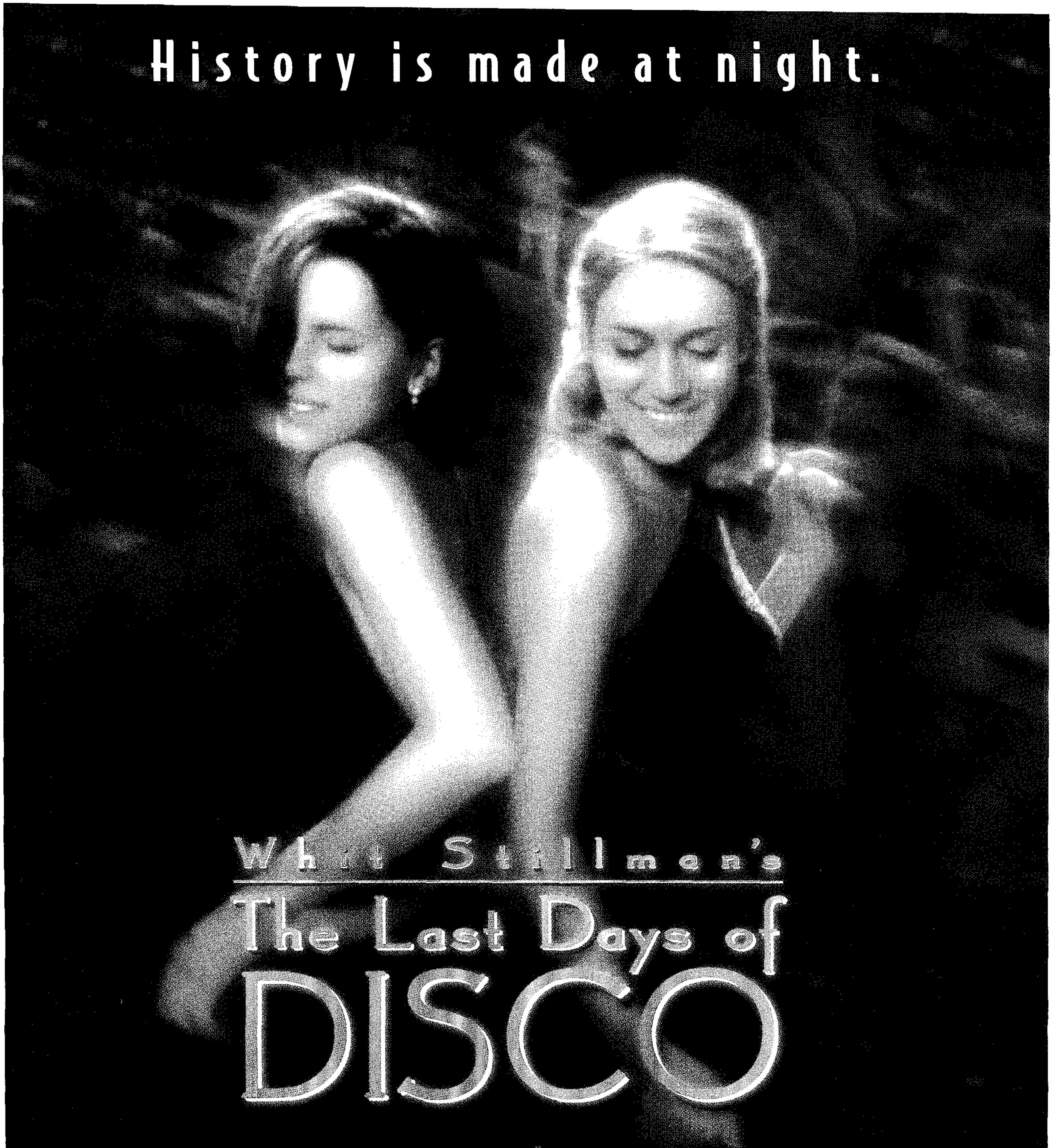
★**The Butcher Boy**—Francie Brady (Eamonn Owens) grows up in a small Irish town with a drunkard and liar for a father and a beautiful madwoman for a mother. The boy receives no guidance at all—just the fervent guilty nonsense of his dad (Stephen Rea), a forlorn trumpet player who never finishes a tune. Francie and his friend Joe put together a mental life that is part fantasy, part role-playing, and Francie is an irrepressible entertainer. Jordan's direction is incisive and at times electrifying, with sudden outbreaks of violence that should warn us something bad is coming. Part of the ominousness is produced by sheer incomprehension. Much of the dialogue is delivered in the deep accents of County Monaghan, and I understood no more than half of what Eamonn Owens says. So I find myself in an embarrassing position: I think this is a great movie, but I'm not sure. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village East; 59th Street East; Regency; Centre Sunnyside.*

Chinese Box—A dying British journalist (Jeremy Irons) living in Hong Kong is in love with a former prostitute he can't have when he meets an equally engaging street hustler while videotaping the city for memory's sake. With Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, and Ruben Blades. Directed by Wayne Wang. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside.*

Festival
True Stories

A stunning collection of the world's latest documentaries appears at Docfest. A few notables: *Mob Law* (top left), a profile of Las Vegas mob lawyer Oscar Goodman; *Paulina,* (top right), the story of a Mexico City maid's successful attempt to avenge her rape and imprisonment; and *Cuba 15* (above), a look at the Cuban coming-of-age party, the *quinceañera.* Wednesday, May 27 through May 31, at the Directors Guild of America Theater. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY ANTON IOUKHNOVETS



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Written, Produced & Directed by WHIT STILLMAN

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City of Angels—The drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Movieworld.*

Clockwatchers—Toni Collette, Parker Posey, Lisa Kudrow, and Alanna Ubach are temp workers who bond over their second-class status in the office. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Pavilion Theatre.*

Deep Impact—A huge comet is heading this way, and the world is about to end. And what do the unlucky earthlings do? It's mainly what they don't do that astonishes me. They don't splurge, they don't drink champagne, they don't experiment with interesting sexual possibilities. Robert Duvall, as the levelheaded boss of a spaceship trying to intercept the comet, reads Moby Dick to one of the less literate younger crew members. The president of the United States, Morgan Freeman, talks turkey to the public: He tells us we will die. I have been known to complain about the hollowly ironic manner of the recent big spectacles, but I don't know that I was longing for a literal-minded, "sensitive" movie about the end of the world. The filmmakers treat us as if we were badly in need of instruction as to how to behave on that mighty day. So we learn: Head for the high ground. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside.*

Déjà Vu—Victoria Foyt is an American woman who questions her love for her fiancé when she meets a man she feels she's known forever. With Stephen Dillane, Vanessa Redgrave, and Rachel Kempson. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Disenchanted—Judith Godrèche is a beautiful 17-year-old Parisian who in three days becomes involved with three men. Directed by Benoit Jacquot. (1 hr. 18 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas—Johnny Depp and Benicio Del Toro are Raoul Duke and Dr. Gonzo in this highly inventive film adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's psychedelic novel. Also starring Ellen Barkin, Gary Busey, Cameron Diaz, Harry Dean Stanton, and Christina Ricci. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Beekman; 84th Street; Kingsway; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Fireworks (Hana-Bi)—Ultra-talented Takeshi Kitano is a good cop trying to right the injustices around him with a heavy, violent hand. Written and directed by Kitano. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

A Friend of the Deceased—A black comedy set in a new Ukraine ruled by entrepreneurs, mobsters, and the black market. Starring Alexandre Lazarev and Tatiana Krivitska. Directed by Vyacheslav Krishtofovich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Godzilla—Matthew Broderick, Hank Azaria, and Jean Reno greet the famous beast when he visits Manhattan. Directed by Roland Emmerich. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *New York Twin.*

Grey Gardens—The 1976 Maysles documentary of a branch of the Bouvier family (specifically, Jackie O's aunt "Big Edith" and cousin "Little Edie") that lived in squalor in East Hampton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Hanging Garden—A gay man returns home after a ten-year absence and reconciles his past with his present. Starring Sarah Polley, Kerry Fox, Peter MacNeil, and Chris Leavins. Directed by Thom Fitzgerald. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**He Got Game**—Jake Shuttlesworth (Denzel Washington), a man serving time for murder, receives a weeklong leave to persuade his own son—the hottest prospect in the country—to accept an athletic scholarship from the alma mater of the governor. If he is successful, his prison time may be shortened. The kid's name is Jesus Shuttlesworth (Spike Lee trained Ray Allen, the 22-year-old Milwaukee Bucks guard, to take on the role) and the problem is that Jesus hates Jake, a good athlete who failed to make the pros and, in the middle of a heated argument, killed Jesus's mother. The father-son relationship—the missing connection in black life—has a slightly corny feeling here but at least it's strongly acted and brilliantly staged. Around this drama, Lee arrays the spectacle of enormous success in a poor and depressed neighborhood. Jake's son, a presumptive basketball millionaire, is leaving home, and people want to grab a piece of him—or pull him down. In the real world, removed from the idealism of lonely shooters, basketball is drenched in money, envy, and betrayal. The movie is a volatile combination of ambitious mythmaking and nasty reality, and like most of Spike

Talent

Swede Smell of Success

The sturdy Swedish actor Stellan Skarsgård is calling from Cannes. He sounds tired, his voice gravelly. But he wasn't up all night partying with movie executives or that rowdy room-wrecker Kate Moss. No, Skarsgård is worn out because he's been meeting and greeting, trying to get money for a low-budget Swedish film he wants to make this summer. Consequently, he's not enjoying himself. "This is the first and last time I do this pitching stuff," he grumbles. "I'm no good at it." No matter. Everyone knows Skarsgård's true talent is in playing intense, lunky Scandinavians with a tendency to get a bit hostile. In his latest film, the thriller *Insomnia* (opening Friday at Quad Cinemas and Lincoln Plaza), he stars as a Swedish detective called to a northern Norwegian village to solve a young girl's murder. The region's 24-hour sunlight, coupled with a professional mistake (he accidentally shoots his partner during a stakeout), leads to a messy emotional unhingement. In real life, Skarsgård had no problem with the endless day. "It was quite amazing," he recalls. "You'd get tired, but never sleepy. You could actually get a tan at one o'clock in the morning, if you wanted to." A former television child star, Skarsgård is Stockholm's biggest celebrity and, by his own estimate, one of only a handful of Swedish actors who make a living in film. His region's legendary self-possession makes it easy for him to enjoy the sweetness of success while remaining relatively unmolested by adoring fans. "Scandinavians are pretty reserved," Skarsgård explains. "Until late at night, when they get drunk, and then they pat my back. And become very loud."

PATRICIA FALVO

Photographs courtesy of First Run Features.

Lee's work, it is also an inextricable combination of good and bad. (Denby; 5/11/98) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Sutton; UA East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Hope Floats—A small-town girl returns from the big city with her daughter in tow, and is reminded of the person she used to be. Sandra Bullock, Harry Connick Jr., and Gena Rowlands. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

The Horse Whisperer—I cannot imagine that this film would have been anything but a very soft pillow to lay one's head on without Kristin Scott Thomas. One is soothed by it, bored by it, touched by it. One is grateful when it is over. The basic idea of the story is no more than "What if Anna Wintour fell in love with a cowboy?" Kristin Scott Thomas plays Annie MacLean, a strong-willed Brit magazine editor in New York. Annie's horse-loving daughter, Grace (Scarlett Johansson), suffers a terrible accident and loses a leg; her horse, Pilgrim, bashed by a truck and badly scarred, rears and kicks when anyone comes near. But Annie takes action; she packs up her damaged daughter and horse, leaves her husband (Sam Neill) in Manhattan, and heads for Montana and the ministrations of the famous horse trainer Tom Booker (Redford). Tom lets the horse, the girl, the woman—all unhappy creatures—express their misery before he turns them, with a gentle hand, back to their true nature. It's a fantasy, of course, a fantasy directed at women, of a man who is sexually powerful but never aggressive. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

I Got the Hook-Up—Two guys sell cell phones out of their van and get in trouble with the FBI. Starring Master P., A. J. Johnson, and Gretchen Palmer. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Opens Wednesday at 19th St., 84th St, East 85th St., State, Sutton, Village East.*

I Think I Do—Five years after graduation, six college friends reunite to attend a classmate's wedding. With Alexis Arquette, Maddie Corman, and Guillermo Diaz. Directed by Brian Sloan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Kingdom Part 2—The much-awaited sequel to Lars Van Trier's surreal (and super-long) soap opera about the goings on in a Copenhagen hospital. Shown in two parts. (2 hrs. 30 mins each; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**L.A. Confidential**—The best American movie of 1997. Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. A crumb-bum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Kim Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line mustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

La Vie de Jésus—A small-town slacker with not much going on but his girlfriend tries to fend off her potential suitor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Revival

PVC and TLC

One movie that will never make the inevitable John Travolta film retrospectives is the actor's much-loved 1976 television project, 'The Boy in the Plastic Bubble.' Immune-deficient John lives in a Plexiglas world, doomed to loneliness until he falls for girl-next-door Glynnis O'Connor. (Special appearance by Buzz Aldrin as himself). Watch it in all of its melodramatic glory during June at the Museum of Television and Radio. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

The Last Days of Disco—Kate Beckinsale and Chloë Sevigny are two girls who are book-publishing assistants by day and disco-dancers by night. With Chris Eigeman, Tara Subkoff, Matt Keeslar, Mackenzie Astin, and Robert Sean Leonard. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Opens Friday at Coronet, Lincoln Plaza and 19th St.*

Lawn Dogs—A young girl's parents grow alarmed when their daughter befriends the neighborhood's lawn-mowing man. Starring Sam Rockwell, Kathleen Quinlan, and Mischa Barton. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Les Misérables**—A moviegoing mother of my acquaintance asked me what she could take her children to see, and my answer was *Les Misérables,* Bille August's broad-backed version of the Hugo tale. August works soberly, without excitement or imagination, but decently, too, with a fine feeling for the heroic reach of a decades-spanning narration—misery and obsession stretching over years. Liam Neeson and Geoffrey Rush are both excellent as, respectively, the exemplar of Christian ethics Jean Valjean and the rule-bound, desiccated, implacable police inspector Javert. (Denby; 5/18/98) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Gemini; 62nd and Broadway.*

Marius and Jeannette—A working-class love story between a cement-factory guard and a vivacious supermarket cashier. Starring Ariane Ascaride (winner of the 1998 César for best actress) and Gérard Meylan. Opens Friday at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Object of My Affection—Stephen McCauley's novel has been adapted for the movies with disastrous panache by playwright Wendy Wasserstein and director Nicholas Hytner. Jennifer Aniston plays Nina, a snippy-snappy young social worker in Brooklyn who takes as a roommate a lovable gay teacher, George (Paul Rudd). When Nina is made pregnant by her overbearing and unsuitable boyfriend (John Pankow), she asks George to raise the child with her. But Nina wants George's sexual love as well, and although George is willing to be daddy, he cannot be lover. Poor Nina is left with nothing to do but throw fits and turn her back in sorrow and furiously wash the dishes. This film is one of those cases, I think, in which the audience is so frustrated by an untenable situation onscreen that it shuts down on the movie: Paul Rudd is charming, and some of the scenes are intelligently written and played, but dramatically, the film has nowhere to go. (Denby; 4/27/98) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; The Movies at Bayside.*

Paulie—When a talking parrot talks too much to his little-girl owner, he gets thrown out of the house and has to make his way cross-country to find her again. With Gena Rowlands, Tony Shalhoub, Cheech Marin, and Buddy Hackett. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Players Club—A young mother putting herself through college by stripping finds it's not so easy to separate herself from the sleaze. Starring Bernie Mac and Monica Calhoun. Written and directed by Ice Cube. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *New York Twin.*

★**Primary Colors**—This entertaining but rather peculiar movie (adapted from Joe Klein's novel by Mike Nichols and his longtime collaborator, Elaine May) asks extraordinary questions, and I wish it were better equipped to give the answers. The narrator is a rather bland African-American political operative—Henry Burton, the grandson of a civil-rights leader. Burton, played by Adrian Lester, is forever worrying about the governor's honor. The president-to-be and his circle are portrayed as foul-mouthed and sexually active. The candidate and his wife, Susan (Emma Thompson), are not exactly cooing lovebirds—their relationship is scandalously funny, at times pathetic, at times noble. Physically, Thompson is hard and linear, while Travolta is all rolling ease, his body swiveling, rocking—he seems to carry ball bearings in every joint. Billy Bob Thornton is entertaining as Richard Jemmons, the James Carville stand-in; Kathy Bates, as the Betsey Wright figure Libby Holden, is like a pile driver with superb timing—she's mesmerizing. It's Libby's job to cover the governor's tracks (one gets the impression she's kicked a ton of dirt). But is the portrait accurate? Though I enjoyed all the smart talk and profane irreverence, I didn't take the picture all that seriously. That is, I took it not as reality but as an entertaining convention, a movieish fantasy of what political life is like—quarrelsome, colorful as hell, unburdened by drudgery and nagging detail. (Denby; 3/23/98) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Quest for Camelot—The animated story of Kayley, a girl who wants to be a knight of the Round Table just like her late father. Voices by Gary Oldman, Gabriel Byrne, Bronson Pinchot, Cary Elwes, Pierce Bronson, Jane Seymour, Sir John Gielgud, and Don Rickles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?) when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2-3; Lincoln Square; Movieworld.*

★**The Spanish Prisoner**—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful, yet secretly eager to join

Photograph from ABC, Inc.

their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe and the trap has been set. Mamet has made Rebecca Pidgeon (his wife) quite extraordinarily dislikable as a secretary who claims to be Joe's ally. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language; he has to just give in to the fluency, the ease, the free-flowing pleasure of making a movie. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cobble Hill.*

Still Breathing—Brendan Fraser is a street performer who has a vision of the woman he's going to marry. When he finds her, she's a cynical con artist. Also starring Joanna Going. Directed by James F. Robinson. Opens Friday at the Village East and Sutton. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. The cheesy storyline is redeemed by the romantic charge between Kate Winslet and Leonardo DiCaprio and the sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Kate's Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Embassy 2–3; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Movieworld.*

Tokyo Fist—Writer-director Shinya Tsukamoto (*Tetsuo: Iron Man* and *Tetsuo: Body Hammer*) returns with the story of a love triangle among an insurance salesman, his fiancée, and his old high-school pal. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**The Truce**—In Francesco Rosi's awkward but moving epic about the chaotic aftermath of World War II, Primo Levi (John Turturro), a young Italian chemist, has been left behind in Auschwitz by the Germans. Through sheer luck, Levi has survived. He is later to become a superb writer—the outstanding memoirist of the Holocaust—but in the winter and spring of 1945, he cannot make his way home from Poland. He travels with Italian and Greek fellow survivors—a ragtag group of the larcenous and the merely fortunate—through a European civilization that has simply disappeared. The survivors reacquaint themselves with food and sleep (but never a sleep without nightmare—Levi committed suicide 42 years later, in 1987); then they take up sensual pleasures of every kind. Turturro gives a sincere, entirely committed performance as Levi, but one feels he is attempting to hold our attention by sheer force of will, by an exercise of high-mindedness rather than imagination. *The Truce* is not as exciting as other epics, but it preserves the memory of a man who discovered himself at the moment of Europe's dissolution and in his quiet way triumphed over the worst the century had to offer. (Denby; 5/4/98) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Sutton.*

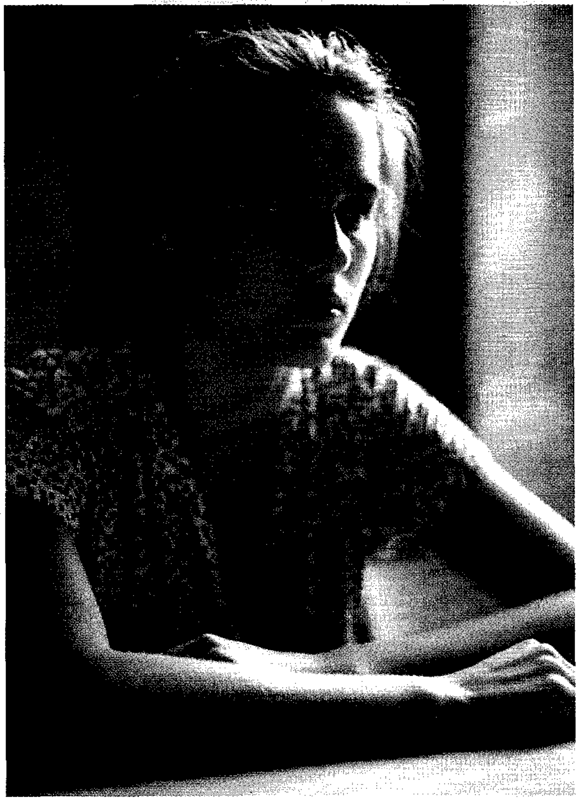
Two Girls and a Guy—Each of two young women (Heather Graham and Natasha Gregson Wagner) thinks she is the only girlfriend of the actor Blake (Robert Downey Jr.), and each has been lied to. The two women break into Blake's loft and wait for him. James Toback shot the movie very cheaply and quickly (in eleven days), and he's moved in a little too close to his actresses and forced them to run through their lines under great pressure. But when Downey enters, the camera backs off, and Downey fills the loft with his personality. He sits down at the piano and sings a torch song. The women come out of hiding, jump all over him, and he lies and retreats. His defense is that he's telling an actor's truth in sexual relationships—he can be whatever he needs to be; therefore, he means what he says when he tells each woman that he loves her. This is nonsense, of course, but it's very revealing of Downey himself. *Two Girls and a Guy* isn't a satisfying movie, but Downey is alarmingly brilliant in it—a man locked in torment who can't find the way out. Let's pray this isn't one of his last performances. (Denby; 5/4/98) (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Under the Skin—A young woman turns to anonymous sex when her mother's sudden death leaves her too shocked to grieve in a traditional manner. Starring Samantha Morton and Claire Rushbrook. Directed by Carine Adler. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Opening

Love Stinks

In 'The Disenchanted,' a Rimbaud-quoting teenage beauty (played by Judith Godrèche, below) agrees to prove her love for a pouty boyfriend by bedding the ugliest men she can find. Benoît Jacquot's disturbing coming-of-age film (made in 1990 and finally being released here) starts Wednesday, May 27, at Film Forum.



Photograph from Film Forum.

★**Wild Man Blues**—Woody Allen travels from around Europe, playing concerts at night while residing with Soon-Yi Previn in hotels filed with marble and burnished wood. Crowds wait outside his window, as if he were a royal personage. It's the hard easy life. *Wild Man Blues*, directed by Barbara Kopple, is a portrait of a man caught out of his milieu—out of New York, where Woody can work and rest exactly the same way every day. He has plenty of helpers—his sister is along for the ride, and Jean Doumanian, his producer, shows up now and then. Of those present, Soon-Yi Previn is actually the toughest on him. She's a strong-willed young woman, but she doesn't have a lot to say—as far as we can see, conversation between Woody and Soon-Yi centers on his moods, his reputation, his comforts. He plays the neurotic to entertain us, but he's also genuinely cut off and self-protecting, and there isn't much sign here that he sees anything the slightest bit wrong with his situation. (Denby; 4/27/98) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *The Screening Room; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Wilde—Stephen Fry is the Irish playwright in this exploration of his life and his passionate affair with the young, handsome Lord Alfred Douglas (Jude Law). Also starring Jennifer Ehle, Vanessa Redgrave, and Tom Wilkinson. Directed by Brian Gilbert. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Paris Theatre.*

Woo—On the advice of her psychic friend, a woman agrees to a blind date with a Virgo. Starring Jada Pinkett Smith, David Chappelle, L.L. Cool J., Tommy Davidson, and Foxy Brown. Directed by Daisy v.S. Mayer (*Party Girl*). (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Artemisia; Bulworth; Clockwatchers; Gummo; The Hanging Garden; The Spanish Prisoner; Under the Skin.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *La Vie de Jésus; Tokyo Fist.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Disenchanted; Fireworks (Hana-Bi); Grey Gardens; The Kingdom Part 2.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Déjà Vu; I Think I Do; Lawn Dogs; Marius and Jeannette; Wilde.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Big Lebowski; Two Girls and a Guy; Wild Man Blues.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *I Got the Hook-Up; The Big One; The Butcher Boy; Chinese Box; He Got Game; Les Misérables; Paulie; Sliding Doors; Still Breathing.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Deep Impact.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Deep Impact; The Horse Whisperer; Titanic.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Quest for Camelot; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; He Got Game; Sliding Doors.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Bulworth.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Bulworth; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Butcher Boy.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Deep Impact.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Artemisia; The Horse Whisperer; Still Breathing.*
Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Bulworth; Quest for Camelot.*
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; Mercury Rising; Paulie; The Players Club.*
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Sliding Doors.*
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Chinese Box.*
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *He Got Game.*
Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Sliding Doors; Titanic.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Horse Whisperer.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Wilde.*
State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *The Big Hit; City of Angels; Quest for Camelot; Woo.*
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *He Got Game; The Truce.*
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *As Good As It Gets; Barney's Great Adventure; L.A. Confidential; The Man in the Iron Mask; Scream 2; U.S. Marshals; The Wedding Singer.*
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Bulworth.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

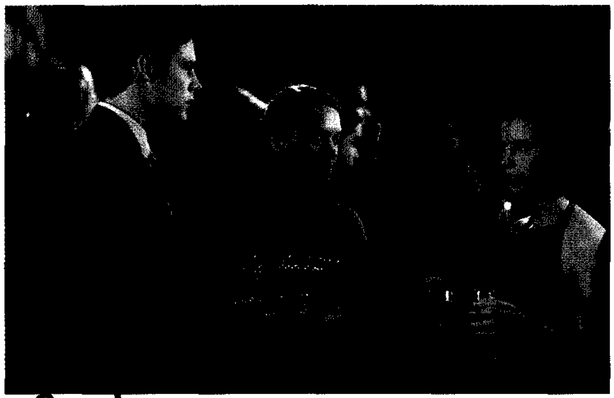
72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *City of Angels.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Bulworth; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *The Big One; Deep Impact; The Object of My Affection; Paulie; Primary Colors; The Spanish Prisoner; Titanic.*
Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Godzilla; Les Misérables.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Good Will Hunting; A Price Above Rubies.*
Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *City of Angels; Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *He Got Game.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Les Misérables.*
84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; He Got Game.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Chinese Box; A Friend of the Deceased; The Hanging Garden; Marius and Jeannette; The Spanish Prisoner; Wild Man Blues.*
Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *City of Angels; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; Sliding Doors; Titanic; Woo.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; Everest; Into the Deep; Four Million House Guests; L5–First City in Space.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Bulworth; The Horse Whisperer.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; He Got Game.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; He Got Game.*
Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Deep Impact; Godzilla.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Butcher Boy.*

Bronx
Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *The Big Hit; Bulworth; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Godzilla; He Got Game; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; Woo.*



Opening
Career Girls

Whit Stillman—perhaps gathering from personal experience—shows that loving the nightlife is a heck of a lot of work, in 'The Last Days of Disco.' Chloë Sevigny and Kate Beckinsale (above, with Matt Keeslar) are two ambitious publishing assistants who hardly have time to sleep: They spend their days looking for the perfect manuscript and their nights prowling for career contacts. Or, at the very least, a man. Starts Friday, May 29.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; He Got Game; Paulie; Quest for Camelot; Woo.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *The Big Hit; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; He Got Game; Paulie; Quest for Camelot; Woo.*

Brooklyn
Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; Titanic.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-4995) *The Quest for Camelot; Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Paulie; The Spanish Prisoner.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *I Got the Hook-Up; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *I Got the Hook-Up; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; He Got Game; Woo.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *The Quest for Camelot; Deep Impact; Godzilla.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *I Got the Hook-Up; Godzilla; He Got Game; Quest for Camelot; Woo.*
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; The Horse Whisperer.*
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *The Big Hit; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; He Got Game; Paulie; Quest for Camelot; Titanic; Woo.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Titanic.*
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Bulworth; Chinese Box; Clockwatchers; Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *The Quest for Camelot; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; He Got Game; Woo.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Bulworth; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; He Got Game; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot.*

Queens
Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Big Hit; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; He Got Game; Paulie; Quest for Camelot; Woo.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Bulworth; City of Angels; He Got Game; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; The Spanish Prisoner.*
Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Quest for Camelot; The Butcher Boy; Chinese Box; Deep Impact; Godzilla.*
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Godzilla; Quest for Camelot; Sliding Doors.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Chinese Box; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Les Misérables; Paulie; The Spanish Prisoner; Titanic.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Bulworth; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Bulworth; He Got Game; Woo.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot.*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Paulie; Sliding Doors; Woo.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *City of Angels; Quest for Camelot.*
Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; He Got Game; The Horse Whisperer; Titanic.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla.*
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *The Quest for Camelot; Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer.*
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*
Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Bulworth; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; Sliding Doors; Titanic.*
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Price Above Rubies; The Spanish Prisoner.*
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Deep Impact; Godzilla.*
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; The Object of My Affection; Paulie.*
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Horse Whisperer.*

Staten Island
Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Quest for Camelot; Barney's Great Adventure; Bulworth; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; The Object of My Affection; Paulie.*
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot.*
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Bulworth; City*

Photograph by Barry Wetcher/Castle Rock Entertainment.

Borow *continued from page 39*

damaged like Ali, he replied, "Ali doesn't believe in the same God I do."

FOR ALL THE SCORN HEAPED ON HIM AFTER the second Holyfield bout, Mike Tyson is still very much a star. Earlier this month, attired head to toe in plum-colored Versace, he made a brief appearance at a birthday party for Stevie Wonder in Los Angeles. He sat alone on a couch in a corner of the room, nodding politely as a parade of admirers briefly occupied the empty chair beside him. Even in a room filled by the likes of Denzel Washington, Quincy Jones, and Johnnie Cochran, Tyson generates a palpable excitement. But about Holyfield he maintains a strict silence. "I don't talk about him no more," he whispered, shaking his head, when another guest asked him about his erstwhile opponent. "He ain't part of my life now. He's history."

Holyfield, in turn, shies away from talk of Tyson, unquestionably the most important opponent of his career. Despite literally fighting his way out of abject poverty, winning a bronze medal as a cruiserweight in the 1984 Olympics, bulking up to become a heavyweight, and eventually winning the championship belt twice, Holyfield didn't begin to receive grudging respect until he defeated Tyson. Even his nickname, the Real Deal, seems a plea for confirmation of his talents.

"There have been attempts to disparage Evander at every step," Sugar complains: "First he was too small; then he won the title, and they said, 'Well, he hasn't got a punch.' Tyson was what people wanted from a fighter." And regarding Tyson, Jay Larkin, an executive at Showtime (which owns the pay-per-view rights to all of Holyfield's fights), makes a more practical point: "Mike Tyson can generate a media storm by walking down the street. Evander can fight the fight of the century and barely raise an eyebrow."

For his part, Holyfield refuses to say a bad word about Tyson. "Tyson is exciting," he says. "I mean, he is an amazing doggone story. And you know, when that man first came out of prison, he was trying to be nice. And then all these people got a stick, and like he was in a cage, they poked at him. 'I know you're a tiger,' they was saying. They don't want to see this man at peace." The two have met only once since their last fight, at Madison Square Garden during a Knicks game. "I looked up and he was standing over me," Holyfield recalls. "He just shook my hand—that was his way of making amends."

Bizarre as the biting episode was, it looked to be a golden opportunity for Holyfield. Suddenly, for better or for worse, he was a household name, and boxing could ride the shoulders of a heavyweight who clearly defied the negative associations the sport has developed over the years. But it never really happened. "Boxing takes more knocks than any other sport," says Larkin, who recently asked Holyfield to be the godfather of one of his children. "And along comes this guy who is really great for boxing, a classic overachiever who's overcome virtually every obstacle thrown at him, probably one of the greatest champs ever, and he's perceived as boring."

Even Larkin admits that Showtime lost a considerable sum (sources say $10 million) on Holyfield's last fight (vs. Michael Moorer), and he can't help but cite critics who note that while Holyfield has been in six of the top ten highest-grossing fights of all time, his opponents—Tyson, Riddick Bowe, George Foreman, et al.—have often been the draw. And about the upcoming Akinwande fight, Larkin admits, "We're clearly looking to see Evander's appeal."

ENTER DAVE CHECKETTS AND MADISON Square Garden. Bolstered by the arena's storied boxing history (40 title fights, including Ali vs. Joe Frazier in 1971, the fight some argue was the best of all time), Checketts has been trying to engineer a Garden comeback for the sport since 1995. But he quickly realized things had changed since MSG's boxing heyday. "It's been tough," he says, "because the dollars that are thrown around by Vegas and Atlantic City are so significant." Gambling revenue allows casinos to pay the large site fees normally charged by boxing promoters. To land the upcoming fight, the Garden agreed to pay close to $5 million to promoter Don King. And with Akinwande considered a less-than-formidable challenger, Checketts admits he'd be happy if the Holyfield-Akinwande fight sold 10,000 tickets. "But there is a huge appetite for boxing in New York," he insists. "Game 7 of an NHL or NBA finals, even the World Series, is terrific, but there is very little that excites a New York crowd like a fight that gets a lot of hype."

And that comes back to Holyfield. Holyfield insists there is no chance that he will fight Tyson a third time, even after Tyson becomes eligible to fight again this summer. In fact, he says that after he faces the British boxer Lennox Lewis, who holds one of the three sanctioned heavyweight titles (Holyfield holds the other two), he'll retire. "I'll have no more reason to go on," he says. "I've always fought so that I could look any man in the eye and say, 'I do something better than you.' I don't mind if some people don't understand me. Fighters ain't always easy to understand. But I've always known I would make it"—he pauses—"and that God would be with me." ■

of Angels; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; He Got Game; The Horse Whisperer; Les Misérables; The Object of My Affection; Paulie; Quest for Camelot; Sliding Doors; The Spanish Prisoner; Woo.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 6/28: "Indie New York." 5/30: *David Holzman's Diary* (1968) and *Echoes of Silence* (1965). 5/31: *She's Gotta Have It* (1986) and *The Brother From Another Planet* (1984). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $16 nonmembers; $8 members.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 6/8: premiere of *West New York* (1998). Through 6/2: *Lou Reed: Rock and Roll Heart* (1998). "Quay Brothers Retrospective." Through 5/28: Program 3. "The Optical Cinema of Pat O'Neill" (1963–1998). 5/29: Program 1. 5/30: Program 2. 6/2: Program 3. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Different Light—5/31: *Escape to Witch Mountain* (1975). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Docfest—"New York International Documentary Festival." 5/27–5/31: Thirteen new and classic international documentaries. Opening night IMAX film, *Fires of Kuwait* (1992), screened at Lincoln Square, 1998 Broadway at 68th St.; remainder of program held at the Directors' Guild of America Theater, 110 West 57th St. Call 668-1575 for info. Tickets $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)— "The Cinema of Shohei Imamura." 5/27: *Nishi Ginza Station* (1958). 5/27–5/28: *Stolen Desire* (1958) and *Endless Desire* (1958). 5/29–5/30: *My Second Brother* (1959) and *Pigs and Battleships* (1961). 5/31: *The Insect Woman* (1963) and *Intentions of Murder* (1964). "Movies for Kids." 5/31: *Tic Tac* (1997). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"Ciné-club." 5/26: *Peau de Banane* (1963). "Young French Cinema: First Films by French Filmmakers." 6/2: *A la Belle étoile* (1993). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, festival tickets $8.

Museum of Modern Art—"Coming Apart: Films from 1968 and Thereabouts." 5/26: *When I Am Dead and Gone* (1968). 5/26 and 5/28: *Night of the Living Dead* (1968). 5/28 and 5/30: *How I Won the War* (1967). 5/29: Rosemary's Baby (1968). 5/29–5/30: *Memories of Underdevelopment* (1968). 5/29 and 5/31: *In the Year of the Pig* (1969). 5/31: *The Big Shave* (1967) and *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* (1968). 6/1: *Closely Watched Trains* (1966). 6/1 and 6/5: *In the Heat of the Night* (1967). "Baby It's Cold Outside: Films From Finland." 5/29 and 5/30: Films by Peippo and Ruutsalo. 5/30: *Black Love* (1957). 5/31: *Antti Treebranch* (1976). 5/29 and 5/31: *Homebound* (1989). "New Documentaries." 5/28–5/29: *Not For Sale: Feminism and Art in USA during the 1970s* (1998). "Cineprobe." 6/1: Dominic Angerame's *A City Symphony* (1987–1997). Special Screenings." 6/2: *Louisiana Story* (1948). "Big as Life: An American History of 8mm Films." 5/28: Films by Colburn, a convenience, Singer, and Creston. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of June: *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble* (1976). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

Second Annual Thessaloniki USA 1998—5/29–6/4: Fifteen recent films from Greece and the Balkans. At Cinema Village, 22 East 12th Street. Call 308-2407 or 924-3363 for information. Tickets $8; $5 senior citizens.

The Screening Room—Weekends at midnight: *Valley of the Dolls* (1967). Sunday brunch: *Valley of the Dolls* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 5/30–5/31: *I Live in Fear* (1955). 6/6–6/7: *The Mistress* (1953). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

theater

Puppets Fantastique...Kaufman and Hart

Off Broadway

Now playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

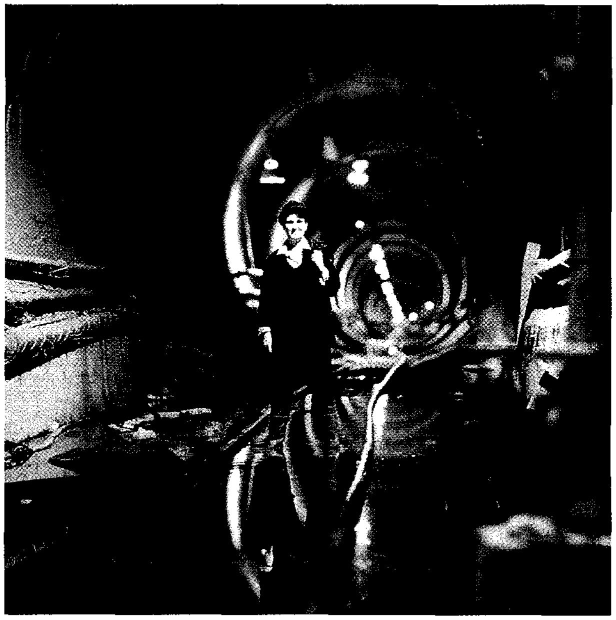
Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Chairs—This tragic Ionesco farce concerns a nonagenarian couple, caretakers of an abandoned tower on an isolated island surrounded by stagnant water. They are ready to die, and have invited everyone conceivable to hear the Old Man's testament, which he, unskilled with words, has hired the Orator to deliver for him. The guests—all invisible presences—start coming. The Old Man chats them up while the Old Woman knocks herself out dragging in seating for them. The stage fills up with more and more empty chairs. Geraldine McEwan's old woman may be a bit too singsongy, but Richard Briers's would-be debonair, self-satisfied yet insecure dotard could not be more appropriately laughable or pitiful. I disapprove of the gratuitous final transformation by the Orator; otherwise this production incises itself indelibly on those privileged to view it. (Simon: 4/20/98.) $35–$60. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Through 6/13. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Onstage

Tunnel Vision

By definition, one-person shows generally focus on the soloist. Not so *City Water Tunnel #3*—a multimedia exploration of the largest public-works project in the Western Hemisphere—which won its star and author, actress Marty Pottenger, an Obie. Pottenger pays tribute to the laborers of a waterway being dug 80 stories underground. Performances begin Thursday, May 21, and run through Sunday, June 14, at the Working Theatre. For tickets, call 279-4200.



Photograph by T. Britton Stone.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 6, and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings these skills to his Broadway show, which purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Golden Child—After returning to his Chinese hamlet from a business trip, Eng Tieng-Bin, the protagonist of this new memory play, proudly presents his three wives with a new waffle iron, a cuckoo clock, and a phonograph. But his less tangible acquisitions—a new faith, a changed outlook on education, and an overpowering desire to unbind his daughter's feet—do not blend so seamlessly into his traditional home. Directed by James Lapine; written by David Henry Hwang, author of *M. Butterfly.* $30–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/2/98. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Honour—As the former chairwoman of the National Endowment for the Arts, Jane Alexander must have had her share of unpleasant media moments. But at no time, one suspects, did any journalist treat her as disrespectfully as the fictional one in this drama starring Robert Foxworth, Laura Linney, and the former Clinton appointee. Here, the bottom-feeding scribe shows up at Alexander's house to do a profile of her husband—and winds up having an affair with him instead. Written by Joanna Murray-Smith; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/26/98. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44 St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

Encore Once Again

Maybe it was only once in *their* lifetime, but Kaufman and Hart's affectionate Hollywood send-up, *Once in a Lifetime*, is regularly revived—and why not? This tale of a hapless vaudeville trio invading a studio after being rendered obsolete by movies still seems relevant 68 years after its premiere. At the Atlantic Theater Company. Performances start Sunday, May 31. For tickets ($35 and $40), call 239-6200.

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*. The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat*, plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. Robert Duvall and Lee Remick starred in the original Broadway version Leonard Foglia *(Master Class)* directs the revival $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 Opened 4/5/98. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W 47th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dinah Was—Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, was also a diva of excesses: She drank too much, she ate too much, she married too many times (six). But before dying at age 39, she had earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen o the Blues"—and become the first black woman to

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg

appear on the all-white pop charts. Yvette Freeman (*E.R., Working*) tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 5/28. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney revisits John, the main character in *The Cocktail Hour,* in his new play about the obscenities of show business. Directed by Jack O'Brien. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. In previews for a 6/1 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A New Brain—Shortly after winning a pair of Tonys for *Falsettos,* William Finn was rushed to the hospital for emergency brain surgery and told that his songwriting ability might be forever compromised. This new musical, which he also created with James Lapine, is an autobiographical account of the anguished and introspective period Finn spent in a hospital bed, contemplating the possibility of a more limited future. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 6/18 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

Once in a Lifetime—Atlantic Theater Company presents the Kaufman and Hart comedy about a trio of vaudevillians who stormtroop a Hollywood studio. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 5/31 opening. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Seagull—As rendered by Blue Light Theater Company and translated by Tom Stoppard. Directed by Austin Pendleton; starring Angie Phillips, Maria Tucci, Mark Blum, and Greg Naughton. $18–$37.50. Fri. at 4, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 5/27 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Villa Villa—De La Guarda, a young theater troupe from Argentina, performs a show that's part carnival, part rock concert, part drama—all above the audience's heads. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Previews begin 5/28 for a 6/11 opening. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

ou Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 5/27 for a 6/21 opening. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Now Playing

s Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and Peri Gilpin. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

unt Chooch's Birthday—The old broad turns 75 and you're invited. More interactive theater from *Tony 'n' Tina* director Larry Pellegrini with dinner, dancing, and lots of family squabbling. $65. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. *Vegas Room, 221 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

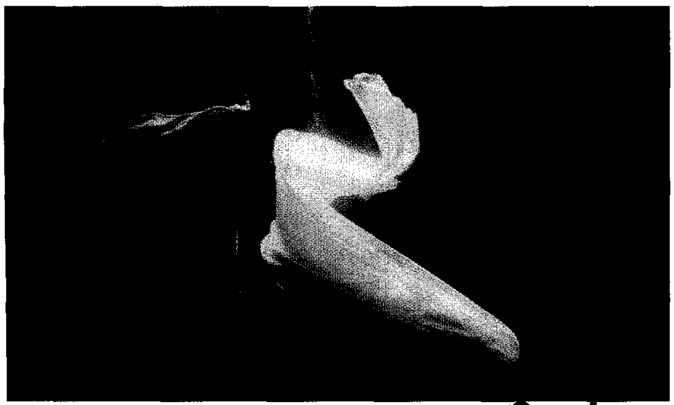
Bob—A love letter from one avant-garde director, Anne Bogart, to another, Bob Wilson. Performed by Will Bond. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 5/31. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver!,* and *Bye Bye Birdie.* $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 6/21. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

The Dying Gaul—A new play about sexuality, loss, the Internet, and, because it's by Craig Lucas, the fantasy of living beyond the grave. Directed by Mark Brokaw. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressingest comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 6/6. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

The Empty Beach—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre presents Jamie Salom's play about an older woman, her young lover, and a young lady whom they have both rescued. $20. English performances on Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Spanish performances on Sat. at 2 and 8 and Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 6/7. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*



Opening

Twisted

Basil Twist, creator of bizarrely beautiful puppets, is now going the 'Titanic' route, presenting his latest creations in a giant fish tank, to the accompaniment of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." Beginning Thursday, May 28, at HERE Arts Center. For tickets ($15 and $20), call 647-0202.

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Jails, Hospitals, & Hip-Hop—Danny Hoch, the *bandit-tel* from Queens, plays twelve urban misfits, then spews buckets of vitriol at Jerry Seinfeld. $10–$25. Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11. Through 6/27. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Jodie's Body—A one-woman play about art, the body, and the fall of apartheid. Written and performed by the Uganda-raised actress Aviva Jane Carlin. $18. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Mon. at 8. Opened 5/4/98. *Gene Frankel Theatre, 24 Bond St. (279-4200).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Manhattan Music: A Performance Festival—Manhattan Theatre Club presents a trio of cabaret acts, each

hotographs: left, James D'Quinn; right, Bobby Miller.

with its own three-week engagement in venues about town. The first: *Pennies From Heaven* from Mary Cleere Haran. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Runs through 6/7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40–$45. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 11/17/97. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Mr. Peter's Connections—Peter Falk returns to the New York stage for the first time in 27 years to do this original Arthur Miller play, which the playwright completed this season as Signature Theatre's artist-in-residence. Garry Hynes, the force behind *The Beauty Queen of Leenane,* directs. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/21. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

Nasty Little Secrets—A return engagement of Lanie Robertson's drama about Joe Orton, the latter-day Molière who died at the hands of his lover and mentor. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home farther uptown. $25–$45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. $30–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Quidam—Cirque Du Soleil's ninth spectacular—which should, like its previous eight, chill, tickle, and trompe many an oeil. $15.75–$59.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, Sun. at 1 and 5. Through 7/5. *Big Top at Battery Park City. (1-800-678-5440).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

LES
THE FABULOUS
LOWER EAST SIDE
FESTIVAL OF ARTS

Onstage Off Broadway

Just when it seemed that all street fairs had to offer was Italian sausage, downtown is sending its artistic side outdoors. The Lower East Side Festival of the Arts will offer three days of theater and theater-related events, including a daylong street carnival, beginning Friday, May 29. For more information and a schedule of events, call 254-1109.

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

The Wizard of Oz—A revival of last year's revival. As the Wicked Witch of the West, Eartha Kitt finds herself in a role that (a) suits her vampy, campy talents and (b) plays to a more appreciative audience than reluctant taxicab passengers. Have a purrrrrrrfect evening. Rrrrreeow! $19–$59. Call for showtimes. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and 32nd St. (307-4111).*

Competition *continued from page 146*

1. "Sorry, eight-ball's not my game."
2. "Sure—how 'bout 50 bucks, best two out of three?"

Charles Tormey Columbia, Conn.

1. "Hello."
2. "Not Mrs. Talese—call me Nan. My husband's Gay."

Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

1. "Latrina? That's an interesting name."
2. "Poor kid."

Charles Hampton, Long Island City, N.Y.

1. "I think it's undignified for a former member of the royal family to do a Weight Watchers commercial."
2. "Will I get free pasta primavera?"

Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

1. "I don't want to give away the ending."
2. "She's really a man."

Jasper M. Rosenberg, Somerville, Mass.

1. "Wells belong at the bottom of a hill."
2. "Sure, we'll fetch some water."

Neal J. Blangiardo, Fleetwood, N.Y.

1. "Eight."
2. "Five. Unless you're counting those practice swings."

John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

1. "I'll call you."
2. "I had an okay time, but I don't see this relationship going anywhere."

David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

1. "Not just yet."
2. "I'm not afraid of commitment."

A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

1. "I loved your deconstruction of *Madame Bovary.*"
2. "You have great legs."

C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

1. "I'm on it, boss."
2. "Isn't our integrity more important than the money?"

Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

1. "I don't have a computer."
2. "Yeah, I just bought a Pentagon 486 with a jiggerbite of memory and a city rom."

Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

1. "Competition No. 907: Janeane Giraffelo."
2. "I really like 'Giraffelo,' but so will everyone, so I'll send "Hedy Lemur"—who remembers *her?*"

Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

1. "Tempting as it is, I'm going to follow the rules and submit only one entry."
2. "I have so many good ideas, I'm going to use the names of my pets for the extras!"

Mike Chelednik, Greenville, N.C

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTR ONLY** to Competition Number 913, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999 E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WIT STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by June 5 Editor's decisions are final, and all entries becom property of *New York.* Results and winners' name will appear in the July 6 issue.

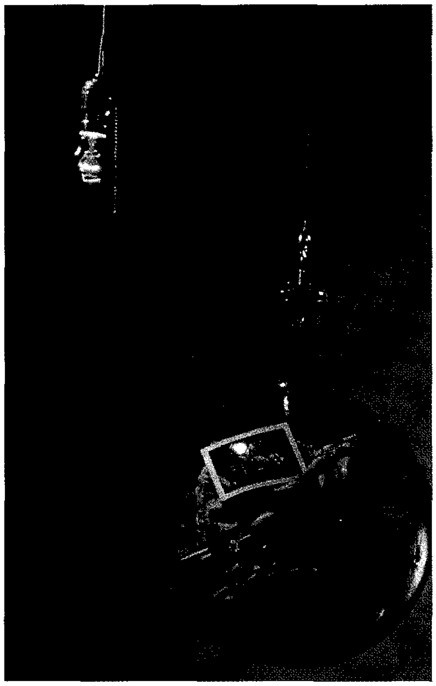
Photograph by Amnon Ben Nomis

art

a.k.a. Lewis Carroll...The Inflatable Moment

Talent
Dead Ringers

In case you hadn't noticed, David Cronenberg's creepy-violent aesthetic has had an influence on contemporary art, and specifically on the works of the 21 artists in "Spectacular Optical" (below, Brian Crockett's "Untitled"), which are displayed alongside the filmmaker's props, drawings, storyboards, and early experimental films. At the Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway; May 28 through July 18.



Photograph courtesy of the Thread Waxing Space.

Galleries
Solos
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Diane Andrews Hall—Paintings that incorporate elements of architecture and Baroque sculpture; through 6/26. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Howard Hodgkin—New paintings that hover between abstraction and figuration and make subtle references to the artist's travels and friendships; through 6/13. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Guy Pené du Bois—Works from the thirties and forties, including paintings and studies for WPA murals; through 6/13. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Paul Resika—Prints made between 1995 and 1998 depicting the artist's signature subjects, among them boathouses, Provincetown scenes, European farmhouses, and beaches; through 6/20. Bookstein, 50 E. 78th St. (439-9605).

Joan Snyder—Recent paintings that draw on the artist's early "stroke" paintings and on her autobiographical works of the eighties; through 6/12. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Joseph Stella—A selection of paintings and works on paper focusing on the artist's nature subjects; through 6/30. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Frank Stella—Prints, paper collages, wall reliefs, and sculpture from the nineties; through 6/26. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

James Brooks—Abstract paintings and drawings from the sixties; through 6/5. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Paul Cadmus—Drawings from 1909 to 1998, including male and female nudes, portraits, self-portraits, still lifes, and studies for paintings and prints; through 6/19. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Luke Gray—New abstract paintings; through 6/6. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Marsden Hartley—An exhibition of 25 paintings executed between 1907 and 1942 that focuses on the artist's search for spiritual subject matter; through 6/20. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Valerie Hird—Paintings that combine images related to the artist's travels in southern Spain, among them tiles, tapestries, and souvenirs; through 6/20. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Alfredo Jaar—A sculptural and architectural environment and a series of photographs with accompanying text from the artist's "Rwanda Project 1994–1980"; through 6/13. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Fernand Léger—Works on paper from the collection of Georges Bauquier, who was Léger's closest friend from 1936 until the artist's death in 1955; through 6/19. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Leslie Lerner—Paintings of phantasmagorical narratives that seem to be drawn from folk tales; through 6/11. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Howard Lerner—Paintings by a former student of Philip Guston, and a selection of works by Guston from the seventies; through 6/20. Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. (397-9700).

David Levine—Figurative watercolors from 1993 to the present; through 6/12. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Joan Mitchell/Michael Stipe—A selection of the artist's early abstract paintings, made between between 1950 and 1955/Photographs from the R.E.M. singer and photographer's new book, *Two Times Intro: On the Road With Patti Smith*, that document a concert tour undertaken by Bob Dylan and Patti Smith in 1995, plus drawings by Smith and Polaroids by Oliver Ray, who writes songs with Smith and plays in her band. Through 6/5. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Roy Newell—Geometric abstract paintings by an 84-year-old artist who was a founder of the Eighth Street Artists' Club; through 6/6. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Isamu Noguchi—A selection of basalt and granite sculptures and fountains that were made by the artist in the eighties at his studio on the Japanese island of Shikoku, many of which have not been exhibited outside of Japan; through 6/26. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Tom Shannon—Recent sculptures that combine stone, metals, permanent magnets, and other natural materials and are conceived to have minimal contact with their supporting surfaces; through 6/13. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Jose Maria Sicilia—Recent beeswax paintings that reference the spiritual writings of the Koran; through 6/20. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Tom Wesselmann—New abstract paintings; through 6/13. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Theodore Wores—Plein-air landscapes of Japan and California from the 1880s through the 1920s by the San Francisco artist (1859–11939); through 6/13. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Chantal Akerman—The Belgian filmmaker's first show in a gallery, a six-part film installation titled *Selfportrait/Autobiography: a work in progress*; through 6/13. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405)

Christopher Brown—Recent paintings; through 6/13. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Reg Butler—Unique painted figurative bronze sculptures that were executed by the British artist (1913–1981) between 1963 and 1973 and were last exhibited in the United States at Pierre Matisse Gallery in 1973; through 6/20. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Angus Fairhurst—New paintings that depict simple images of English forests in primary colors, and photographs that show the artist as a dreamer in the woods; through 6/27. Kern, 558 Broadway (966-1706).

Robert Irwin—Early abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties and acrylic discs from the sixties by this California artist, who turned away from painting in 1969 to become one of the creators of pure perceptual art and whose latest installation is currently on view at the Dia Center for the Arts (see "Museums"); through 6/19. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Amy Jenkins—Three video installations that focus on the home as a locus for memory, expectation, and metamorphosis; through 6/13. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Jane Kaplowitz/Dave Muller—Wall drawings and works on paper/Drawings, watercolors, and paintings; 5/29–7/24. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project 1977–1997* that consists of five color projections with musical soundtracks by the Poetics, an artists' rock band that Kelley and Oursler were members of in the seventies and eighties; 5/28–7/31. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753). See "Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler" under Solo Shows, Chelsea.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Wolfgang Laib—An installation of ziggurat-like forms of beeswax that fills the gallery from floor to ceiling and conceals various architectural details, and a seven-foot-long marble sculpture in the shape of a house surrounded by mounds of white rice; through 6/6. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Lisa Ruyter—Recent paintings based on photographs of cities in New Jersey, at Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758), through 6/6, and at Rove/Schachter, 508 W. 26th St. (807-6669).

Ann McCoy—Drawings, light projections, and holograms; through 6/20. Central Fine Arts, 70 Greene St. (966-8836).

Thom Merrick—Wall reliefs of "handwritten" words constructed from copper tubing; through 6/27. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Sam Messer—New paintings that continue the artist's exploration of figurative portraiture, including a series of symbolic self-portraits; through 6/13. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Izhar Patkin—New large-scale works on paper that depict three successive generations of the Mendelssohn family of Berlin, who were victims of King Frederick II's plan in 1769 to fund his inferior porcelain company by forcing Jews to buy its low-quality products, and stenciled imagery of porcelain objects; through 6/13. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Rosangela Rennó—Large-scale photographs that depict the backs of male prisoners' heads and text works inscribed on glass; through 6/13. Lombard/Fried, 470 Broome St. (334-5060).

Doug and Mike Starn—Photo collages in illuminated vitrines, video sculptures, and a sound-installation collaboration with the New York City music house Tom and Andy; through 6/6. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Steve Tobin—Large-scale bronze sculptures, including a series cast from termite mounds in Africa; through 6/21. At Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800), and OK Harris, 383 W. Broadway (431-3600).

Alessandro Twombly—New sculptures in bronze, ceramic, and terra cotta whose forms evoke massive sea sponges; 5/28–6/27. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Chelsea

Polly Apfelbaum—A large-scale floor work of pieces of fabric arranged in the form of a figure; through 6/6. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Liesbeth Bik and Jos van der Pol—An installation by two Dutch artists that is a re-creation of the theory section of the ICA bookshop in London; through 6/30. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

David Bolger—Oil-on-panel paintings that depict men in surreal settings; through 6/20. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Fernando Canovas—Recent paintings of geometric spatial constructions; through 6/24. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Meredith Danluck—Sculpture constructed from various clothing fabrics and accessories; through 6/13. Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. (741-8849).

Peter Edlund—Paintings of flora and fauna in desolate landscapes; through 6/27. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Lino Fiorito—Improvisational watercolors that depict the artist's view of the universe; through 6/20. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (674-1024).

Maximilian Goldfarb—New paintings on paper whose seemingly abstract imagery depicts the shrapnel of exploded vehicles built from plastic kits; through 6/20. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977–1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; 5/28–9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). See "Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler" under Solo Shows, SoHo and TriBeCa.

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven recent paintings on shaped canvases, each painted in a single color, through 6/20, at Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200), and his 104-part anodized-aluminum piece from 1957, *Sculpture for a Large Wall, 1957*, through 6/20, at Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Christian Lemmerz—An installation that uses a classical sculpture as a its centerpiece; through 6/20. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511).

Chris Martin—Large-scale abstract paintings; through 6/13. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Judy Moonelis—Arrangements of sculpted ceramic body fragments that the artist calls "memory portraits"; through 6/20. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Ree Morton—Works and drawings that were made by the artist (1936–1977) between 1974 and 1977 and focus on her interest in subjects related to nature and her use of celastic, a plasticlike material that can be molded into shapes; through 6/6. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Daisuke Nakayama—Video and photographs by a Japanese artist who will be representing Japan in the 1998 Taipei Biennial; through 6/13. Rare, 435 W. 14th St. (645-5591).

Pat Passlof/Andrew Grassie—Recent abstract paintings/Small-scale tempera paintings of images drawn from travel brochures. Through 6/20. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

George Peck—Acrylic and graphite paintings on muslin adhered to linen; through 6/13. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232).

Richard Prince—New works on paper that continue the artist's use of layering, gesture, and text; through 6/21. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

David Reed—A new configuration of video insertions and paintings from the artist's ongoing *Las Vegas Piece*; through 7/3. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Thomas Trosch—Collages that depict an upper-class world of travel and leisure and incorporate cutouts from the artist's uncle's collection of *Flair* magazines from the fifties, *Town & Country*, and *Vogue*, as well as beads, buttons, shells, album covers, and other found objects; through 6/19. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Jane and Louise Wilson—A collaborative installation of wall projections and photographic stills that depict the hallways, interrogation rooms, and office interiors of Stasi City, the unofficial name for a site in East Berlin where the GDR's intelligence service, the Staatsicherheit, once operated; through 6/20. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Crosscurrents," contemporary paintings from Panama; through 6/19.

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "For Beauty and For Truth," five decades of still lifes collected by William and Abigail Gerdts, with a selection of works by nineteenth century woman artists; through 6/26.

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0100). Paintings by the sixteenth-century Italian masters Artemisia Gentileschi, Orazio Gentileschi, and Agostino Tassi; through 6/13.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "The '60s in the Seventies," a tribute to the flourishing art scene of the 1960s and the legendary galleries in the East Seventies, with works by Arman, Artschwager, Christo, Di Suvero, others; through 6/27.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68," with sketches, models, furniture, sculpture, and architectural drawings by Aubert, Jungmann, Otto, Stinco, others; 5/29–8/29.

Retrospective
The Pump House Gang

Nineteen sixty-eight was a peculiar time to become an architect. Modernism was clearly dying of boredom, postmodernism wasn't yet out of the gate, and from Newark to Prague, cities were burning more than they were building. But one unlikely new trend energized young theorists worldwide, especially in France: *inflatable* furniture, houses, even clothes. (Leave it to the French to propose living in a soufflé.) Though most of these designs seem just plain goofy today, they satisfied their designers' radicalism, both political and artistic. Blow-up houses could be mass-produced inexpensively (to provide shelter for the proletariat, of course), and the plans went beyond simple domes and roofs to detail complex multistory houses with plumbing and electricity; even the floors were air-filled sacs. At the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, the class of '68 embraced "Structures Gonflables" as an alternative to centuries of old-world stone and iron—a literal breath of fresh air. To be sure, a revolution that depends on high technology can't maintain outsider status for long (how 'bout that Internet?), and the pumped-up utopianism of '68 was already drawing its last breaths at the Osaka World's Fair of 1970, where a number of inflatable pavilions were actually built. But plans, sketches, copies of the movement's journal *Utopie,* and actual pieces of furniture (some of which, astonishingly, are now back in style), will all be on display in "The Inflatable Moment," at the Urban Center, from May 29. The show even points out that these lefty theorists weren't above borrowing a few ideas from decidedly nonradical sources: The first experimental inflatables were designed by none other than the United States Army. **Christopher Bonanos**

Baron/Boisanté Editions—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). "Actionism," films and photographs of "actions" by artists who participated in the Viennese Actionism movement of the sixties, among them Brus, Muehl, Nitsch, and Schwarzkogler; through 6/13.

Boone—745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929). "View: Four," including installations evocative of disco culture and hand-cut paper dollies, with works by Dalrymple, Evans, Periton, Takahashi, others; through 6/27.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). "Circus," with works by Arbus, Archipenko, Atget, Calder, others; through 6/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (966-6170). "Drawing the Question," part two of an exhibition intended to present the seminal role of drawing in the creative process and expression of vision, with works by Asher, Hesse, Morton, LeWitt, Pepe and Tuttle; through 6/20.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Transmissions," an exhibition of videos by curators and critics exploring their absorption and expression of cultural information; through 6/27.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). "Camera Ready?," works that use a camera as a resource tool or visual signature, by Cockrill, Leahy, McCall, Petracca, others; 5/30-6/27.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). A 25th anniversary exhibition of sculptures and paintings, with works by Averbuch, Frey, Harris, Okulick, others; through 6/17.

Inglett—100 Wooster St. (343-0573). "The Information Age," curated by David Platzker, an attempt to refresh our sensibilities in an age of third-and fourth-generation conceptual art; through 6/27.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). An exhibition exploring the relationship between filmmaker David Cronenberg's work and that of a group of contemporary artists, with works by Acker, Baudrillard, Butler, Bukatman, others; 5/28-7/18.

Chelsea

Cheim & Reid—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). "Three Catholics: Warhol, Ruscha & Mapplethorpe," paintings, photography and sculpture; through 6/27.

Cooper—534 W. 21st St. (255-1105). "Travel & Leisure;" with paintings, works on paper, sculpture and photography by 30 artists, including Kelly, Oldenburg, Piper, Zittel; through 6/30.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (929-0500). "Exploiting the Abstract," with works by Chang, Cooper, Craven, Dolla, others; through 6/13.

Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767). "Inventors + Alchemists," an exhibition of surreal and conceptual photographs, objects, and paintings with works by Beube, Diaz, Estabrook, Hajdu; through 6/14.

Other

Forbes—60 Fifth Ave. (620-2398). The Chateau de Balleroy as interpreted by 22 artists, including Aspevig, Blossom, French, Montgomery, others; through 6/27.

Pelavin—13 Jay St. (925-9424). Paintings, works on paper, and drawings by Costan, Craddock, Crane, Crull, others; through 7/31.

Photography

Michael Ackermann—Recent photographs that depict the people of Cabbagetown, the oldest industrial settlement in Atlanta; through 7/26. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (477-1820).

Andrew Bordwin—Cibachrome prints that were made from unexposed negatives found in a camera not used since 1967 and whose abstract patterning and intense coloring suggest cellular structures; through 6/27. Meltzer's On View, 588 Broadway (343-8256).

Luis González Palma—Theatrically posed photographs of the Mayan Indians of Guatemala that suggest the nineteenth-century portraiture of Julia Margaret Cameron; through 6/27. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

Emmet Gowin—Recent prints from the artist's ongoing series of aerial landscapes; through 6/13. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Dezo Hoffmann—Behind-the-scenes photographs of the Beatles taken between 1962 and 1967; through 6/15. POP! International, 473 W. Broadway (533-4262)).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (voluntary contribution 6–8), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 students and seniors. "Micha Bar-Am: An Israeli Photobiography." Images of life in Israel by its premier photojournalist; through 5/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary donation), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4. "Robert Capa/Photographs." A retrospective of the legendary photojournalist (1913–1954) known for his images of the Spanish Civil War, the North African and European battles of WWII, the Israeli War for Independence, and the end of the French Indochina War, and for his portraits of artists and writers; through 6/7.

Leica—670 Broadway (777-3051). Photographs by Mayor Rudolph Giuliani to benefit New Yorkers for Children, and vintage prints of New York City by Abbott, Bourke-White, Cartier-Bresson, others; through 6/13.

Frank Majore—Large-format photographs of women; through 6/26. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

David Malin—Images of deep-space objects by an astronomical photographer; through 6/20. Schickler, 560 Broadway (431-6363).

Herbert Matter—A survey of the artist's photographs, including images of works by Giacometti, Calder, and other artists he admired. At The New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466), through 6/27, and Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223), 5/28–7/4.

Micheal McLaughlin—Recent photographs of American roadside attractions; through 6/25. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Willy Rizzo—Photographs of celebrities taken between 1950 and 1970; through 6/26. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

John Thomson—Photographs of China and the Far East by the nineteenth-century Scottish photographer and writer; through 6/13. Westwood, 578 Broadway (925-5700).

Tracey Baran—Images of strained relationships in suburbia; through 6/20. Liebman Magnan, 552 W. 24th St. (255-3225).

Antonio Turok—Photographs recording the artist's experiences in the Mexican state of Chiapas, from the new book, *Chiapas: The End of Silence* (Aperture; $40); through 6/21. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Dan Weiner—Photographs that depict America's emerging middle classes of the fifties; through 6/13. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Leigh Wiener—Photographs of baseball figures and celebrities of the sixties; through 6/13. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "Kings, Chiefs, Women of Power, Nigeria: Photographs by Phyllis Galembo." Large-format color portraits of the women and men of the Benin and Yoruba kingdoms and the Western Igbo in southern Nigeria; through 6/28. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Great Cities, Small Treasures: The Ancient World of the Indus Valley." Objects from the Indus Valley civilization that flourished between 2600 and 1900 B.C.; through 6/7. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 6/14. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. . . . "Rimer Cardillo: Araucaria"; through 8/23. . . . "1898: Artists Respond"; through 6/21.1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. . . . "Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." 250 objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 7/5. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Training an Artist: Alexandre Cabanel and the Academic Process in Nineteenth-Century France." Paintings and drawings by the nineteenth-century French artist; through 6/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin." Part one of a two-part site-specific installation; through 6/14. . . . "Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin:

1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

The Drawing Center—"Shadows of a Hand: The Drawings of Victor Hugo." The first exhibition in the United States devoted to the drawings of the nineteenth-century French writer (1802–1885), addressing his prescient relationship to art movements of the twentieth century; through 6/13. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"Recurrent Memories: A Site-Specific Installation by Diamantina Gonzalez."; through 6/28. . . . "Carmen Herrera: The Black and White Paintings, 1951–1989." Abstract geometric paintings by the Cuban-born artist; through 6/28.1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Police Pictures: The Photographs as Evidence." A survey of forensic and evidentiary photographs from the mid-nineteenth century to the present; through 7/18. 100 Washington Square E. (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 works in a variety of media produced in China between 3500 B.C. and 1911; through 6/3 (portions of the exhibition will close starting 5/25). . . . "Visions of Paris: Robert Delauney's Series." An exhibition focusing on the artist's series paintings of Saint-Séverin, the Eiffel Tower, and Paris as seen through his window; through 5/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Shiko Munakata, the Modern Master of Woodblock Art." A retrospective of prints by Japan's greatest modern woodblock artist (1903–1975); through 8/16. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "Paul Strand circa 1916." An exhibition of 50 rare prints tracing the artist's transition from soft-focus pictorial style to modernism; through 5/31. . . . "Pierre-Paul Prud'hon." The first American retrospective of the works of the eighteenth-century French court painter and draftsman; through 6/7. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "Evocative Fragments." A selection of twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs depicting fragments of the human body; through 6/14. . . . "Honoré Lannuier, Parisian Cabinet Maker in Federal New York"; through 6/14. . . . "Elegant China Ware: Paris Porcelain in America"; through 6/14. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Self-Taught Artists of the 20th Century: Perspectives on Patterning." A survey of works by five self-taught artists whose oeuvres are characterized by a consistent use of overall patterning, including Morris Hirshfeld, Leroy Person, Martin Ramirez, Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, and Joseph Yoakum; through 6/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Photographs of ordinary objects in tableaux of the artist's devising, made between 1969 and 1981; through 6/15. . . . "Garry Winogrand: Selections From a Major Acquisition." Twenty-six photographs from a collection of 200 prints ranging in date from the fifties through the seventies that were acquired by the museum from the New York collector; through 5/31. . . . "Projects 63: Karin Davie, Udomsak Krisanamis, Bruce Pearson, Fred Tomaselli; through 6/30. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935–1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties which was funded by the Federal Art Project of the W.P.A. and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Whistler: Impressions of an American Abroad—Etchings and Lithographs From the Carnegie Museum of Art." A survey of prints by the American expatriate James McNeil Whistler (1834-1903), drawn from the collection of and organized by the Carnegie Museum of Art; through 6/26. . . . "All Things Bright and Beautiful: California Impressionist Paintings From the Irvine Museum"; through 7/5. . . . "California Impressionism: The Stiles and the Bagley Collections"; through 7/5. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri, 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; 5/27–9/13. . . . "Doris Salcedo." New sculpture by the Colombian artist; through 5/31. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers"; through 6/27. . . . "A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089) Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6 free.

New-York Historical Society—"Unconventional Currier & Ives." Lesser-known works produced by the printing firm, among them prints, photographs certificates, and advertisements; through 7/5. . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection o newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks Present and Future Direction." Photographs o New York City landmarks from the new book

On View **He's remembered chiefly by his nom de plume, Lewis Carroll, but besides writing *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and other children's classics, the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was also an Oxford don, a mathematician, and an amateur photographer. The exhibit "a.k.a. Lewis Carroll" offers a glimpse into the life of this fascinating Renaissance man (1832–1898) through early editions of his books, his letters, his photographs (above, an albumen print of Alice Liddell, the other Alice's namesake), along with his family Bible, his pocket watch, and a garnet ring that belonged to Liddell. At the Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 East 36th Street; through August 30.**

Photograph courtesy of the Pierpont Morgan Library

Landmarks of New York III (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." An exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Alex Katz—Under the Stars: American Landscapes 1951–1995." The first retrospective of the artist's landscape works; through 6/21. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Meg Webster 'Pool'"; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll." An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . "Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation." Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The first retrospective of the artist's work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his life-long environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; 5/28–8/30. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Lee Mingwei's 'Way Stations.'" Two interactive installations, *The Dining Project* and *The Letter-writing Project*; through 7/19. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Who What When Where: An Installation by Carrie Mae Weems"; through 7/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 5/28 at 10: "American Indian Art." On view from 5/23. 5/28 at 7 and 5/29 at 10: "Important Latin American Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 5/23. 5/29 at 2: "Books." On view from 5/23.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 6/2 at 1: "Animation Art." On view from 5/29.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 6/2 at 10:30: "Furniture and Decorations." On view from 5/30.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade American Paintings." On view from 5/22. 5/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Pre-Columbian." On view from 5/21. 5/27 at 7 and 5/28 at 10:15: "Latin American Paintings and Sculpture." On view from 5/23.

Masters of Color and Light:
Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement

John Singer Sargent. *Zuleika*, c.1906. Brooklyn Museum of Art Collection.

Aetna is pleased to sponsor this exhibition of 140 watercolors by some of America's greatest artists: Homer, Sargent, Marin, O'Keeffe, Hopper and many others. You'll find the beauty of watercolor in the hands of genius in *Masters of Color and Light*.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
May 8 - August 23, 1998

200 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, New York
2 or 3 subway to Eastern Parkway
718-638-5000

Ætna

What looks like a cold, sounds like a cold and feels like a cold, but isn't a cold?

Asthma. But asthma can be much more serious. So if your child has a cough that won't go away, is often short of breath, or wheezes a lot, especially at night or after running, don't treat it yourself. Go to your doctor or clinic.

Breathe easier. Ask your doctor if it's asthma.

National Asthma Education and Prevention Program
National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute;
National Institutes of Health; Public Health Service; U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

restaurants

Eastern Exposure...Big on Figs...Cena

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—Food is prepared tableside at this Northern Italian downtowner. Ask for owner-host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, the Italian-flag combination of three styles of pasta, and lobster Acappella. Try the prix fixe lunch. Jackets required. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Object of Desire

On-Ramps

In the hands of innovative Union Square Cafe chef Michael Romano, the basic garlic-toast bruschetta becomes a vehicle for delivering the season's freshest flavors. His current offering, a pungent segue between his winter white-truffle and summer tomato versions, features wild ramps—the sharp, oniony shoots scavenged from river banks—flavored with bacon and garlic and spooned over grilled Pugliese bread. (21 East 16th Street; 243-4020.)

PETER KAMINSKY

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

S.O.B.'s—Few people know there's a kitchen in this popular Latin American music hall. The menu—a fusion of Latin, Caribbean and Brazilian flavors—includes dishes like grilled shrimp tossed with tropical relish and chicken breast stuffed with plantains and chorizo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic Ameri-

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

can fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vindows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

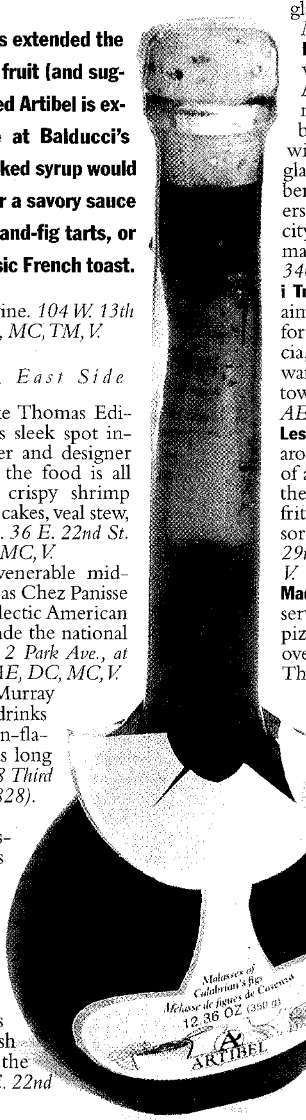
iotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

laveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

liracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

sso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shopping **Southern Italians have always extended the life span of lusciously ripe figs by reducing the fruit (and sugar) into a sweet concentrate. Now Calabria-based Artibel is exporting an artisanal fig molasses, available at Balducci's (12.36 ounces; $9.95). The fragrant, seed-flecked syrup would make a delectable glaze for pork or foie gras, or a savory sauce to drizzle over poached pears, gelato, almond-and-fig tarts, or even—when maple monotony sets in—your basic French toast.**



hree of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

ar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

ar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

ue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

a Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

3 Grove Street Cafe—This American bistro on a charming Village side street has the requisite exposed brick walls and outdoor patio (in warm weather). There's a raw bar from which one—actually, two—could order the plateau fruits de mer, which comes with vodka or champagne. Or try the sesame-crusted tuna with lemongrass marinade, the filet mignon in bourbon sauce, or the salmon en papillote with oranges. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Village Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Frank McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanley, who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortable premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauce, the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cotta. *228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mad 28—This stylishly streamlined restaurant serves homemade pasta, risotti, and thin-crust pizzas that emerge from a wood-burning oven built into a spectacular flagstone wall. The soaring space's other focal point is the large-screen TV, which is regularly tuned to European soccer broadcasts. *72 Madison Ave., nr. 28th St. (689-2828). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mendy's —This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also, 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and an-

otograph by Steven Freeman.

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cho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novità—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463) (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed thi cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestr And the place remains a classic 30 years later. Th Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got it start in the seventies. The pool room is where th rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foi gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd S (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, includin broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a roon where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty por tions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) o the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italia fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. Th chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Ital to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishe are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (68 2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New Yor Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only on chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravio with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisia spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032 (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? Th ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel–think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franc Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is gentle introduction to exactly what wonders ch Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Reg Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhoo restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while t kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, e pecially affordable in the four-course pretheat menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta wi fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed wi cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private par room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import h taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts wi its tender double porterhouse and men's cl charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Av at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawli Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLi building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, i cluding excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to ord by experienced pizza masters imported direct from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches a the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Av at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC,*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in th new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, b no more elegant, than the French-American fa concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzi Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, a pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering gener-

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

ASK GAEL

Is there a cozy little bistro on the Upper (far) East Side?

Your fiercely dashing host is Russian. The skilled and ambitious chef is Ukrainian. So naturally, the tiny storefront La Forêt, with its Gallic posters and flea-market funk, is French. The two partners—former Soviet airman Andrei Kondrashov (Da Silvano) and Bouley veteran Vladimir Ribartchouk—are slowly building their repertoire and wooing the locals. We're pleased with earthy mushroom risotto, first-rate leg of lamb, deftly cooked salmon and world-class fries. (Entrées are all $15.95 or less.) Irrepressible Andrei credits Robuchon for the sensational crème brûlée, a gift of the house "so you'll come back." Not necessarily worth a $10 taxi ride, this cozy spot—open till 2 A.M. weekends—is good news for the neighborhood. No credit cards. (1713 First Avenue, near 88th Street; 987-9839).

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ous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant in the heart of midtown is a convenient spot for onion bhajia, chicken tikka masala, dal bukhara, and other subcontinental standards. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

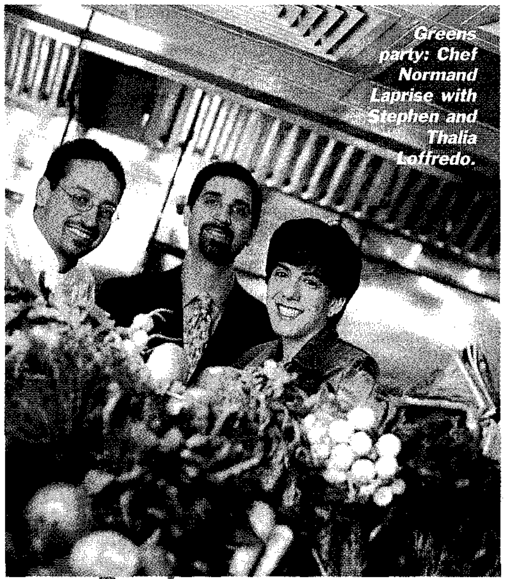
Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and rib-eye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Toscanaccio—Done up to resemble a Tuscan farmhouse, this Italian restaurant is renowned for its antipasto table and the chef's unfettered use of herbs. Representative dishes include melted caciotta cheese with herbs and crushed red pepper, and fish of the day with stewed garlic, tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili pepper. *7 E. 59th St. (935-3535). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso



Greens party: Chef Normand Laprise with Stephen and Thalia Loffredo.

Preview

Normand Conquest

Montreal chef and restaurateur Normand Laprise has come to some unusual conclusions about the freedom of self-employment. Having opened Toque! five years ago to immediate and enduring acclaim, he now wants nothing more than to work for someone else. But what seems like a reverse career trajectory actually makes perfect sense. "I just like to cook," says Laprise, who'd happily leave the tedious details of management—making a schedule, finding a plumber—to others. "I don't like to work at the desk. I like to work in the kitchen." Which is exactly where he'll be next week, courtesy of his old friends (and new bosses) Stephen and Thalia Loffredo, who've hired him as the executive chef of their new Flatiron restaurant, Cena. The Loffredos (who also own SoHo's thriving Zoë) have been intent on liberating Laprise since first sampling his food four years ago. The admiration is exceedingly mutual. "I like the way Thalia and Stephen respect the food, the service, the wine. I have big confidence with them," says Laprise, whose own notorious respect for food entails assiduously sourcing his ingredients—from duck to baby bok choy—to local farmers. His mania for freshness is evident in Toque!'s lack of a freezer (except for one dedicated to sherbet) and his ever-changing, market-dependent menu. At Cena, where he's describing his eclectic fare as "seasonal North American," he'll change the formal dining-room menu monthly; even the more casual, all-day café menu will incorporate Toque! touches like lavender-oil dressing and green-and-white-asparagus soup with lobster. "But if white asparagus is available for a month and a half," warns the chef, who will be commuting between his two kitchens, "I will have it on the menu for a month and a half." Stephen Loffredo, who pioneered the revolutionary all-American wine list at Zoë, has assembled an offbeat international list to complement Laprise's creations. Meanwhile, the itinerant chef has been busy exploring New York food sources, adjusting to our earlier (by three or four weeks) growing season, scouting the Fulton Fish Market. "To buy and to make food—that's my pleasure." And, by extension, ours. (12 East 22nd Street; 505-1222.)

ROBIN RAISFELD

Photograph by Safia Fatimi.

ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Filippo—The Upper East Side never seems to tire of elegant Italian restaurants like this one. Specialties include garganelli, salmon and artichokes, and grilled orata and branzino with rosemary and garlic. *1315 2nd Ave., at 69th St. (472-6688). (E) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has a loyal neighborhood following that partakes of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers dishes like mango-glazed tuna steak and tortilla-crusted grouper. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mendy's West—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

Arto Lindsay...New York Jazz Festival

Concerts

"Texaco New York Jazz Festival"—The Knitting Factory's forward-looking, stylistically vast challenge to JVC hegemony recently changed its name from "What Is Jazz?" to its new, sponsor-friendly handle. Probably a good thing, too, given the new incarnation's courting of non-jazzbos through the addition of indie-rock faves—Cornershop, the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion—and other acts that in no way provide answers to the question *What is jazz?* 6/1–6/14, various times and locations (shows listed at "Hudson Tent" take place at a temporary venue in Battery Park City). Tickets for individual shows available from Ticket Web (269-4849); nightly passes, $30–$50, available at the Knitting Factory box office (219-0845; see "Clubland" listing for details). All festival events marked with an asterisk (*).

Muhal Richard Abrams Quartet*—With Sephardic Tinge. 6/2 at 7:30 P.M. *TriBeCa Hall, 111 Franklin St. (269-4849). $25.*

"Art Around the Park"—The East Village's annual outdoor paint-a-thon (at which a sectioned canvas stretches 700 feet around Tompkins Square Park, and is duly adorned by locals of varying talent) gets an appropriately trendy soundtrack from neighborhood stalwarts Jonathan Fire Eater, Firewater, Congo Norvell, Pee Shy, Princess Superstar, and King Missile. 5/30 at 2:30 P.M. *Tompkins Square Park, near 7th St., between Aves. A and B. Free.*

Rosemary Clooney—Having just celebrated her 70th birthday, the outstanding alto brings her richly brassy voice and sensational interpretations of standards to the big hall. For this date, she's backed by the formidable Count Basie Orchestra. 6/1 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (903-9750). $17–$65.*

Cornershop*—This quintet, fronted by Anglo-Punjabi rocker Tjinder Singh, got its start with fiery, politicized anthems denouncing skinhead violence and other domestic manifestations of colonial racism. With their third and best album, *When I Was Born for the 7th Time*, they've mellowed considerably, interspersing the sitars, tablas, and guitars with sunny dance grooves and mind-bending samples. For this jazz-festival date, they share the bill with fellow Subcontinental hybridists Asian Dub Foundation and jazz-tabla master Badal Roy, whose band includes trombonist Steve Turre. *Hudson Tent, Battery Park City, near Chambers St. and West Side Hwy. (269-4849). $15.*

Garbage—Their new album, *Version 2.0*, is as big a phenomenon as their first, thanks to singer Shirley Manson's unique delivery—which is, strangely, both sultry and pinched—and the three-producer band's churning electro-grunge. Never mind that it's usually impossible to discern an actual song among all those samples, loops, and effects—the kids are crazy for 'em. 5/28 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $25.*

"Jazz Insights"—Tito Puente joins host Arnold Jay Smith for a discussion of Latin jazz and beyond. 6/2 at 7:45 P.M. *The New School, 66 W. 12 St. (229-5690). $170 enrollment (includes a ticket to a JVC Jazz Festival Concert).*

Yusuf Lateef*—With Rashied Ali's Prima Materia. 6/3 at 7:30 P.M. *TriBeCa Hall, 111 Franklin St. (269-4849). $25.*

J. D. Parran and Spirit Sage—The clarinetist blends jazz and world music. 5/29 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). $15.*

Pancho Quinto—One of Cuba's top drummer's, Quinto has loaned his chops to numerous of his island's finest musicians for half a century. For this rare New York date, he's joined by Havana jazz-fusionists Bellita y Jazztumbatá. 5/30 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $25.*

Squirrel Nut Zippers*—Is this jazz? It's hard to say. A small swing band with a taste for the hot jazz of the twenties, this snappy North Carolina sextet certainly has its heart in the right place. There's something a little gimmicky about the whole affair, but at the same time, it's an undeniably good time. With New York's own way-fun, off-kilter, and utterly unclassifiable Jazz Passengers, whose guest singer, Deborah Harry, transcends her Blondie roots with the outfit. 6/3 at 7:30 P.M. *Hudson Tent, Battery Park City, near Chambers St. and West Side Hwy. (269-4849). $28.*

James Taylor—5/29–5/30 at 9 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

McCoy Tyner Trio*—Coltrane's longtime pianist and a deeply compelling leader in his own right, Tyner is a fitting choice to open the open-minded New York Jazz Festival—cerebral enough to satisfy the avant-heads, warm enough for any traditionalist. 6/1 at 7:30 P.M. *TriBeCa Hall, 111 Franklin St. (269-4849). $28.*

Performance

Old Boys' Club

Doubtless fanning the flames of the "Is alternative rock dead?" debate, two former pillars of the genre—ex-Suede guitarist Bernard Butler (top) and erstwhile Stone Temple Pilot Scott Weiland—have struck out on their own. And both have achieved more satisfying results *sans* band than they ever did with their lackluster crypto-arena-rock acts. Weiland makes his local debut June 1 at Irving Plaza; Butler bows June 3 at the Bowery Ballroom (see Clubland listings).

Photographs: top, Midori Tsukagoshi; bottom, Bobbie Gale

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, been cleaned up, and—thanks to former Maxwell's booker Todd Abramson—become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 5/27: Slobberbone. 5/28: Richard Davies. 5/29: L.E.S. Stitches; Jack Black; the Evaporators. 5/30: Sleepyhead; View Master; Special Pillow. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 5/28: Debi Bonet; Thomas Covenant. 5/29: Wilma; Punch Havana. 5/30: Pleather; the Geraniums. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 5/28: Gawk. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 5/28: Ed Palermo & His Big Band play the music of Frank Zappa; Project/Object. 5/29: "Required Listening: A No-Risk Evening of Discovery." Ceili Rain; the Emptys; Greg Greenway; Richard X. Heyman. 5/30: Lucy Kaplansky; Richard Shindell; Vance Gilbert. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 6/3: Former Suede guitarist Bernard Butler, who recently struck out on his own with the aptly titled (and quietly satisfying) *People Move On. 6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, un-

hotograph by Gene Martin.

Talent
Jazz Odyssey

June 1 at TriBeCa Hall, pianist McCoy Tyner (pictured) opens the Knitting Factory–organized Texaco New York Jazz Festival. It's a good thing the series eighty-sixed its old name, "What Is Jazz?" Judging by the wildly eclectic lineup—from James "Blood" Ulmer's Blues Experience to the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Ravi Shankar to Ravi Coltrane, Cecil Taylor to Cornershop—a more appropriate title would be "What Isn't Jazz?" See Concerts and Jazz listings.

scuzzy basement lounge. 5/28: Arto Lindsay (see page 128). *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 5/27: David Eddy. 5/28: James Montgomery. 5/29: Dana Fuchs. 5/30: Johnny Allen. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 5/29: Richard Lloyd. 5/30: D.O.A.; the Parasites. 6/3: Marky Ramone & the Intruders; L.E.S. Stitches. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 5/27: Dujeous. 5/28: 360. 5/29: Bush Tetras; Silver Apples; Suicide. 5/30: A Don Piper Situation; Babe the Blue Ox; Ruby Falls. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Wednesday's "Stella" offers some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. Every Sunday, gender illusionist Sequida Ryzell puts on "A Woman With a Secret." *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 5/30: Max Creek; Burlap to Cashmere; the Push-Stars; Bloo. 6/1: Scott Weiland; Daniel Lanois. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 5/26: Elliott Sharpe's Terraplane. 5/28: Steve Wynn Quartet; John Wesley Harding. 5/29: Brian Jonestown Massacre. 5/30: King Chango; Dem Brooklyn Bums. 5/31: Acetone; Magnetic Fields. 6/1: Joseph Bowie Big Band; Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy.* 6/2: William Hooker Quartet plus One; Dewey Redman Project; Ray Barretto and New World Spirit.* 6/3: Javon Jackson Quintet; Joey Baron Quartet; Terence Blanchard.* *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

ife—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. 5/27: The Velvet Mafia; Carol Channing Rox. 6/3: Lydia Lunch. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

ouisiana Community Bar and Grill—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. Saturdays, octogenarian swing survivors the Harlem Jazz Legends play sets at 8 and 9:45 P.M. 5/26: The Camaros. 5/29: File. *622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker Sts. (460-9633).*

anny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 5/27: Debbie Davies. 5/28: Popa Chubby. 5/29: Tom Larsen. 5/30: The Black Widow Band. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

ercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 5/19: Katell Keineg. 5/26: Penpal; Ila's Dress. 5/27: Pernice Brothers; Jolene. 5/28: The Bottle Rockets; Kevin Salem. 5/29: Pat McGee. 5/30: Congo Norvell. 6/2: Vaganza; Blake Morgan. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 5/27: Bill Kirchen. 5/28: Five Chinese Brothers' Neil Diamond tribute. 5/29: Former Stray Cats bassist Lee Rocker. 5/30: "Rockabilly Meltdown." *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 5/26: Freddie McGregor. 5/27: Eddie Palmieri. 5/30: Juliana Aquino. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Shine—It was bound to happen: Now that drum-and-bass has spent a year or so as trip-hop's replacement as the electrified flavor of the month, somebody had to come along and turn the techno subgenre into radio-friendly pop. Enter Toronto's Esthero, a mononomic 19-year-old chanteuse whose musical partner in crime—a producer named simply Doc—pairs her seductive crooning with fluttery, polyrhythmic drum-and-bass. The resulting album, *Breath From Another*, is intriguing and beguiling; the pair's 5/28 New York debut promises to be the same. 6/1: Ren Lopez; Douglas September. 6/4: Rashid. 6/5: "Girlfriend" show. 6/8: Former Brand New Heavies singer N'Dea Davenport, whose long-awaited solo album is on its way. 6/11: Cornelius. 6/12: Jeb Loy Nichols. 6/18: Eden White. *285 West Broadway (941-0900).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 5/28: Jimmie's Chicken Shack; the Din Pedals. 5/29: Junior Brown. 5/30: The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion; Andre "Mr. Rhythm" Williams; the Bassholes. 5/31: The Roots; Goodie Mob; P.A. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 5/28: 10,000 Maniacs; the Nields. 5/29: *High Times* magazine's "Cannabis Cup Band," a ten-piece reggae ensemble featuring members of Steel Pulse, the Skadanks, Junior Jazz, and Big Mountain. 5/30: Zero. 5/31: The Skatalites. 6/3: Filed (deep) in the *Where are they now?* file, Candlebox return just in time to get that incipient early-nineties revival going. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Windows on the World—At Tuesday night's "Sway," D.J.'s Angola and Conrad get the party people jumping to hip-hop sounds from yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra blows the roof off the joint. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra (conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington) delves into the late, great bandleader's songbook. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 5/27: Peter Bernstein Quartet. 5/28: D.D. Jackson Trio. 5/29–5/30: Helen Merrill & Her Trio. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 5/26–5/31: Oscar Peterson Quartet, in their first club date in five years (Tues.–Thurs., 9 P.M. only; Fri.–Sun., 9:30 and 11:30 P.M.; $65 cover). *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cheetah—Hotshot young trumpeter Roy Hargrove—plus some special guests, including tap-dancer extraordinaire Savion Glover—inaugurates the swanky lounge's live-music series, 5/28–5/29, with some bopified sounds. *12 W. 21st St. (206-7770).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. 5/29–5/30: Omer Avital Group. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 5/26–5/31: Ron Carter Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz

Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. 5/26–5/30: Renee Rosnes Quartet. Sets Sun. and Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, cerebral and atmospheric guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel leads his quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. $5 cover; no minimum. 5/26, 5/29–5/31: Tom Lellis. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 5/26– 5/31: Sometime Wynton Marsalis Wessell "Warmdaddy" Anderson leads a quintet of his own. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Wilson's Bar & Grill—The Upper West Side's finest jazz- and torch-singer bar. Wednesdays and Fridays, the Stingers. Thursdays, Eric. Saturdays, the Judy Barnett Quartet. Sundays, jazz brunch with Gerard Carelli. 6/1: Peter Delano Trio. *201 W. 79th St. (769-0100).*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. 5/26–5/30: Kenny Kirkland Trio. 5/31: James Williams. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 5/26: "Funny Shorts" film festival. 5/27–5/28: Andy Kindler. 5/28–5/31: Margaret Cho. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offers sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. Through 6/4: Jackie Mason. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 5/25–5/31: Kevin Brennan; Gregg Rogell; Al Lubel; Mitch Fatel; Andre Fernandez; Tim Young. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 5/25–5/31: Richie Byrne; John Rizzo; Jim Norton. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

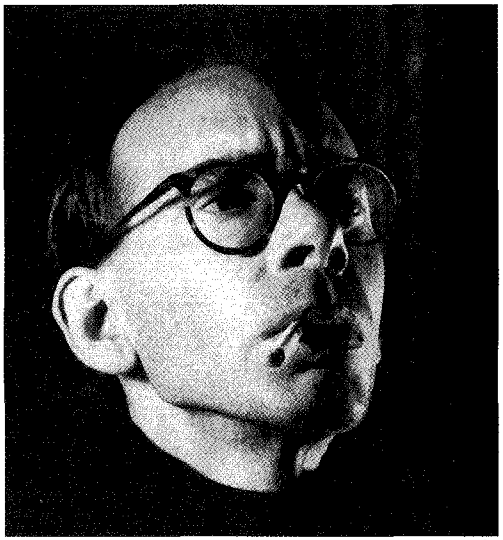
Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 5/29–5/30: Kevin Brennan; Jim Florentine; Tony Woods. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 5/29–5/30: Orny Adams; Tom Stade; Keith Robinson; Vanessa Hollingshead. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Talent
Big Bossa Man

In the seventies, as a member of the Lounge Lizards and a bandleader in his own right, Arto Lindsay specialized in wringing willfully noisy squeals from his guitar. His jazz-tinged, take-no-prisoners approach earned his corner of the no-wave movement the onomatopoeic handle *skronk*. Twenty-some years on, Lindsay has just released *Noon Chill*, his third album of hushed, seductive, Brazilian-inflected songs. On the disc, Lindsay mixes lilting acoustic guitars, intricate percussion, and forward-looking keyboard sounds, and—in an even-tempered voice reminiscent of bossa nova crooners like Antonio Carlos Jobim—delivers literate ruminations that defy categorization. The music is undeniably subtle, even mellow, but it's got enough dark sonic swirls to keep you from forgetting the singer's seventies roots. Born in the United States, Lindsay grew up in a small town in Brazil, where his parents were missionary-teachers. And though he's lived in New York for 25 years, Lindsay recently bought a *pied-à-terre* in Rio and—when he isn't busy traveling the world producing other bands, working on art installations, and generally being a global man-about-town—divides his time between the two cities. Which means New Yorkers' opportunities to see him play are rare. On May 28, he returns to an old stomping ground, CBGB, for a show celebrating the release of *Noon Chill*. One thing that hasn't changed for Lindsay since his no-wave days is his guitar style: Leaving the complex bossa nova chord progressions to bandmates, he uses his own electric guitar to drop dissonant sound-bombs. "I'm still," he maintains, perhaps overmodestly, "the quintessential non-musician."

ETHAN SMITH



Cabaret

Cafe Carlyle—Through May, singer-pianist-raconteur Bobby Short continues his annual spring engagement, Tues.–Sat. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. a 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theate within. Saturdays in May, Baby Jane Dexter continues her latest red-hot standards-'n'-pop revue "The Real Thing." $15; two-drink minimum. *22 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrough Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine 5/28–6/20: Steve Ross's "Hooray for Love" celebrates the work of Cole Porter. Tues.–Thurs., set at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $4 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586 0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-onl show at the recently relocated boîte has been ex tended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 1 P.M. $20 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $25 cover Fri.–Sat $15 minimum. *Bill's Gay '90s, 57 E. 54th St. (758 2272).*

Sardi's—Thursdays through May, comic, singe dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs num bers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standard show tunes, and other theater-district fare ($1 cover). Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jaz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44 St. (221-8444).*

Spy Bar—Every Sunday night, this scarily trendy So Ho snuggery hosts "Flick6ix," whose hosts sho campy films and stage appropriately themed liv entertainment. Recent nights have included th Michael Caine fêting "Beware the Ides of Mike, a "Triple-RRR" soft-porn night, and the self-ex planatory "Date With Dino." $5 cover. 5/31 "Spacey Bitch." Domination in a silver-lamé spac suit, baby. Films: Zsa Zsa Gabor's *Queen of Out Space* and *Devil Girl From Mars. 101 Greene S (343-9000).*

Bars

Chez Es Saada—A subterranean orientalist fantas replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on th sound system, and exotic drinks with unpro nounceable names. Don't be misled by the lac of street-level signage, though: This is no tren doid-free oasis, and on weekends the bounce give entry preference to Euro-partyers. *42 E. 1 St. (777-5617).*

Photograph by Hendrik Lietman

in concert

Eiko & Koma at the Whitney Museum

Classical Music

Tuesday, May 26

Garcia Lorca & Music—Pedro Carbone, piano, performs works by Oscar Esplá. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

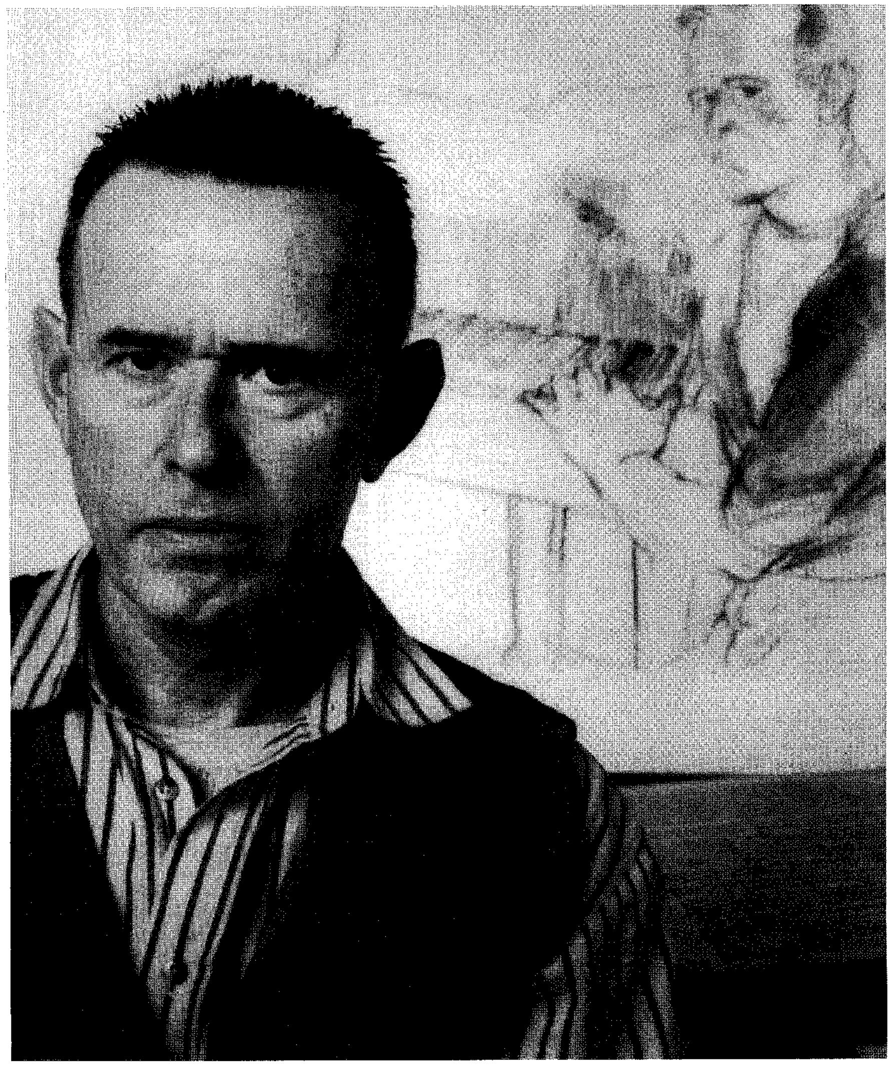
Thursday, May 28

New York Philharmonic—Performs Del Tredici's *The Spider and the Fly,* Copland's Clarinet Concerto, J. F. Fasch's Trumpet Concerto in D, Weber's Concerto for Horn, and Ravel's *La Valse*; Heidi Grant Murphy, soprano; Nathan Gunn, baritone; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Philip Smith, trumpet; and Philip Myers, horn. Kurt Masur conducts. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Previews

The Artist Within

Composer David Del Tredici has conjured this muse for 'The Spider and the Fly,' an extended setting of the children's poem being given its premiere by the New York Philharmonic. Rounding out the week's program is Aaron Copland's Clarinet Concerto, in celebration of principal clarinetist Stanley Drucker's fiftieth year with the orchestra. Avery Fisher Hall, May 28 and May 30.



Photograph by Nancy Lee Katz.

Dmitry Rachmanov, Piano—Performs works by nineteenth-century Russian composers. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Friday, May 29

Bargemusic—Quintet performances of Rossini, Mozart, and Dvořák. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Saturday, May 30

New York Philharmonic—See 5/28.

Sunday, May 31

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Mozart, Rossini, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 4; $20–$30.*

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs works by Beethoven, Hanson, Haydn, and Vaughn Williams, with choral groups. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$65.*

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs "Serenatas en Español," a pastiche of Latin American songs, 5/29 and 5/30 at 7:30 and 5/31 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

American Ballet Theater—Performs 5/26–5/31. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$115.*

New York City Ballet—Performs 5/26–5/31. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $15–$68.*

Joyce Soho Presents—Choreography by Avila/Weeks Dance, Fausto Matias, Pedro Ruiz, and Lisa Townsend, 5/28–5/30. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (334-7479); $10.*

Coco Girls–Las Flemencas—Perform *10 Seconds of My Fame,* 5/26–5/30 at 8. *St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (579-3949); $25.*

Ballet Nacional de Colombia—Performs 5/29–5/31. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $33-$50.*

Forever Tango—The classic Argentine form, performed by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Eiko & Koma— Perform *Breath,* a "live installation." *Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (570-3600); free with museum admission.*

Lines Contemporary Ballet—Performs three New York premieres, 5/26–5/30 at 8. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $32.*

Ground Rules:

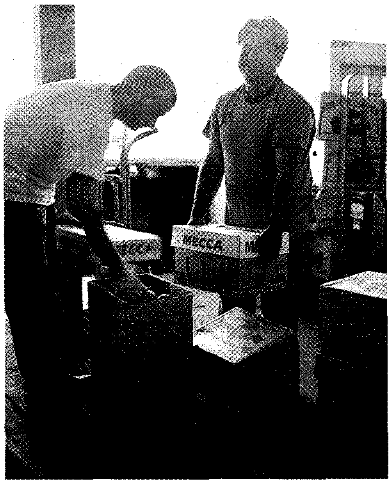
This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

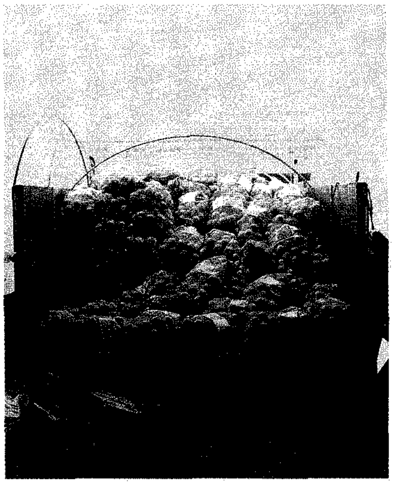
the mix

Guard of Honor...Ned Rorem

Happening
Market Value

Not all Bronx institutions can complain of low attendance: The Hunts Point Market, which outgrew its Manhattan digs in the sixties, is the largest fresh-fruit-and-vegetable market in the world, and the wholesale source of 50 to 60 percent of the produce consumed in the metropolitan area. On his June 4 tour of the 329-acre market, Alan Taback takes you behind the scenes at herbivore heaven.





Radio Highlights

New York and Company—Weekdays at noon. 5/25: Members of the Royal Shakespeare Company; theater director Lonny Price. 5/26: Allen Hornblum on *Acres of Skin* (about Holmesburg Prison); Janette Turner Hospital on her novel *Oyster;* Lilian Ross on *Here But Not Here,* her memoir of her affair with *New Yorker* editor William Shawn; Constance Marks on her award-winning documentary film, *Green Chimneys.* 5/27: Etymologist Richard Lederer on the English language and how to use it effectively; Ron Suskind on *A Hope in the Unseen,* his study of the American university; a discussion of the Norwegian film *Insomnia.* 5/28: Merlin Holland on *The Wilde Album;* Dr. Sidney Winawer on his book *Healing Lessons;* Paul Wilmshurst and Oscar Goodman on the documentary film *Mob Law;* 5/29: Fauziya Kassindja and Layli Miller Bashir on female genital mutilation in Africa (the subject of their book, *Do They Hear You When You Cry?*); Gore Vidal on his latest novel, *The Smithsonian Institution;* Nuala O'Faolain on her memoir, *Are You Somebody;* Christopher Buckley and John Tierney on their advice in *God Is My Broker.* 6/1: Clive Barker on *Galilee*; Ceidric Klapisch on his new film. 6/2: Roy Blount Jr. on his memoir *Be Sweet*; Jerry E. Patterson on the history of Fifth Avenue; composer Charles Wuorinen. 6/3: Richard Bausch on his novel *In the Night Season.* Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sunday evenings at 8. 5/31: Andrew Klavan, author of *The Uncanny.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

The Written Word

Michael Palin—5/26 at 7:30 P.M.: The author reads from *Hemingway's Chair.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Poetry Collective Reading—5/27 at 7:30 P.M.: Featuring Rosalie Calabrese, Michael Howley, Geoff Leone, Leona Mahler-Sussman, Deborah Reich, Lorraine Schein, and M. Younger. Little Theater, West Side YMCA, 5 W. 63rd St. (875-4128); free.

Adam Sexton—5/27 at 7:30: Reading from *Point of View in Fiction.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Shirley Abbott—5/27 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Love's Apprentice.* Barnes & Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1672); free.

Ned Rorem—5/28 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Paris Diary* and *The New York Diary 1951–1961.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Michael Waters, James Harms—5/29 at 7:30 P.M.: At La Mama La Galleria, 6 E. 1st St. (Call 914-398-8012 for information); $5.

Gerald Stern, Grace Schulman—5/31 at 3 P.M.: Reading from recent work. Posman Books, 1 University Pl. (533-2665); free.

"Going For It"—6/3 at 7 P.M.: Readings by John Shea, Isaiah Sheffer, Barbara Feldon, and Stephen Lee. Works to be read include D. H. Lawrence's "The Rocking Horse-Winner," T. Coraghessan Boyle's "Sorry Fugu," and nine short stories by various authors. This is Selected Shorts's final event of the season. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $17.

Merlin Holland—5/30 at 2 P.M.: Oscar Wilde's grandson reading from *The Wilde Album: Public and Private Images of Oscar Wilde.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Wanting a Child—5/28 at 7:30 P.M.: Readings by Agnes Rossi, Lisa Shea, and Phillip Lopate. Barnes & Noble Brooklyn, 267 Seventh Ave., Park Slope (206-5327); free.

Earl Dotter—5/28 at 6 P.M.: The photographer of American labor and the working class will speak about his new book, *The Quiet Sickness: A Photographic Chronicle of Hazardous Work.* NYU's Tamiment Library, tenth floor of Bobst Library, 70 Washington Sq. S. (998-2630); free.

Benjamin Anderson, Cynthia Andrews, George Pfister, Katherine A. Hogan—5/29 at 7:30 P.M.: Hosted by Laura L. Ludwig and Jacqueline Annette. Barnes & Noble Brooklyn, 267 Seventh Ave., Park Slope (718-832-9066); free.

Lectures and Panels

Berenice Abbott: Changing New York—6/3 at 6 P.M.: A slide lecture with photographs by Berenice Abbott taken between 1935 and 1939 with the financial assistance of the WPA. Bonnie Yochelson, consulting curator of the Museum of the City of New York and author of *Berenice Abbott: Changing New York,* will speak. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (935-3960); $10; reservations required.

"Do Shakespeare's Tragedies Still Work?"—5/28 at 6 P.M.: A panel of writers and editors from *The New*

Photographs by Anna Williams

Yorker in conjunction with the Royal Shakespeare Company will consider the topic. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587); $15.

Events

Fleet Week—Through 5/27: The Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum hosts this celebration of the men and women who serve in our armed forces. Fifteen vessels will sail into New York Harbor for the event, and 10,000 military personnel are expected. Events include a parade of ships, tours of visiting vessels, military demos, athletic tournaments, and the "best chow" contest. Pier 86, W. 46th St. at Twelfth Ave. (245-0072); $10 a day.

Benefits

Project A.L.S.—6/1 at 6:30: Jane Alexander, Billy Baldwin, Simon Halls, and Ben Stiller host this inaugural benefit for research on amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (also known as Lou Gehrig's disease). In addition to presentations by the hosts, there will be performances by Patti LuPone, Fiona Apple, and Peter Duchin and his orchestra, and readings by Rob Morrow, Anne Meara, and Marisa Tomei. Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St., bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (call 929-0329); tickets range from $250 to $1000.

"A Family Affair"—5/27 at 7 P.M.: A carnival-themed celebration that includes arts and crafts, raffles, caricatures, magicians, and s'mores, to benefit Camp Homeward Bound, a program of the Coalition for the Homeless. F.A.O. Schwartz, 767 Fifth Ave., at 58th St. (964-5900, ext. 172); $50 for kids, $100 for grown-ups.

Tours

East Village Tales and Taverns—5/30 at 2 P.M: A journey through the legends and lore of this ever-changing neighborhood. Meet at Astor Place in front of the subway kiosk (969-8262); $10.

The Flatiron District: Park Avenue South—6/1 at 12:30 P.M.: A walk through the Beaux-Arts and Art Deco architecture of this neighborhood. Meet at the northwest corner of Park Ave. S. and 23rd St. (935-3960); $10.

Greenwich Village—6/2 at 12:30 P.M: A journey through the neighborhood associated with Abbie Hoffman and Liberty House, Max Eastman, gay and lesbian activism, and other such unconventional places and people. Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the beginning of Fifth Ave. (935-3960); $10.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights at Twilight—5/30 at 5 P.M.: A walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church and Walt Whitman's childhood home. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

Hunts Point Market—6/4 at 7:15 A.M.: Explore the largest fresh-fruit-and-vegetable market in the world, and learn how the chaotically efficient operation brings food from around the globe to New Yorkers' plates. For information and meeting place, call the 92nd St.Y at 996-1100; $35.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing: The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour"—5/30 at 1 P.M.: Featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $12.

Art From Ancient Chinese Tombs—Tuesdays at noon; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 4 P.M.: A museum tour concentrating on the range of objects discovered in Chinese tombs on recent archaeological digs. Meet at the information desk in the main rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Call 423-3500 to confirm the day and time of the tour; the schedule is subject to change.

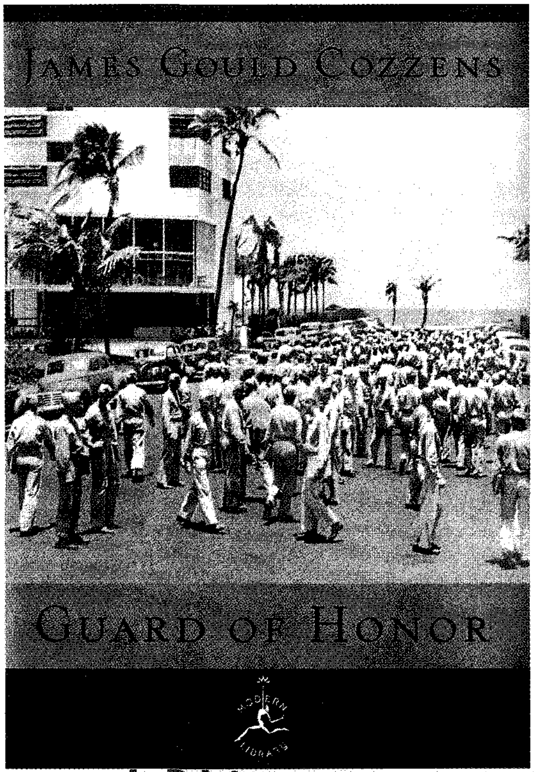
New York Old & New—5/31 at 1 P.M.: A tour of lower Manhattan, which was New York's first settlement and is now its thriving financial center. Stops include the Woolworth Building, Bowling Green, and the founding site of the New York Stock Exchange. Meet at the front steps of City Hall (439-1090); $9.

"How Art Captured a Community—SoHo"—5/31 at 1 P.M.: Seventeenth-century servants, nineteenth-century shops, twentieth-century artists' lofts and chic boutiques—a tour of SoHo's changing scene. Meet at the southeast corner of Houston and Lafayette Sts. (242-5762); $12.

"The Colonial Settlers of Wall Street"—5/30 at 1 P.M.: Explore what was once Old New Amsterdam—a frontier town where the world came to buy low and sell high—now known as the Financial District. Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall St. (242-5762); $12.

"The Streets Where We Lived"—Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 2:30 P.M.: A regular walking tour inviting visitors to stroll the Lower East Side and discover how different immigrant groups shaped the city. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $8.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.



In Print

Forgotten, But Not Gone

In 1957 James Gould Cozzens published his twelfth novel, *By Love Possessed*, and in 1958 Dwight Macdonald wrote a review of it that summarily demolished the former's career. (Macdonald, now nearly as obscure as Cozzens, had that kind of annihilatory power.) Cozzens had always been as accomplished a curmudgeon as he was a novelist, but after the big Mac attack, his literary energies dwindled and the sourpuss reigned. He worked unhappily on a final novel and registered in a notebook his impatience with writers below the level of Shakespeare.

It's been 40 years since Macdonald's evisceration, and Random House/Modern Library is resurrecting the book that won Cozzens the Pulitzer in 1948. *Guard of Honor*, a novel about World War II, is impressively dense (three days on a U.S. Air Force training base in Florida, dozens of leading characters, 800 pages). It is also absolutely true to Cozzens, who was hard on ineptitude, whether it turned up in the military or in his own audience. Of the sort of book he believed in writing, Cozzens noted, "It asks a good deal of the reader. . . . I don't mean in the factitious guessing games about symbolism or levels of meaning of the little magazines but in point of adult experience and a grown-up mind." It is fairly clear in *Guard of Honor* that Cozzens—unlike, say, Mailer or Vidal, who more famously weighed in on the war—believed a grown-up should expect little of life and much of himself. Whether there are enough grown-ups around today to give Cozzens's reputation its second wind is hard to say, but it's nice of Random House to put the matter up for a vote. ($22) LINDA HALL

Exhibitions

Hall of Biodiversity—Opening 5/30: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things, and their critical importance to human survival. The hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"Working"—Through 6/20: The dignity of working is explored in student photographs, text, videos, and performances. 1199's Bread and Roses Gallery, 310 W. 43rd St. (631-4566); free.

"SPOTS"—Through 6/22: The Society of Publication Designers will present its annual exhibition of the illustrations that energize magazines and newspapers. The Museum of American Illustration, 128 E. 63rd St. (838-2560); free.

"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers"—Through 6/27: Features 110 black-and-white prints and selected manuscripts from the library's archives. New York Public Library, Center for the Humanities, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., third floor (869-8089); free.

"Opening Windows in Time"—Through 9/27: A sculptural installation by B. Amore featuring his own Italian ancestors (among other former tenement residents). Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 66 Allen St. (431-0233); $8 museum admission.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of

Simon *continued from page 97*

less remain. The very young working-class actor John (later Joe) Orton meets the somewhat older Ken Halliwell, and they settle down as lovers and artists in a small Islington flat. Ken makes obscene collages and writes unpublished novels; John, whom he has educated via library books, is an aspiring playwright. They smuggle out those books and return them defaced with priapic, pederastic, hermaphroditic collages, funny but scandalous. Apprehended, each lover gets six months in a separate jail, whence Orton emerges despising his prison shrink, Halliwell loving his.

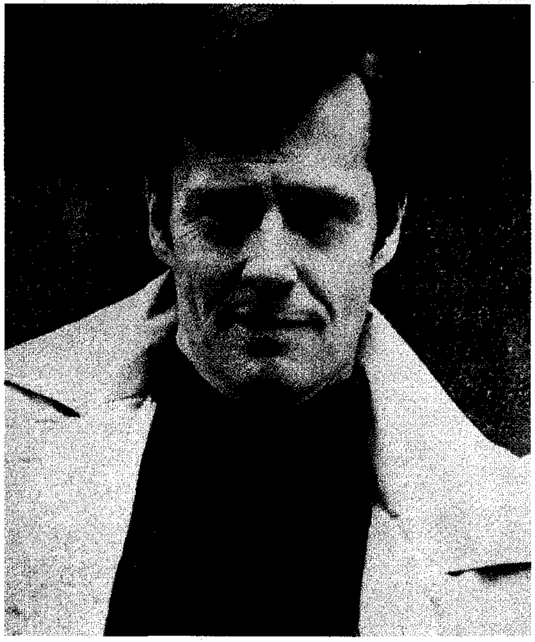
Joe is blissfully unreconstructed; Ken insists he is no longer "a queer" and will change his life. But they continue together in what Halliwell (I cite *The Orton Diaries*) called a Strindbergian *Dance of Death* relationship. Even so, it might have dragged on, had not Orton become a hugely successful playwright, media darling, and social lion, while Halliwell, who felt he had created him, and who indeed helped shape those plays, was being bypassed by success and told (though not yet by Joe) to get lost. This was too much to bear. Ken grabbed a hammer and killed the sleeping 34-year-old Joe with numerous blows to the head, then, swallowing some pills, died much more genteelly.

Nasty Little Secrets is remarkable in many ways. Although the goings-on are explicitly and wildly homosexual, even the most rampant heterosexual can empathize with Joe and Ken, so funnily fractious, inveiglingly witty, ultimately vulnerable, and arrantly, errantly human. Robertson is sympathetic without idolatry, graphic without obviousness, and theatrically astute in using no more than four actors to create a world. Further, he interpolates sardonic vaudeville skits, commenting on the action with song and dance, a device harking back at least to *Joe Egg* but used here with biting individuality. Moreover, a British subject is treated with a native's ease.

Casey Childs's direction, William Barclay's set, Debra Stein's costumes, Phil Monat's lighting, and David Van Tieghem's original music and sound are unfailingly on target. The acting, accents included, is exemplary. Matthew Mabe and Craig Fols are a flawless Joe and Ken, as sensitive to subtle social nuances and psychological differences as to the intricacies of emphasis and innuendo. As their policeman nemesis, Carnes, Bryan Clark is the comic Javert from hell, and David McCallum, as a semi-fictitious aide to the great theatrical agent Peggy Ramsay, Orton's promoter, is proper and slippery in perfect proportion. If I have a quarrel, it's with the ending, first excessively poetic, then questionably jolly. But never mind: Make *Nasty Little Secrets* your happy big discovery. ■

Happening

It's entirely possible that a fair number of composer Ned Rorem's admirers are not terribly interested in his music. What they do appreciate is serious writing, which Rorem has supplied and celebrated (he is a wonderful informal critic of fiction) in his many published diaries. He reads from *The Paris Diary & The New York Diary 1951–1961* at A Different Light on May 28. (See listings.)



the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein, coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III*, which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary artist and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization and also includes space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. The City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; $5 suggested contribution.

"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898"—Through 6/28: The show features stars, costumes, and a set of models reflecting Broadway 100 years ago. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Online

***New York* Magazine on the Web**—Click from the links in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.NewYorkMag.com) to see a new Website reviewed each weekday. This week: Find first-date aid at Dinner and a Movie; get literate with Xena-philes at WHOOSH; retch and reminisce through the eighties (Ohmigod!); sneak a peek at the latest movie stats; and become a cyber secret admirer. And while you're in the neighborhood at www.NYMag.com, take a look at what else we've got, like selected articles from the current issue, and a searchable "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives including daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," music suggestions from Ethan Smith in "Sound Choices," a new neighborhood guide, and a daily "Best of New York." So surf us already.

Sports

Friday Night Fights—5/29 at 7:30 p.m.: Church St. Boxing Gym (25 Park Place) will host the third in its popular spring fight series. Top amateurs from the tri-state area duke it out while a D.J. spins tunes between rounds.

Moonlight Ride—5/29 at 10 p.m: Meet at Columbus Circle for this monthly meander through moonlit Manhattan.

Run For Your Wildlife—5/30 at 9 a.m.: Lions and tigers and bears cheer you on as you complete this 5K race at the Bronx Zoo. Runners are invited to visit the zoo for free afterwards and contributions help support the Wildlife Conservation Society.

The Big Four-Oh—5/31 at 9:30 a.m.: The New York Road Runners Club celebrates its fortieth anniversary with this four-mile race. After the race, stick around for the music, dance, fashion and food offered at Italyanissima, a party honoring Italy's national holiday "Festa Della Republica." Call 860-4455 for information.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● **AWAY** ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS							NE UNI 3PM
YANKEES	CHI MSG 7PM	CHI MSG 8PM	CHI MSG 8PM	BOS WPIX 7:30PM	BOS WPIX 7:30PM	BOS FOX 1:15PM	BOS MSG 1:30PM
METS		FLA WOR 7PM	FLA FSNY 7PM		PHI FSNY 7PM	PHI WOR 7PM	PHI WOR 1:30PM
	5/25	5/26	5/27	5/28	5/29	5/30	5/31

Photograph from Archive Photos

kids

Charlie Chaplin...*Gulliver*

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Toad of Toad Hall—Syracuse Stage's lush musical production of *The Wind in the Willows,* adapted from the children's classic by Kenneth Grahame, includes the show-stopping "I Glorious Toad." 5/29 through 6/14. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Sound of Silence—As part of the Reel to Real series at **LINCOLN CENTER'**s Walter Reade Theater (which regularly combines terrific old film footage with live performances that relate to it), two of the best Chaplin movies, *The Adventurer* and *The Rink,* are accompanied by the Paragon Ragtime Orchestra. Audience members will also be invited to join in an old-fashioned dance contest. Broadway at W. 65th St. (875-5370); $8.50 adults, $5 children.●

Down the Mississippi—*Big River: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* an adaptation of Mark Twain's not always politically correct masterpiece, is admirably staged by **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER.** Through 5/31. Thurs. and Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, and Sun. at 3. Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (242-2822).General admission is $12, $10 with advance payment. ●

all Tale—Sail out of the **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT,** and the twentieth century, on H.M.S. *Rose,* the largest active wooden tall ship in the world. No prior sailing experience is required of the 60-to-80 "sail-training participants," but everyone should be 10 or older. Day trips set off at 9 and return at 6, on five weekends through August. To reserve, call 748-8786. The cost, which includes lunch, is $150 per person.

Bloodthirsty Botany—**VANDERBILT YOUTH THEATER** presents the perennially popular musical *Little Shop of Horrors.* Matinee performances 5/30, 5/31, 6/6, and 6/7 at 2 are free to anyone under 16 or over 55 years of age. For everyone else: $15 at the door, $10 with advance purchase. Through 6/7. The Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W. 26th St. (756 9690).

Kiddie Lit—Incredibly, one self-effacing woman without a college education was the editor who nurtured, line-edited, and bullied into being most of the American children's literature that sticks indelibly in the mind. *Charlotte's Web, Goodnight Moon, Where the Wild Things Are, The Giving Tree,* and *The Runaway Bunny* changed what kid's books could be. In a recently published book ironically titled *Dear Genius: The Letters of Ursula Nordstrom,* Ms. Nordstrom demonstrates her own kind of unsung genius. An exhibit of the letters—and original sketches—is on display at the **HARPER COLLINS** exhibit space, 10 E. 53rd St., Mon.–Fri. Through 5/29.●

Small Scale—Formerly with the York City Opera, Susan Delery Whedon performs *The Land of Smiles* with her troupe of hand and rod puppets at noon. A puppet production of *Cinderella,* staged to the Prokofiev score, follows at 1:30. Weekends through June. **PAPAGENO PUPPET THEATER,** 462 Columbus Ave., near 82nd St. (874-3297). Reservations required; $5.

Radio Drama—Tune in to to hear the winning entries in New York Kids' "One-Minute Science Radio Movies!" performed with eerily real sound effects. 5/31 from 6 to 8. **WNYC AM 820.** ●●

Getting To Know You—Thankfully, a bunch of successful child actors—including Simba's understudy in the current Broadway production of *The Lion King,* and Gloria in *Wait Until Dark*—find time to belt out a medley of wonderful show tunes (including "I Won't Grow Up," "Food Glorious Food," and "It's a Hard Knock Life"). Performances of *Broadway Kids Sing Broadway* are weekends at noon. **JOHN HOUSEMAN THEATER**, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220). Tickets are $20.

The Wizard of Oz—Mickey Rooney is the Wizard, and Eartha Kitt plays the Wicked Witch of the West, in the final week of a 90-minute mega-production with songs from the 1939 movie. Through 5/31. **THEATRE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** 2 Penn Plaza (307-4111); $19–$49.●

Cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

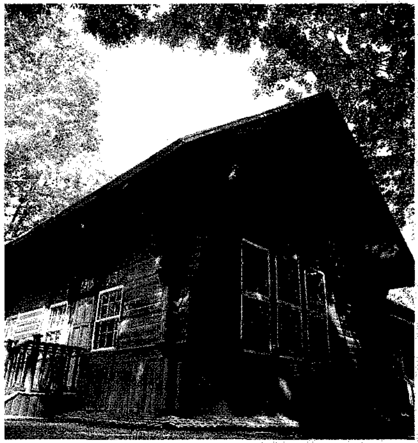
Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Opening

Little House in the Big Park

"Isn't this place straight out of a fairy tale?" Judith Connelly Delouvrier whispered to her friend Hilary Adams inside Central Park's Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre. It was Delouvrier's son's 5th-birthday party, and a group of about 25 children were watching spellbound as *Jack and the Beanstalk* was being performed by wooden marionettes. At the time—six years ago—the Nordic Romantic structure, nestled among pine trees, was falling apart; the roof leaked, and squirrels scurried about inside. Public funds to create new puppet productions had all but dried up, too, threatening to condemn the eight resident puppeteers to the horrible fate, in Parks Commissioner Henry J. Stern's words, of "performing *Cinderella* for all eternity." Delouvrier was a frequent visitor to the theater with her two young children, and before her death in 1996—on TWA flight 800—she had become its chief benefactor. This week, the $1.5 million restoration of the cottage—with funds raised by the City Parks Foundation—will be unveiled. In addition, an endowment being raised by friends and family in Judith Connelly Delouvrier's name will allow the puppeteers in the cottage to continue innovating—and taking marionette shows to schools all over the city. On May 27—the same day the cottage officially reopens—the gold velveteen curtain goes up on a lavish, frequently humorous production of *Gulliver,* nine months in preparation. "The puppet theater reminds me so much of what Judith was like as a person," says Adams, who remembers seeing her friend elegantly dressed at an East Side cocktail party, "just looking so beautiful. Then she smiled at me and there were these absolutely hideous brown false teeth she'd put in as a joke." (The Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre is adjacent to the Shakespeare Garden, mid-park at 79th Street. To make reservations for *Gulliver,* call 988-9093; tickets are $5 for adults, $4 for children.) **BARBARA ENSOR**



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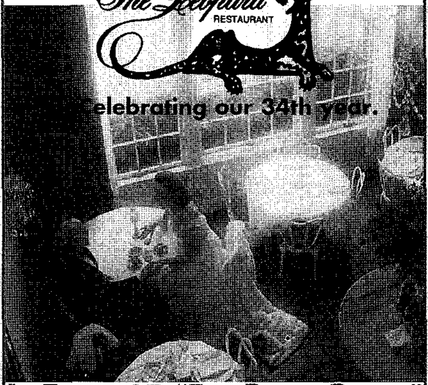

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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
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Varm, Cerebral Physician/Inventor—ommunicative, kind, handsome man, layful, with much humor, passion, 5'10", im, 43, into health, the arts, travel, reams of empathic woman with an ngel's heart, under 37, for romance, marage. Phone/photo necessary. 3820 ✉☎

Unique Man—Attractive, 35, 5'11", 75. Ivy degrees. Private investor. Seekg a comely woman who is intelligent nd kind. Finest personal character is sential. Photo encouraged. 3741 ✉

pring In The Park—Wouldn't be ght without you. Tall, dark, handsome, fectionate, funny, down-to-earth, 40s, wish, successful real estate investor, eks 30-something, marriage-minded oman. Photo essential. 3779 ✉

andsome, Romantic, Intelligent—Single hite male, successful, fit businessman, eks lasting relationship with a warm, nart, slim, attractive lady to 38. ote/photo, please. 3761 ✉

eking Arts Lover—By bright, funny, ccessful, attractive man - tall, Jewish... oking for attractive, fit woman, 30s-rly 40s, well-educated, high-energy, no loves NY culture...for fun/serious ationship. Photo, please. 3777 ✉

ishimi Versus Chicken Soup—lectic, Waspy, all-American Jewish le, 6'1", 175, 34, blue eyes, brown ir, extremely athletic, all-Ivy educated, eks pretty, smart, athletic, down-torth Jewish girl who would rather end time in Vail than in Miami, prefers sted flakes to granola, and would most llingly help me concoct a tale about w we met. Note/photo. 3763 ✉

Successful, Sensuous Gentleman—In 50s, seeks attractive, warm woman who loves life, 30s-40s. Photo would be nice. 3764 ✉

Needle In Haystack—Good-looking Jewish guy, 35, 5'10", warm, funny, affectionate, intuitive; athlete, artist, MD. Seek warm Jewish woman with depth, 27-36, very smart, athletic, slim, for lifetime adventure. Note/photo appreciated; will exchange. 3797 ✉

Attractive Chinese Female—In early 30s, looking for serious relationship with a tall, kind, handsome, intelligent, financially secure gentleman - to share the love for music, outdoors, animals and beauty in life. Note/photo, please. 3719 ✉

Beautiful European Woman—44, 5'6", active, educated, passionate, loves life. Desires available man, 40-50, for long term relationship. 3827 ✉

Monarch Notes: Extremely...—Handsome, successful, fit, intelligent, fun, romantic, 40-year-old, tall Jewish CEO desires just "1" woman, 25-35, over 5'5", who has similar qualities, to share a wonderful life. Take a risk - answer the ad. You'll never know what may happen. Must enjoy summer boating. 3814 ✉

Commitment Before Ego—Handsome, successful ad exec, 43, willing to trade romance and raw passion for unbridled intimacy. Seeks beautiful woman, in great shape, 30-35, for lasting relationship. Photo a must. 3766 ✉

Beautiful—Slender, blue-eyed brunette MD, seeking man with character, 35-55, for love and laughter. 3742 ✉☎

Gay White Male—39, seeks best friend and partner in life - looking for that special man who makes me laugh, excites my mind and touches my heart. 3744 ✉

Beautiful European—48, homes in the Riviera/NYC, seeks successful man. 3810 ✉

Perfect Partner—34, single white male, 6'2", professional, blond hair, green eyes, likes outdoors, travel. Seeks single white female, 20-30, northern European, blond/blue, slim, attractive, to share quality time in city and country. Send photo/note to: POB 524, Milford, PA 18337

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Successful, Kind MD—From the Jersey Shore, Jewish (nonreligious), 42. Enjoys sports, dining, dancing and music. Seeks attractive, intelligent, charming woman for happily ever after. Nonsmoker only. Note/photo and phone appreciated. 3778 ✉

Beautiful, Creative—Professional woman, east side, refinement with downtown sensibilities seeks creative, funny, intellectually curious, stable, fit man. 38-48. Kids ok. Music/film/art lovers a plus. 3828 ✉☎

Bisexual?—Jewish professional, 39, 5'9", fit, seeks Jewish female, under size 8, to start a family. 3833 ✉

Captivating—Warm, MBA, VP, seeks witty, slim, 5'10"-plus, accomplished professional man, 44-52, handsome, with boyish charm, to share fun, culture, tender moments. Nature/animal lover a plus. Photo/note/phone. 3767 ✉☎

History Is My Vocation—And my avocation. Single Jewish male, 35, looking to meet a woman who is politically aware, well-read and athletic. 3770 ✉

Former Fraternity Guy—Soon to be 28 years old, is looking to settle down with his dream girl. She is 25-29, very pretty, in good shape, and has a wacky sense of humor. She is secure with her career and friends but is looking for that certain someone. Does this sound like you? If it does, and you might like to meet a 5'10", 185-lb, brown-haired, hazel-eyed guy in great shape, who is very handsome yet boyishly cute, then I would love to hear from you. Note/photo/phone. 3794 ✉

Attractive, Divorced Jewish Female—Psychoanalyst (only in my office), baby boomer, green eyes, dark hair, lively, humorous, warm, and enjoying life's nuances, looking to meet a man with heart and soul. Photo if you'd like. 3801 ✉

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Seeking an unpretentious, intelligent lady with natural inner and outer beauty. Unafraid to need someone, and to be needed. She enjoys challenges and has an vast yearning to share her life. This lady is comfortable at Le Ritz in Paris for the weekend or eating a pretzel in Rockefeller Center at the holiday tree lighting.

Note expressing your dreams & desires, photo. Will reply alike.

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Mission: Find One Dream Girl—In NYC. Reward (for her): strong, young (38), handsome, compassionate guy who's cool enough to explore what's "in" with his dream girl, yet not too cool to serenade her with a Sinatra song. If this scenario strikes a chord with you - and you're pretty, professional, playful, you might be my reward! Let's complete the mission. 3727✉

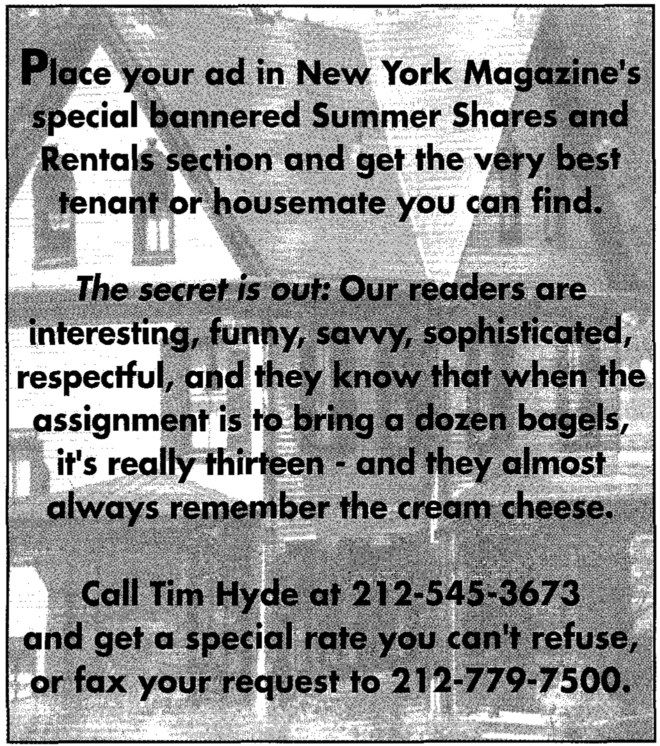
Gay White Man—Very handsome, late 40s, 5'11", 160, successful, intelligent, fit, humorous, masculine guy seeks emotionally mature, very attractive man, 30-45, healthy in mind and body, full of spirit, ready for his next (possibly lifelong) relationship. Reply only to photo with note. 3811 ✉

Handsome, Elegant, Kind, Secure—Seeks slender, educated lady, 50s. Dance, theater, travel... Photo/note. 3795 ✉

Look No Further—41, 6', good-looking Jewish computer whiz with heart of gold, ready to share his life with an attractive, upbeat, family-oriented Jewish female, 30s, who, like me, is tired of the singles scene. Photo/note. 3756 ✉

Pretty, Smart, Upbeat—White widow, 60, seeks fit male, 55-65, to share and care. Zest for life a must. 3772 ✉

North Shore Mind/South Shore Body—Simply the finest single Jewish guy, 33, on Long Island is now available. Besides being tall, smart, strong and really handsome, he is such a warm, funny, class person. You won't believe he's not taken. If you are a truly beautiful woman, 25-32, from Long Island, Jewish, never-married, love to laugh, and believe in love, then you have a chance at his heart. Letter and photo, please. 3819 ✉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Teachers Have Class—Single white female, Jewish - nonreligious, 34, seeks honest, sincere and committed male, 35-40. Be adventurous and respond. Note/phone, please. 3768 ✉

Auburn Beauty—Successful, self-assured, happy and unencumbered, seeks similar qualities in a man, late 40s-early 50s. Photo and letter a must. 3831 ✉

Very Pretty, Slender, Classy—Honey blond with great legs, late 30s, exquisite taste and heart of gold. Enjoys running, the beach, skiing and opera. Teacher of the year. Divorced Catholic female (no kids), looking for financially secure, kind, attractive man. 3759 ✉

Looking For A Girlfriend—48, widower, enjoy being a trial lawyer. Live on LI with my daughter, 8, and a Boston terrier. I have a kayak and eclectic tastes. 5'10", 200 lbs, good-looking. I am looking for a serious, accomplished woman with real interests. Kids okay. NYC or LI only. Real letter/photo, please. 3771 ✉

Fly The Skies, Sail The Seas—And ski the slopes, travel the world. Oxford University MA, handsome sailor, skier, pilot - loves theater, music, art, political controversy and the New York Times. Seeks thoughtful, intelligent, creative, beautiful woman to share committed excitement and life's adventures. 3749 ✉☎

Work Hard, Play Hard—Central Jersey CEO, tall, very good-looking, physically and emotionally fit, active lifestyle, rarely unhappy, caring and warm - seeks lady with similar qualities. You're 36-43, slim, sexy, very pretty, and hopefully you'll be my babe for life. Note and photo a must. 3781 ✉

Hip, Slender, Beautiful, Witty—And free thinker. Seeks real, spirited man, 48-58, with the DeNiro/Keitel spark. Photo perhaps? 3752 ✉ ☎

Extremely Successful—European background, blue-eyed, handsome executive for worldwide operating company, seeks attractive, mid 20s-early 30s female for long-lasting, rewarding relationship, because I'm sure that you deserve the best. 3790 ✉

Handsome Jewish Hand Surgeon—40, 5'10", athletic, classical pianist, seeks educated, elegant, younger Jewish woman for commitment, family and fun. Note/photo, please. 3804 ✉

Let's Get Married—And have a family. Handsome, 36-year-old, fit, 5'9", Jewish eye doctor, looking for beautiful, slim, caring, intelligent woman to cherish forever. Note/photo. 3760 ✉

Attractive, Professional, Athletic Blond—Tall, slim, Jewish, adventurous, 36, seeks male counterpart. Photo. 3818 ✉ ☎

New To Greenwich—Classy, attractive blond lady, 5'7", investor. Enjoy tennis, ski, travel, gym, stocks, sushi. I have grad degree, pilot's license. Seek gentleman, 38-52, with similar interests. Photo. 3802✉

Pretty LI Lady—43, slim, with lots of personality - enjoys theater, music, working out and fine dining. Seeks "happily ever after" with intelligent man who is warmhearted, sincere and friendly. Nonsmoker. 3758 ✉ ☎

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 3824 ✉

Not Interested In Marriage—Manhattan female, attractive, slender, 5'3", Jewish JD, well-exercised/traveled, high energy, very young 40s, nonsmoker/drinker, previously married - into books, music, theater; massage, hiking, biking, skiing, diving. Seeks athletic/cerebral, gentle male to share these and other city/country pleasures. No facial hair. 3769✉

Double Life—NYC and Jersey Shore. Modern Italian with traditional touches: youthful, petite language teacher with classic Mediterranean features seeks Catholic male, 32-52, who enjoys travel, the arts and family life. 3803 ✉

Tennis Anyone?—Partner desired for the game of life; seeking emotionally and financially secure Jewish man, spiritual, good sense of humor, 51-61. Let the fun begin, your serve. 3748 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—Preppy, erudite, successful, late 20s, seeks a Renaissance man, 20-45, for a dashing romance. Photo/note. 3825 ✉

Very Lonely—Because I'm missing you to share my unlimited potential. This very handsome, athletic, very wealthy executive seeks slim, pretty female, mid 20s-early 30s, for any relationship that fits your personality - because I'm ready for any challenge to find love, happiness friendship or anything else that is going to cure the pain of loneliness. 3791 ✉

European-Born Widow—Mid 60s, ne to the metro area, seeks a sincer gentleman, 65 plus, for walking, dancing theater, opera and more. 3754 ✉ ☎

Slender, Attractive—Professiona woman, 40s, with wide cultural interests seeks professional, thoughtful man wit no gimmicks but some frills. 3774 ✉

Surrounded By Love—British preschoo teacher spends the day with charming witty 3-year-olds. Looking for grownu version of same in male, 30-35. Only slin attractive, professional upper East Sider like me, please. 3788 ✉ ☎

Decent Man—Divorced Jewish profes sional with warmth, strong values an good looks, 55, seeks counterpart f friendship and perhaps more. 3806 ✉

Soulful, Offbeat PhD—43, seeks slin sexy, open-minded womanchild. 3792✉☎

Good-Looking, Caring—Marriag minded porfessional, single Jewish mal 36, 5'11", enjoys blading, cycling, trave weekends away. Seeks slim, attracti single female to share the future. Not photo/phone. 3830 ✉

Attractive Israeli Female—5'7", 3 intelligent, Kosher, seeks Jewish, han some, sincere, witty male, 30-40. 3776 ✉

Ready And Willing—Successfu attractive, fit, funny Jewish busines man, 50, 5'8", who enjoys fresh ai ocean/mountains, music, seeks a kin hearted, warm, slender, attractiv worldly Jewish woman with a curio mind and sparkle, a sweet inspiratio able to start a family. Life in town a beach. Nonsmoker. Photo/note. 3757 ✉

Compassionate Woman—Looking f man, 50s-60s, to laugh and enjoy all l has to offer. Good company, loves to tr vel, walk, exercise. Tired of the same o ads and disappointment? Try me. 3765✉

NYMessage

American Airlines Flight Attendant—On flight 1719 from NY-Miami, 5/1/98. I was going on safari - you wished you were going with me... Write, so I can *show you the pictures.* 3746 ✉

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Love,
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NYMessage

A New Weekly Bannered Section in New York Magazine. Don't fret, place your ad in *NYMessage*, call **212-779-7500 or fax your ad to 779-2449**

ery Handsome—Single, affluent, Jewish tenured associate professor in NYC and tock-market investor - seeks bright rofessional lady wanting marriage and uture family (MD, JD, PhD or similar ype), 30-45. 3817 ✉ ☎

pecial Guy—Good-looking, good build, 6, 5'10", brown hair, green eyes... More nportant: fun and responsible, thought-l, emotionally and financially secure, ood values. Must be very attractive, im, under 32, emotionally stable, for uality relationship. Please include a cent photo with your note. 3816 ✉

nockout—Classy, upscale blond, Ivy, arm, creative, funny, young 50, seeks andsome, tall, upbeat, upscale man, 0-60, who wants a sidekick he'll be oud of. Note/photo, please. 3787 ✉

hite Jewish Male, Widowed—ttorney, semi-retired, 185, 6', nice-oking, is seeking attractive, slim, -55 female for serious relationship. oto and phone gets reply. 3813 ✉

Care To Share—Your mind? Interests? Heart? Attractive, slender, 29, 5'7", woman with stellar smile seeks Jewish man who is multifaceted but not complex. You're tall, 30s, enjoy the arts, outdoors and a good laugh. Photo/note please. 3826 ✉

Searching For My Mate—Pretty, single Jewish female, 43, 5'3", loves to bike, ski, travel, wants to find a sincere, honest, fun-loving man to share a lifetime partnership. Note/photo appreciated. 3829 ✉

More Straight Than Gay—Bright, smart MBA, late 30s, handsome, creative and funny. Don't really fit in either world. Seek kindred spirit, 40 max. Honk if you hate Chelsea. 3745 ✉

Scintillating, Attractive—Jewish woman, young 40, slightly irreverent, dancer turned doctor - interests include the arts and outdoors. Seeks warm, smart, athletic, handsome, upbeat, compassionate man for soul mate. Note/photo - will exchange. 3785 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark, Very Handsome—Successful man, recently single, 40, interested in everything life has to offer, is seeking bright, slim, very sexy woman for intimate times. Photo. 3798 ✉

Wealthy—Single white male, 45, looking for beautiful partner for travel, sports (golf, tennis) and spoiling! Photo is helpful. 3762 ✉

Normal—Sane, warm Jewish male professional, 51, many interests, sense of humor, secure with self, seeks bright, positive female, cute/pretty/fit, 38-49, for romance and commitment. 3823 ✉

Loving, Elegant, Beautiful Woman—40, with two small children, seeks funny, smart, happy, fit male who is solid in every way and has a passion for life, age 38-48. Music lovers a plus. Note and photo, please. 3755 ✉

David Wells Looks—I'm pitching for the perfect woman. Are you 23-33, marriage-minded, caring and sweet? Then you are perfect to me. I am a 38-year-old single dad of boy, 6, professional, Hispanic Jew (nonreligious), homey type, romantic and a nice guy all-around. Please write: POB 1933, Fort Lee, NJ 07024

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Dynamic Professional Man—45, NYC, blue eyed, trim nonsmoker, into music and the arts, seeks creative, smart woman who is both pretty and slender, for possible romance. Photo/phone please. 3822 ✉☎

Long Island Guy—49, 6'1", good-looking, financially secure, seeks a slim, very pretty, tall and intelligent lady, 35-45, for long-term relationship. 3750✉☎

Looking To—"Seize as well as sleaze the moment". Single, mature, active, secure, attractive male. His interests include dining out, Harley motorcycles and travel, as well as the good life. Looking for 30s lady with similar wants and desires. Must be open-minded, sensual and interested in new adventures with exciting, youthful partner. Photo and phone. 3807✉

Unusual Woman—Many interests, both indoors and out - willing to learn yours. Retired entrepreneur, artist and designer. Seeking energetic, silver-haired gentleman, 60-70. You'll be proud to be seen with me. Informative note, please. 3751 ✉

59-Year-Old Beauty—Looking for that rare man - the one who's "too sensitive", has a sense of humor and wants to hold hands while experiencing life's ups and downs. Ambition and passion are a must-have. 57-65, 5'10" plus. Note/photo/phone. 3812 ✉

Bright, Creative, Fit—Witty 38-year-old man seeks athletic, intelligent, spiritual, passionate, playful woman. Desire to thrill and be thrilled a must. Sense of humor essential. Photo/phone/note. 3743 ✉

Global Adventurer—Affluent, youthful man, 67, slim, 5'6", athletic, compassionate, affectionate, sensuous, with humor - enjoys music, outdoors. Seeks attractive, petite, adventurous female to explore the world with. Photo/note/phone. 3821 ✉

Magnetize Me—Playful, intelligent and pretty Asian woman, former dancer, aspiring roller blader, occasional net surfer, seeks fit, secure, 40s, nonsmoker, to grow with. Enjoys eclectic dining, the arts, walks in the country, any country. 3793 ✉

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Rate is $37 per line, 2-line min. Add $35.00 for NYM box number. **Call 212-779-7500 for more info, or fax this coupon to: 212-779-2449 or** mail to: **New York Magazine, Strictly Personals, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016.** *All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.*

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1

2

3

MARY ANN MADDEN #913

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Jean-Claude Killy-Smith—prima donna of Grand Ole Apres-ski.

Theda Bara Browning—poet, “How Do I Vamp Thee? Let Me Count the Ways.”

John ‘Paula’ Jones—eminence in American navel history.

William of Agent Orange—king of the Netherlands, inventor of herbicide.

Above, real names with one-word additions. Competitors are invited to sully a good name (of fact or fiction) by a single-word addition and provide for it a brief description.

Results of Competition 910, in which you were asked for samples of 1. What I Should Have Said, and 2. What I Said.

Report: What You Said—duplicated topics: *Titanic.* Viagra. Yes for No. Something for Nothing. Missed chances at greatness, wealth . . . thus, Bill Gates seeking investors, CBS turning down *Seinfeld.* Houseguests with small children. Jerry Springer. Lottery picks. Hairstylists given too much, uh, headway. Pregnancy misperceived. Retail tragedies. Biting pets. And the deplorable judgment of the competition editor. What You Should Have Said: Let this be a lesson to you. Not a moment too soon, either. Many thanks to all.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

1. “I’ll take ‘Nursery Rhymes’ for $100, Alex.”
2. “I’ll take ‘Particle Physics’ for $500, Alex.”

David English, West Somerville, Mass.

1. “Actually, now that you mention it, I’m not.”
2. “Whatever love is.”

D. M. Keane, N.Y.C.

1. “The president is a scalawag.”
2. “The president is a scumbag.”

Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

1. “And I must warn you very strongly, young man, that unless you begin handing in your homework on time, you will not graduate from junior high school this year.”
2. “I want to bear your child.”

Larry Linkin, Las Cruces, N.M.

1. “Don’t forget, this demo is still in beta.”
2. “Here’s your laptop, Mr. Gates—don’t worry about a thing.”

Peter Naylor, Ridgewood, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

1. “I’d like to share my honor with all of you.”
2. “I’d like to give this to Jack Lemmon.”

Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

1. “Gooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooal!”
2. “Gooooooooooooooooooooooal!”

Josephine Lume, Maspeth, N.Y.

1. “Good morning, ladies.”
2. “What’s this, the first scene from *Macbeth*?”

J. R. Williams, San Antonio, Tex.

1. “See you later.”
2. “Does he bite?”

Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

1. *“Lo siento. No hablo el ingles.”*
2. “Well, yeah. Who wouldn’t want to save money on long distance?’

John Koch, Madison, Wisc.

1. “I am pleased to introduce my new running mate for the 1992 election.”
2. “Vice-President thing. Dan . . . family-values thing . . . sticking with him.”

Barbara M. Anuzis, Huntington, N.Y.

1. “Hello, is this Soup Kitchen International?”
2. “Hello, is this the Soup Nazi?”

Richard Fried, Brooklyn

1. “Is it Ash Wednesday already?”
2. “Let me wipe that schmutz off your forehead.”

Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

1. “How many tests are we talking about, Doctor?”
2. “I have Blue Cross/Blue Shield and about $70,000 in savings.”

Jerome Stevens, Warren, Mich.

1. “Why stop there? Let’s hire Pauly Shore and really screw it up.”
4. “Quentin Tarantino as the lead in a play? Great idea.”

John Mainieri, N.Y.C.

1. “Let’s have an accountant look this over before we mail it.”
2. “Don’t worry, we don’t fit the profile-trend for getting an IRS audit.”

Tim Whitaker, Preston, Conn.

1. “Harry, I need a check for the IRS.”
2. “Only the little people pay taxes.”

Joel Jacobs, Wantagh, N.Y.

1. “I just feel safer with it on.”
2. “The last thing I need is helmet hair.”

Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

1. “Let me write that down.”
2. “No need to go over it again. I know exactly how to get there.”

Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

1. “No.”
2. “Only the birthday present my cabdriver asked me to bring to his brother in the Middle East.”

Lindsay Jewett, West Hollywood, Calif.

1. “Go ahead and shoot me.”
2. “Novocain for a simple little root canal? Save it for the wimps.”

Ogden Nield, Hollywood, Fla.

1. “Cool it.”
2. “Stand up.”

W. T. McLaughlin, Louisville, Ky.

1. “Can’t make it then. How ’bout the day after?”
2. “The Ides of March? Sure—I’ll be there.”

Roy Plymale, N.Y.C.

1. “Is this a licensed car service?”
2. “88th and Lex, please.”

Holly Tormey, N.Y.C.

1. “I’d like to thank the Academy.”
2. “There must be some mistake.”

Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.

1. “Thanks!”
2. “I’m the king of the world!”

Mark S. Greenberg, Bronx
similarly: John Eggen, Baltimore, Md.;
Sam Glantzow, Tulare, S.D.

1. “I really don’t deserve this.”
2. “I’m the king of the world!”

Wolf Segal, Somerville, Mass.;
Carol Weiss Rosenberg, South Bend, Ind.

1. “I’m the king of the world!”
2. “I’d like to thank my wife, Linda, without whom none of this would have been possible.”

Darina Molloy, Woodside, N.Y.

1. “No thanks—I’ll catch the game on TV.”
2. “Yankee Stadium—Seat 7, Row B, Section 22. I’ll take them!”

Ken Freelund, N.Y.C.

1. “Are you a cop?”
2. “I want $500 each. They’re great seats.”

Rick McLellan, N.Y.C.

1. “Sorry, I have something on the stove.”
2. “I’ve always been curious about Jehovah’s Witnesses.”

William J. O’Malley, S.J., Bronx

1. “Sorry, this is my bus.”
2. “No, I’m not so sure that Jesus died for my sins.”

John Falxa, N.Y.C

1. “Meditation.”
2. “Medication.”

Coeli Carr, N.Y.C

1. “Green.”
2. “Well, sort of jade with deep forest overtones, but in certain light it almost has teal shades with a hint of kelly.”

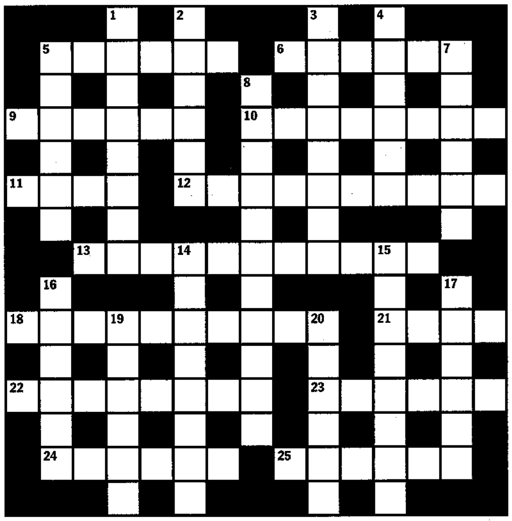
Mel Roy, N.Y.C

(continued on page 114,

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

5,6 Shepherdess and other people keeping it to hit back. (6,2-4)
9 Coat of one who shall be nameless. (6)
10 Accuse Muslim country with king—whence one's taken for a ride. (4,4)
11 Cover where the Yankees were marching? (4)
12 No fixer needed for damage enveloping academic standard. (10)
13 Law II nearly shows it isn't permanent after all. (7,4)
18 Barbarian takes transport on eruption of Etna. (10)
21 Attack the beast from 11. (4)
22 Topless woman repels man in charge that's powerless. (8)
23 Solver's in setback, with sea going round Saturn. (6)
4, 25 Job wanted by boy that's given in and erred in consequence. (6-6)



DOWN

1 Meat cooked with mast from trees. (8)
2 To go hedge-hopping is folly—turn to the West. (3,3)
3 Spooner's to cajole big house with anti-social bell. (4,4)
4 Odd bod with dam at party. (6)
5, 16 Left attached note—note the high ground: once it was the only one. (6,6)
7,17 Write to fisherman about another way to get stick. (6,6)
8 Eastern priest separately interrupting a stiffener to gain advantage on the sly. (5,1,5)
14 Setter's home first in fast time—rub it in. (8)
15 Refusal for development. (8)
16 See 5 down.
17 See 7.
19 Run a horse in the West. (6)
20 Utter forged note—nothing's left to anger. (6)

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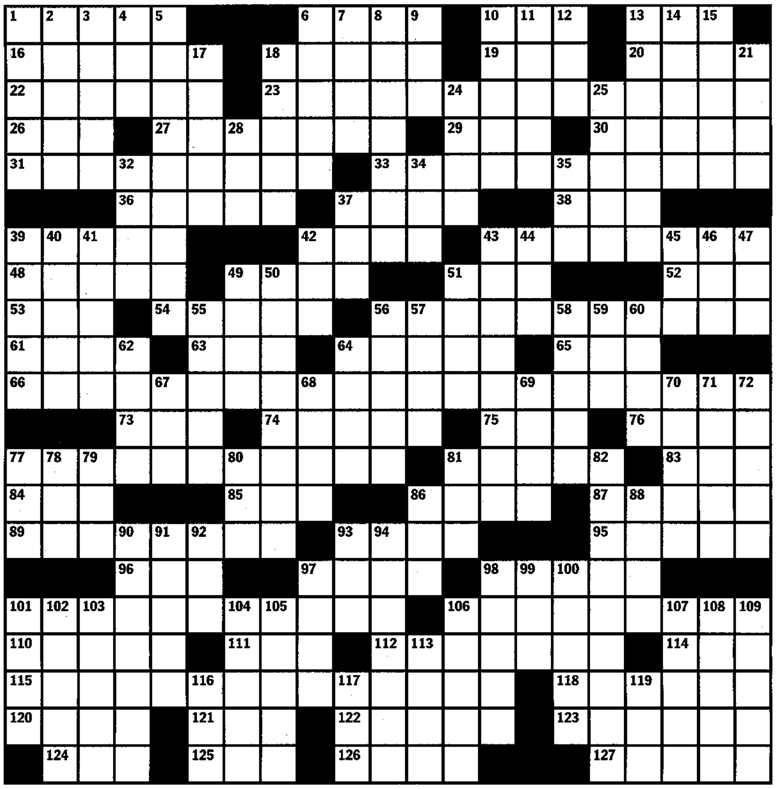
"Remembering Frank": 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Vandyke, e.g.
6 First four rows
10 *Famed "Pack"*
13 Wide shoe size
16 *Middle name*
18 "What —— boy am I!"
19 That, in Avila
20 —— time (never)
22 Kind of tray
23 *First film*
26 Native of: suffix
27 Library sign
29 In the style of
30 Mrs. Arrowsmith
31 *Daughter*
33 *Band boss*
36 Strainer
37 Le Moko or Le Pew
8 *"—— Got You Under My Skin"*
9 Beauty shop
2 Blue of baseball
3 Reeve portrayal
8 Erroneous
9 Skin-lotion ingredient
1 Mouth piece
2 Orel's river
3 Neath's opposite
4 Author —— Dine
6 *Signature lyric*
1 Individuals
3 Steal, old style
4 Kilmer's last words
5 Like a bairn
6 *Wives*
3 "—— Wiedersehen"
4 In a morose way
5 "The Hobbit" dwarf
6 New Haven Ivy Leaguers
7 *Nickname*
1 On the way out
3 Home-run champ of the '30s
4 Antique auto
5 Feminists' cause: abbr.
6 Ashe rival
7 Yellow pigment
9 Uppity behavior
3 Beat it!
5 Tibetan capital
6 Border
7 Sorority member
3 Perform improperly
1 *First group*
6 *Theater of memory*
0 Advice to a sinner
111 *"The Man With the Golden ——," 1956*
112 Luau instrument
114 —— Paulo, Brazil
115 *Early hit song*
118 Former Czech leader Beneš
120 Mediocre
121 Sopping
122 Landlords' income
123 *Oscar role*
124 Upper House: abbr.
125 Golfer Ernie
126 Ampersands
127 Wind-borne soil

DOWN

1 Fundamental
2 Israeli resort
3 Better qualified
4 Gun the motor
5 Salad sauces
6 Capital of Guam
7 Autumn pear
8 Strongly desired
9 Before J.F.K.
10 Domain
11 Analyze ore
12 Freight weight
13 More avid
14 Traits of a culture
15 Between: Fr.
17 Cliché-ridden
18 Coeur d'——, Idaho
21 Anthem start
24 Ready for adventure
25 *"—— Paris" ("Can-Can" song)*
28 Ingmar's protégée
32 "The heat ——"
34 WW II ration agcy.
35 Quick swim
37 Slapstick missile
39 *Verb for the '40s fans*
40 Coliseum
41 *1956 co-star*
42 *"—— Ryan's Express," 1965*
43 Stage entrance, usually
44 A.P. competitor
45 Groom the lawn
46 Alias, to the P.D.
47 What those opposed say
49 Tel ——
50 Certain Buddhist cloister
51 Property claim
55 Screw-up
56 Type used for emphasis, familiarly
57 Heavy cart
58 Sawyer's creator
59 Debussy's sea
60 "Judge not, that —— not judged"
62 Strikebreaker
64 Sidekick
67 Brynner
68 Mexican Indian
69 Ship's lockup
70 Hawaiian howdy
71 Ceremonial acts
72 Ad —— per aspera
77 Surgical sites, for short
78 Writer Deighton
79 Scooby-——
80 Eterne
81 Caught on
82 Olympics award
86 Michael Jackson album of 1987
88 Toy-train sound
90 "Death Wish" star
91 Actor Theodore
92 Kiltie's uncle
93 French pittance
94 Earwax
97 *Singing colleague*
98 Guys
99 Dander
100 Hawthorne's town
101 Millinery
102 Roman emperor, and namesakes
103 Northwestern capital
104 Kind of orange
105 Acts worrisome
106 Fourth-down plays
107 Utility consumption
108 Nostril
109 Rumpuses
113 *"My —— of Girl"*
116 Be in arrears
117 Monk's title
119 Dramatist Betti



tions to last week's puzzles appear on page 100.

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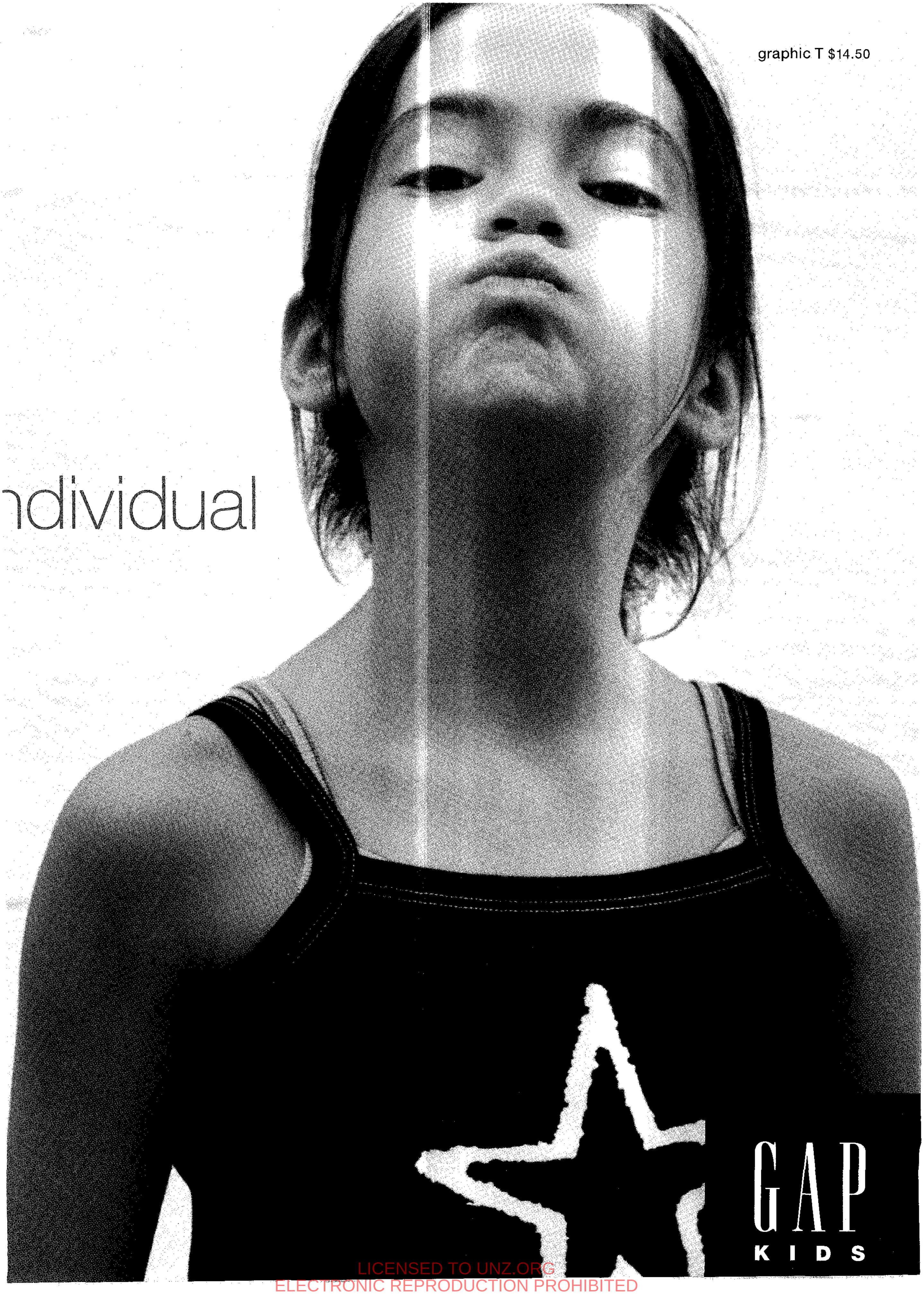
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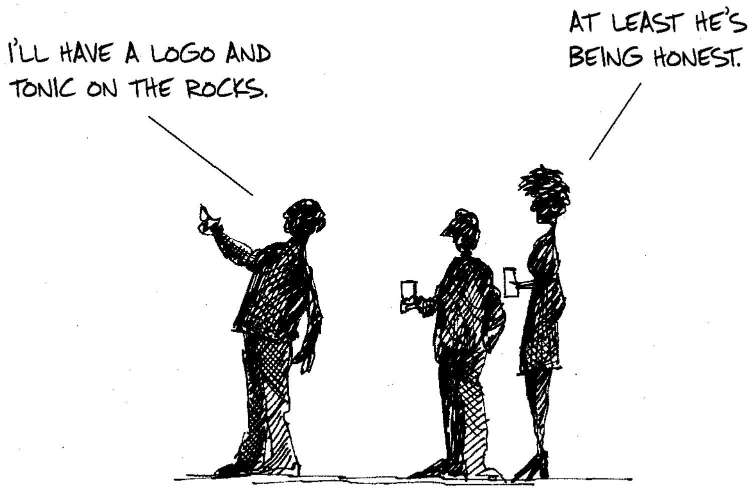
I'LL HAVE A LOGO AND TONIC ON THE ROCKS.
AT LEAST HE'S BEING HONEST.

ALL VODKA. NO PRETENSE.
SMIR
1818
1877

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